

ZEALOTS *of* ZION



HOFFMAN BIRNEY



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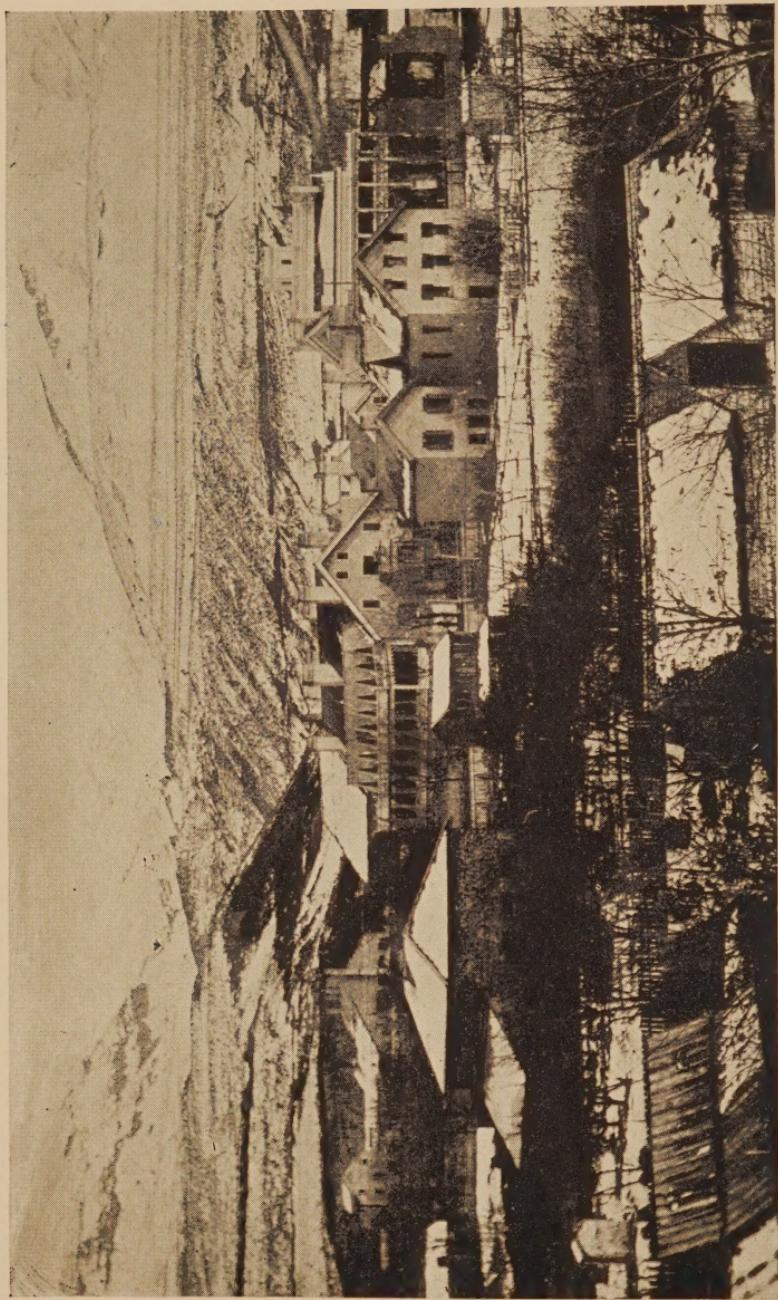


Photo. by C. R. Savage

THE LION HOUSE (WITH GABLES) AND THE BEEHIVE HOUSE
(WITH SQUARE TOWER) IN 1860

ZEALOTS of ZION

by
HOFFMAN BIRNEY



Drawings by
Charles
Hargens



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Zealots of Zion

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

To
ARTHUR HOULE

WHO WAS FIRST TO POINT OUT
TO ME THE MILESTONES OF
ZEAL, OF SUFFERING, AND OF
INDOMITABLE COURAGE THAT
MARK THE MORMON TRAILS



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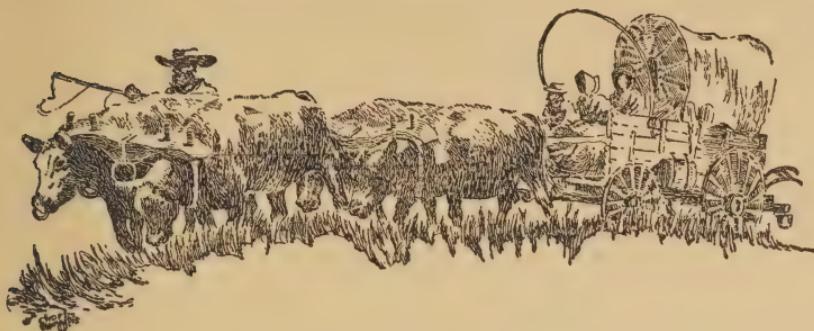
ZEALOTS *of* ZION

*The spirit of light rested upon me and moved over the valley,
and I felt that here the Saints would find safety and protection.*

BRIGHAM YOUNG, 1847.

It is hard to conceive by what inducements so many thousands of reasonable men could have been prevailed upon to leave their comfortable homes and fertile lands for this wild adventure; except, indeed, the spirit of enterprise which seems to be inherent in the Anglo-American race, and which rejoices to meet and overcome every difficulty, is sufficient to account for it.

PETER SKENE OGDEN, 1848.



CHAPTER I

“This Is the Place!”

ON AN April day in the year 1847 an emigrant train crossed the Missouri River in western Nebraska and faced westward on its first steps of the long, weary journey across the plains and through the passes of the distant, unknown Rocky Mountains. It was not the first caravan to make that trek across half a continent, nor was it, by a good many hundreds, to be the last; but in its organization, its personnel, and its driving purpose this Pioneer Party of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints—the Mormons—differed from any of those which had gone before. Surely, of all the groups that crossed America in the greatest emigration movement the world has ever known, only the savagely sincere followers of Joseph Smith would have expelled from their ranks one who was found guilty of the crime of swearing at the oxen he drove!

Through the spring and early summer the caravan followed along the north bank of the Platte River and on

to that break in the Rocky Mountains that is still known as South Pass. "Roadometers" — cleverly contrived trains of gears attached to the wagon-axles — measured the distance traveled each day. Buffalo skulls were utilized as markers to blaze the trail for those that were to follow, and fields were planted for others to reap. Did the lead-wagons hesitate because of a long expanse of mud-flat or to survey the steep banks of a stream? From those in the rear would rise a shout of "Why delay? Onward, Israel! Forward, the Host of Zion!" Whips would crack, trail-weary oxen lunge forward against the heavy yokes, and the caravan of the Saints would surge on toward that unknown destination where it had been assured the Promised Land awaited its arrival.

Each night the people met for religious services and prayer. They listened to the messages and revelations of the leader they followed so unquestioningly, and by their hymns attested their sincerity and their faith.

Now we'll sing with one accord;
For a Prophet of the Lord,
Bringing forth His precious Word,
Cheers the Saints as anciently.

July saw the train working its slow way west and south through the mountains. At last it reached the summit of a pass in the Wasatch Range. The venerated leader, wasted by mountain fever, was resting on a bed that had been arranged for him in a carriage. The hands of his followers supported him as he struggled slowly to a position from which he could gaze out between the shoulder-

ing hills and across the valley which lay beyond the mountains. Far to the westward, the bitter waters of the mightiest of inland seas, the Great Salt Lake, shone in the afternoon sunlight. Several small streams, their banks overgrown with scrub-oak and tangled thickets of alder, wound a tortuous way toward the barren flats and desolate salt marshes that rimmed the lake. The slopes of the mountains, the terraced benches above the floor of the valley, were hazy with the blue-gray of the western sage. It was a sterile, cheerless vista, but the leader of the Saints was satisfied.

“This is the place,” he announced. “Say no more. Drive on!”

He sank back wearily and closed his eyes as his followers, with a shouted “Hosannah to God and the Lamb!” pressed on down the steep, timber-choked throat of Emigration Cañon toward the spot where they were to raise their Temple and build the largest city between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Ocean.

The story of the Mormons—the religious, political, and economic significance of their migration to Utah—has been told many times, rarely dispassionately, and always with the historical and personal biography of their leader, Brigham Young, as a background. Regrettably fragmentary is the written record of the followers of Brigham, the privates in the ranks of the Latter Day Saints. One who seeks it must draw from scores of sources. A goodly portion of the tale lies in and between the lines of the hundreds of volumes that make up the *Journal of History of the Mormon Church* and the chronological

histories of the various Stakes of Zion, the parishes into which the church was divided as its expansion demanded. More can be found within the poorly-written, little-read biographies penned by the men and women themselves, in old letters, and in the very rare diaries that have survived the era of which they tell. And still other chapters and incidents in the lives of those humble ones live in the memories of their children and their grandchildren and in the records of births, deaths, and marriages in remote, forgotten hamlets.

There are few thrills in that history. It is a tale of the West at its wildest, but its pages are uncolored by the picturesque figures of the cowboy and the prospector. It is a tale of Indian days, of primitive savages stalking half-naked through the settlements, yet there are no chapters of pitched battles with the red men and comparatively few tales of skirmishes. Many of Utah's pioneers were killed in raids made by the Utes, Paiutes, and Navajos upon the isolated hamlets and lonely ranches, but the thought of wholesale vengeance upon the tribes seems never to have entered the minds of the Saints. The tragedy of the Mountain Meadows will stand forever as a stain on Utah's history, but the state's record shows no Sand Creek nor Wounded Knee.

The history of the Mormon pioneering is a saga of the soil; the epic of a people without humor or its saving grace, whose dauntless perseverance was the stubborn folly of a Casabianca, whose religion was as grimly austere as that of any medieval ascetic brotherhood. It is the story of a peasantry which was American but yet,

by virtue of the tremendous influence of a common religion, utterly apart from the America of its day.

An humble, uneducated, almost illiterate people were those privates in the ranks of the Saints, those “lads who carried the coppie and cannot be known,” and the only monument that stands to their memory is a composite one made up of scores of cities and hamlets where once was a wilderness. The pediment of that monument must be sought in furrows turned, fields sown, orchards planted, and streams harnessed in a region that the maps of less than seventy-five years ago showed only as a blank space labelled “Great American Desert.”

Theirs is the story and theirs is the glory, but to write of the pioneer days of Utah and the Mormon colonization of the West without mention of Brigham Young would be equivalent to attempting a history of Nineteenth Century England without mention of Victoria.

An old jubilee hymn of the Saints tells us that

Brigham Young is the Lion of the Lord;
He's the Prophet and Revealer of His Word;
He's the mouthpiece of God unto all mankind,
And he rules by the power of the Word!

He was all of that and more. He was for more than thirty years a prophet, revelator, and seer who was regarded by half a million people as the vicegerent and mouthpiece of Almighty God; he was a dynast whose influence is still mighty in the land; and he was the absolute monarch, wielding a power as great as a Caesar's, over a territory far larger than all of New England. No

figure in American history more successfully defies one to ignore it.

Brigham Young succeeded to the presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints on the death of Joseph Smith, the Church's founder, who was killed on June 27th, 1844, by members of a mob which stormed the jail in Carthage, Illinois, where he and several of his followers had taken refuge for their own safety. His brother, the Patriarch Hyrum Smith, died with him.

It matters little whether Joseph was a prophet, directly inspired of God, or a half-crazed zealot, a dreamer of dreams and a seer of visions, a wizard reading mystic omens in every nightmare. He has been called everything from savior to scoundrel, thief, liar, charlatan, blasphemer, libertine, and murderer—but the most bitterly prejudiced of his biographers cannot deny that in him was that which has ever distinguished the Great Ones of the earth, the power to inspire men, to mold them, and to lead them. That power was Brigham's also, plus an executive ability which Joseph never possessed.

Joseph the Prophet was the founder of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, but Brigham, his successor, built that church's empire. Joseph was the first teacher of the Mormon philosophy, but the disciple of another philosopher, it will be remembered, was an Alexander!

As early as 1831, Joseph had named Jackson County, Missouri, as the ultimate "Zion," but he had also prophesied that the Saints would find temporary refuge in a



"THE LION OF THE LORD." BRIGHAM YOUNG IN 1864

valley in the distant Rocky Mountains. It was in fulfillment of that prophecy, substantiated and amplified by visions of his own, that Brigham advised the abandonment of the eastern settlements and a general migration of the “ Host of Israel ” to the far-distant West.

Few, if any, of the members of the Pioneer Party had any knowledge of its exact destination. Tales of the equable climate and the easily attained comfort to be found in California had been told for some years on the Atlantic seaboard, and significant indeed are the words of a song that was heard almost daily as the caravan lumbered along on its westward course.

In upper California; Oh, that's the land for me —
It lies between the mountains and the great Pacific sea,
The Saints can be protected there, and enjoy their liberty,
In upper California; Oh, that's the land for me!

There can be little doubt but that each commoner in the Mormon legion, each toil-scarred New England agriculturist, each weary artisan from the Atlantic States or the black belt of the midland counties of England, cherished a vision of a life of indolent affluence in some sunny, *dolce far niente* Colony of Mexico. Certainly, the history of the early settlements in Utah contains many instances of apostasy, of exhausted colonists deserting their missions to join trains of non-Mormon emigrants California bound.

The assertion has been made many times that Brigham's sole desire was to advance beyond the territory of the United States and to settle on the soil of Mexico,

a nation more tolerant of the Mormon theology and the cherished doctrine of patriarchal marriage. Brigham, it is said, believed the Salt Lake Valley to be within the boundaries of Mexico, and he was intensely chagrined when he learned that the Treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo and the Gadsden Purchase, after the close of the Mexican War, had placed the international line nearly a thousand miles to the southward.

The Mormon chief's own actions are sufficient repudiation of that purely speculative assumption. The day after his arrival he climbed the mountain now known as Ensign Peak, raised the American flag, and, with grandiloquent gesture, laid claim to the entire territory of the Great Basin in the name of the United States of America.

To the day of his death in 1877, Brigham Young never wavered from the assertion that his selection of Salt Lake Valley as a site for settlement was dictated by a vision received on October 5th, 1845, in which he saw the American flag floating from a peak at the northern end of a fertile valley surrounded by mountains. Whether the exact location of that land of promise was influenced by reports received from Jim Bridger and other pioneers encountered on the western march will never be known; but it is certain that Orson Pratt, who headed the advance party and reached the site of the present Salt Lake City three days before the fever-stricken Brigham, received explicit instructions from his chief to turn northward after emerging from the mountains and to plant the seed that had been brought from the East, di-

verting the waters of the streams so as to irrigate the soil.

“About two hours after our arrival,” Pratt wrote in his diary, “we began to plough, and the same afternoon built a dam to irrigate the sod.”

Within those few simple words may be found the greatest of the visions ever vouchsafed to Brigham Young, although it is one he never translated into articulate speech. It is possible he did not realize the prophetic significance of the instructions he issued to the advance party. He was not—as has been claimed for him—the first to introduce irrigation into the American West. A race that had vanished hundreds of years before the Saints appeared in the land had left evidence of their presence in miles of ditches. Brigham Young sprang from the soil, from generations of agriculturists, and his vision is found in his unconscious realization that permanence of habitation lies within the soil and the fruits of the soil. The trapper, the miner, and the lumberman are but transient visitors to any country. When the fur-bearing animals have been killed off, when the placer bars are exhausted and the looted veins pinch out in low-grade ores not worth the labor of mining, when the forests are leveled, then the men whose livelihood is in furs, minerals, or timber move on to new lands.

The illiterate carpenter and painter from Vermont could not have foreseen the ghost-cities that today mark the ebb and flow of the restless tide of the gold-seeker through the West, but he knew that the turning of a furrow was the difference between a camp and a town site,

and that the thoughts of the agriculturist, guiding his plow or sowing his seed, lay beyond the harvest toward the building of homes, schools, churches, and the other structures of a permanent community.

Again and again in his statements one senses his faith in agriculture as the only certain livelihood for a people existing under primitive conditions, and his antagonism to the gambling element ever present in mining operations.

“If we were to go to San Francisco and dig up chunks of gold, or find it here in the valley, it would ruin us,” he told his followers in 1848. “Many have wanted to unite Babylon and Zion. If we find gold and silver we are in bondage directly.”

He could not have foreseen that one of the largest copper mines in the world would eventually be developed within thirty miles of Salt Lake City or that Utah’s annual production of silver would exceed that of any other state in the Union, for again, on May 26th, 1850, when the westward tide of goldseekers was sweeping in a river of avarice across the Utah valleys, he said:

“Go on to the mines if you want to. I will stay here, mind my own business, and build up the Kingdom of God; and when you return from the mines I will agree to count dollars with you!

“Or, if you want to, pick out a company to go to the mines. I will choose a similar number to stay with me and help build up the Kingdom, and when your company comes back mine will be willing and able to match piles with yours!”

Probably apocryphal is the story of the non-Mormon prospector who sought audience with Brigham and informed him that both placer and quartz gold, together with other valuable mineral deposits, were to be found in the Wasatch Mountains and other ranges adjacent to Great Salt Lake City. The Mormon's reply was to lead his informant to his private living quarters. From beneath a bed he dragged a dishpan — one version makes it a washtub — more than half full of nuggets and yellow dust.

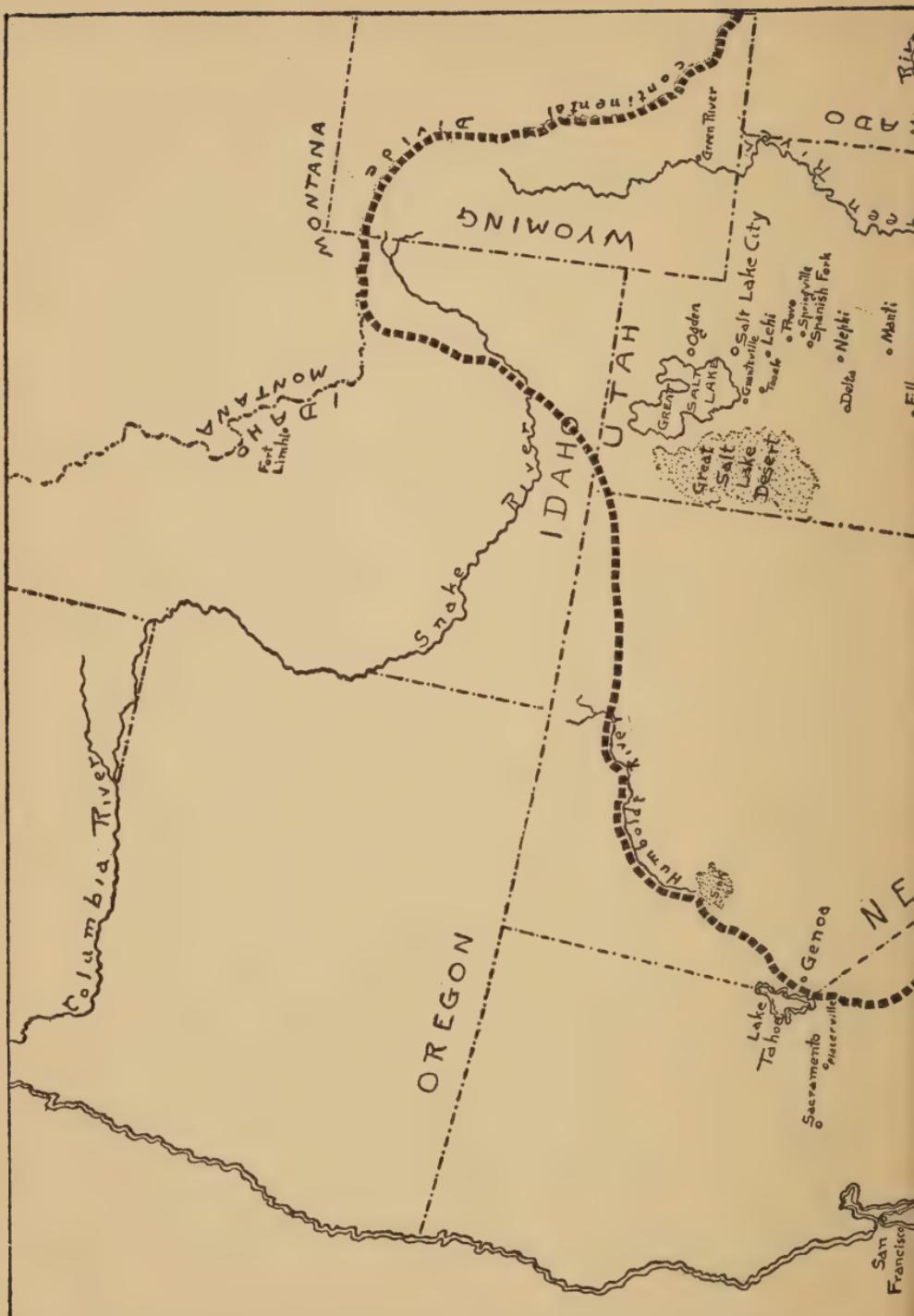
“There is proof that I know there is gold in this region,” he declared, “but the time for it to be of value to our people has not yet arrived!”

The story relates that the miner despaired of understanding such a man and departed for Montana.

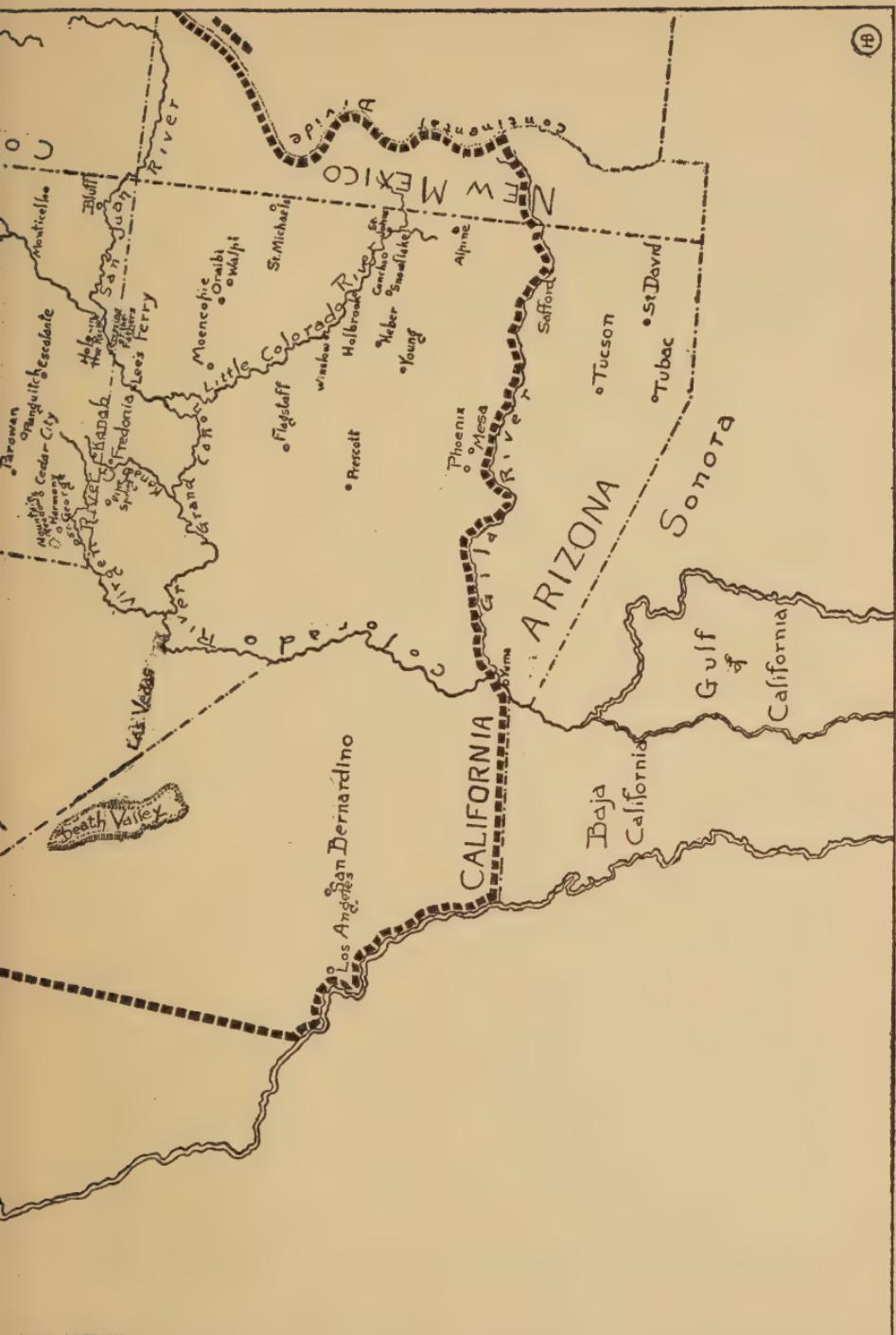
“Put in a good crop and if you cannot sell it leave it with the proper authorities for the benefit of the poor,” counselled Orson Hyde, one of the Quorum of Twelve Apostles, in pious echo of his superior; adding: “Do not let California gold entice you away!”

Plow the fields and trust in the Lord, thundered Brigham in sermon, discourse, and proclamation. Sow the seed and heed His commandments. Harvest the crops and obey, obey implicitly, every instruction and regulation of the President of the Church, his counselors, apostles, patriarchs, and bishops. And the zealots of Zion, the men and women of the land of Deseret, heeded and obeyed in a record of discipline and ecclesiastical control unparalleled in the world's history!

Mormon historians have saluted Brigham as foremost



HEAVY DOTTED LINE INDICATES ORIGIN



NDARIES OF STATE OF DESERET.

of the pathfinders of America for his feat in guiding his people from Winter Quarters, now Florence, Nebraska, across a trackless wilderness to their goal in the Salt Lake Valley. Such praise is unmerited. Brigham led the Saints over a trail already rich in human memories. He followed the traffic-signs and highway markers of his day along a course that had been blazed more than twenty years before. He sought, and obtained, the advice of such wilderness experts as Jim Bridger, Moses Harris, and Jim Beckwourth, and the route the Mormons took along the Platte River and through South Pass shows clearly that their leader heeded the counsel of those men who had preceded him. The Saints turned aside from the easier course through Echo Cañon and down the Weber River in order to follow the wheelmarks left by the ill-fated Donner party, which had driven through Emigration Cañon to the Salt Lake valley and had then launched forth upon an epic of suffering and privation, disaster and death, by attempting to cross the Great Salt Lake Desert by the almost unknown Hastings Cut-off and had capped that foolhardiness with the greater one of a winter passage of the snow-clad Sierra Nevadas.

Nor was there much of the unknown or mysterious remaining in the Great Basin — the Land of the Northern Mystery — at the time of the Saints' advent. Escalante, that intrepid priest, had penetrated Utah from the southeast in 1776, passing through the Wasatch Mountains to the vicinity of Provo by way of a cañon still known as Spanish Fork. He failed in his object of discovering a

northern route from Santa Fé to the Spanish settlements of California, but achieved enduring fame by making, on his return trip, the first recorded crossing of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado.

Ashley had floated down Green River to chisel his name and the date, 1825, in the cliffs above the falls in Red Cañon. Jim Bridger had paddled a canoe to the mouth of Bear River and discovered Great Salt Lake, reporting that he had reached an arm of the Pacific Ocean.

Jedediah Strong Smith, greatest of the unsung heroes of the West, had explored the valleys of the Sevier and Virgen Rivers, naming the latter stream the Virgen, not Virgin, for Thomas Virgen, one of his men. Smith followed the Colorado from the mouth of the Virgen to tide-water, turned westward across the Mojave Desert and through Cajon Pass to San Gabriel and San Diego on the coast, and returned to Great Salt Lake by way of the Sierras and the waterless deserts of central Nevada.

Peter Skene Ogden had led the trappers of the Hudson Bay Company into the Great Basin and had unveiled the last of its mysteries by his discovery of the Humboldt River in 1828. He called it Jo Paul's River, in honor of a dead comrade, but Frémont, crossing the continent sixteen years later by following tracks other men had made, gave the stream the name of a German scientist whom he admired.

Those were the leaders, but the forerunners of the hosts of Zion included also the Sublettes, Etienne Provot, Moses Harris, de Bonneville, the Patties, Weber, Jim

Beckwourth, and scores of other trappers, traders, and trail-blazers who had penetrated the land of mystery and had set names of their choosing upon its most prominent landmarks.

There was this difference, however, between the followers of Brigham Young and those who had gone before them. All who preceded the Mormons, without exception, had been merely passing through the country, stripping the streams of the beaver and the timbered hills of other fur-bearers. The coming of the Host of Israel marked the establishment of the first permanent Anglo-Saxon settlements between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Ocean.

The American frontier never beheld a movement comparable to that of the Mormons. Brigham's leadership was wise, his power absolute, his vision limitless.

"Our president don't stick at anything," we read in the records of the Municipal High Council on July 7th, 1847, during the westward trek. "He sleeps with one eye open and one foot out of bed."

The value of that unceasing vigilance is best attested by the results attained. So well did Brigham plan, so carefully did he mark the trails and plant grain to be harvested by those that were to follow, that by 1850, three years after the arrival of the Pioneer Party, there were more than eight thousand people dwelling in Great Salt Lake City and the movement to colonize the more remote regions was already well under way.

Zealots all were those Mormon pioneers, first of the white race to settle the Great American Desert. They

had to be. Nothing short of zealotry could have survived the rigors of existence in that hostile land. They were fanatic in their faith in the divine origin of the Book of Mormon, the rock upon which their creed was built; they were blindly unquestioning in their discipline and their obedience to Brigham Young — and in their ranks one finds the real heroes of the settlement of Utah.

From among those zealots came the men and women who turned the furrow and sowed the seed in the valleys of the Sevier and the Virgen; the men and women who blasted a passage through the Hole-in-the-Rock and won to a crossing of the sullen Colorado; who bore the word of God across mountain and desert to Blackfoot, Bannock, Paiute, Hopi, Navajo, Ute, and Zuni; who placed new names upon the maps of Arizona, Utah, Idaho, Nevada, and California, and far into Mexico and Canada.

Their deeds are unsung. Their ranks produced neither laureate nor historian. Even the names of many of them are lost forever, but it is to those peasants, far more than to Brigham and the leaders of Zion, that the honor of accomplishment is due.

It must be acknowledged that the Mormons were wilderness breakers of high quality. They not only broke it, but they kept it broken. . . . They planted orchards, gardens, farms, schoolhouses, and peaceful homes. . . . A people who have accomplished so much that is good, who have endured danger, privation and suffering . . . deserve admiration.

F. S. DELLENBAUGH.

Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit ye like men, be strong.
I CORINTHIANS, 16:13.



CHAPTER II

“Good and Effective Men”

THE Mormon colonization of the Southwest may be said to date from July 27th, 1850. On that day the *Deseret News*—the newspaper that then was less than six weeks old—carried an advertisement calling for “fifty or more good and effective men . . . who are willing to forsake society of wives and children for one year, believing that he who forsakes wife and children for the sake of the Kingdom of Heaven shall receive a hundred-fold.”

The appeal was the natural sequence of a report made to Brigham and the church leaders by Parley P. Pratt, a member of the Quorum of Twelve Apostles, who had been commissioned to take a company of fifty men and explore southern Utah to determine its suitability for settlement. The population of Salt Lake City was increasing at a tremendous rate. Hundreds of new converts were on their way across the plains, and expansion—preached for years as a fundamental policy—was now

a necessity. Fort Utah (Provo), Grantsville, and Tooele had already been established; the Mormon colonists had invaded Peter Skene Ogden's retreat, Ogden's Hole, in the Wasatch range, but all those settlements were within what might be termed the metropolitan district of the parent colony at Great Salt Lake City, and the church leaders had no thought that the empire of Zion should be so narrowly bounded.

Already a constitutional convention, assembled in Salt Lake City, had set the limits of the "State of Deseret," and petition had been made to Congress for admission to the Union, under that name and under the political and spiritual rule of Brigham and his subordinates, of all the territory bounded by the Continental Divide in western New Mexico and Colorado; the Wind River Mountains and the Snake River in Wyoming, Idaho, and Oregon; the Sierra Nevadas to a point just below Lake Tahoe and from there straight south to the Pacific in the vicinity of Santa Barbara. The southern boundary of the immense domain was to be the present international line between California and Mexico and, in Arizona, the Gila River to its source in New Mexico.

The State of Deseret — a word taken from the Book of Ether in the Book of Mormon and meaning a honey-bee — was short-lived, but the vision it engendered, the dream of a church-state from the Rockies to the Pacific, furnished much of the incentive for the colonization movement pushed so strenuously during the early days of the Mormon occupation of the Great Basin. Southern Utah, along the line of the Old Spanish Trail to Califor-

nia, was a logical area for settlement and the machinery of the church was promptly set in motion to obtain the necessary recruits.

Final selection of the pioneer party was determined less by the advertised appeal than by the peculiarly Mormon institution known as the “call.” To be called for a “mission”—whether as a colonist in southern Utah or as a missionary to Scandinavia, England, or the Hawaiian Islands—was in every way equivalent to a compulsory draft. There exists no better account of the call and the reactions of individuals to the sudden summons than that written by Anthony W. Ivins, a member of the Quorum of Twelve and first counselor to the president of the church. Mr. Ivins tells of a day in October of 1861 when he, a boy of nine, rushed home in tears to tell his mother and sisters that some neighbors had been “called to go to southern Utah.”

“‘So are we,’ said my sister, between sobs. Mother said nothing, but her eyes filled with tears as she thought of leaving a good home and comfortable surroundings in Salt Lake City and of facing the hardships and dangers of frontier life.

“Several hundred families had been called to go upon this mission. It was the manner in which the affairs of the Church were conducted. Some offered excuses. Some were too poor to go, some were too rich. Some would send substitutes, but the great majority, with that devotion which has characterized the members of the Church from the beginning, silently but resolutely made preparations for the accomplishment of the task assigned

them. Valuable homes were disposed of for but a small part of their real value. Farms were exchanged for teams or live stock which could be driven through to their destination."

Devotion. Mr. Ivins does not sufficiently emphasize that quality. No one can read the histories of the various colonization movements of the Mormon Church without being tremendously impressed by the unquestioning loyalty and obedience and the magnificent discipline of those called for the pioneering enterprises. Though destined to failure, as were the first expeditions to the Little Colorado and the San Juan, one finds little record of complaint by the distressed colonists, and few indeed are the instances of desertion. The pioneering Saints accepted every hardship with a fatalistic philosophy, remarking that "good and evil alike come from the Lord, who doeth all things well and for His ends."

Far more than fifty "good and effective men" were in the party that left Fort Utah, now Provo, on December 16th, 1850, and fought its way southward through the deep snow that covered the trails that only courtesy could call roads. John Doyle Lee—no inconsequential figure in the history of southern Utah—was adjutant of the military organization of which every man was a member and was also historian of the expedition. In the latter capacity he made careful note of each day's events, the progress made, and compiled a census of the party and an inventory of its equipment.

That record shows that the expedition included 120 men, 30 women, and 18 children. Transportation was

afforded by 101 wagons, 2 carriages, 100 horses, 12 mules, and 368 oxen. There were 166 head of “loose cattle,” 14 dogs, 18 cats, and 121 chickens. As food supplies, the party carried with it nearly 100,000 pounds of flour and other cereal products, and 3,240 pounds of potatoes. Ordnance included a small brass cannon, 129 guns, 52 pistols, 9 swords, and 1,001 rounds of ammunition. Fifty-seven plows were loaded on the wagons, evidence enough of the agricultural ambitions of the owners.

Nearly a month was required for the journey which is now covered easily in a single day over Utah’s excellent highways. It was on January 13th, 1851, that the colonists reached their destination on the north bank of Center Creek. The settlement was first named Louisa, in honor of Louisa Beeman, a wife of Joseph Smith and the first woman to enter into a polygamous marriage in the Mormon Church. Other more reliable records show her name to have been Eliza, and that error may have prompted the change to Parowan, the Paiute name for the Little Salt Lake. The city was formally organized and the new name given by Brigham Young, who visited the colony in May of the first year of its existence.

An example of the stern discipline of the early church is found in the notation, made a few days after the party’s arrival, that “one of the men who started out with us returned. He could not leave off swearing and chose to go where he could exercise his liberty. His name is William Jones—a promising young man.”

The valley of Center Creek was surveyed by William H. Dame, the town site was laid out, land according to his

needs allotted the head of each family, and work begun upon a fort to which the colonists could retreat in the event of Indian attacks. Working hours were from dawn to sunset and the toil was unceasing. The creek waters were dammed to obtain water for irrigating the fields. Concrete was yet to be developed and the only material used for the dams was earth. Rarely were there properly-designed spillways or other facilities for the control of flood-waters, and the history of all the settlements is full of accounts of the various dams being carried away by sudden freshets, of the weeks of labor necessary before they were rebuilt and water again turned into the fields.

Any faltering, any tendency toward indolence or laxity in maintaining the stern schedule for labor, brought a stern reprimand from Brigham Young, who minced no words in rebuking the lazy or in keeping the industrious up to the mark. One of those patriarchal letters, addressed to the settlers in Big Cottonwood Cañon, reminded them that the hours appointed for man's labor were from sunrise to dark, and that the morning meal should be prepared and eaten in darkness so that the workers could be in the fields or engaged in their other duties by the first light.

Remember that the utmost reward those colonists could expect as a return for their toil was a bare living for themselves and their families. A few acres planted in corn, potatoes, sugar cane, or other crops; a few head of cattle ranging the valleys and the mountain slopes; a few cords of wood cut and stacked against the require-



Photo. by C. R. Savage, 1860
A TYPICAL EMIGRANT TRAIN OF THE COLONIZATION PERIOD

ments of the long, cold winters — no more than that was promised by the most roseate dreams.

Yet they had their pleasures — the simple pleasures of the toilers. They rejoiced in their church services and in the frequent meetings where each man preached as the Spirit moved him. They sang joyfully of the imminent day when the Hosts of Israel should enter upon their promised reward.

Arise, Oh glorious Zion,
Thou joy of latter days.

or

Ye ransomed of the Lord,
To Zion now return!
And seek a safe abode,
Before the wicked burn.

Did times seem hard and the future dark? There were solace and assurance in the words:

When God's own people stand in need,
His goodness will provide supplies.

And there were pleasures other than those found in devotional exercises. An old letter, written by James H. Martineau to Salt Lake City, tells of a dance held during the first year of the settlement at Parowan. It was to be an exceptionally “swell” affair, we learn, so two fiddlers were obtained instead of the one that was considered sufficient for most social functions. No charge was made for a lady's admission, but each man brought two candles as payment for his ticket to the festivities.

Candles were precious articles, being reserved for use in time of sickness. Those candles unburned were turned over to the fiddlers as pay for their services.

"Altho' illumination was assured by the candles," wrote Martineau, "no one thought to bring candlesticks. The resourcefulness of the pioneers was equal to the emergency. Some took their jack-knives, stuck the blade in the wall, and closed the knife up on the candle. Holes were carved in potatoes and turnips, and the vegetables were utilized as candlesticks. Others whittled a shingle or a bit of kindling wood to a point, stuck it between the logs, and set the candle on the shelf thus formed."

Naturally, the men present far outnumbered the women, but fairness in making up the sets for the dances was assured by assigning a number to each man and drawing the numbers from a hat. The pay of the orchestra was, very literally, going up in smoke when the refreshments were served.

"We had cake," Martineau recalled. "None complained because it was rather dense in texture or because its color was dark. All knew that the only material available for sweetening was molasses made from cornstalks, beets, melons, or parsnips. Sugar was almost unknown, and raisins and spices entirely so."

That dance took place on July 24th and was a part of the ceremonies incidental to the settlement's first celebration of the anniversary of Pioneer Day. Two of the toasts survive, furnishing a striking contrast between the loyalty of the pioneers and their hatred of the religious

persecution that had driven them from Missouri and Illinois to seek a refuge in the Rockies.

George A. Smith, president of the colony, responded to: “The Stars and Stripes. Woe to him that tears them asunder, lifts his hand, wags his tongue, or moves his pen to destroy the Union — the Union forever!”

A somewhat different spirit was in the heart of William Leary, who proposed a toast to: “The oldest wolf on the Platte River plains; may he live to howl over the grave of the last mobber of the Nineteenth Century!”

Parowan was the scene of the first theatrical performance produced south of Provo. An audience of more than two hundred witnessed the staging of two skits, *Slasher and Crashier* and *The Village Lawyer*. Admission was twenty-five cents, but the total cash receipts amounted to only \$6.75, “the large percentage of deadheads being due to the fact that each performer was entitled to have his friends admitted free of charge and the actors discovered many friends utterly unknown to them before the time for the curtain to rise.”

Even such simple pleasures were very rare in the lives of the pioneers. No adequate picture can be drawn of the hardships and privations and the expediencies to which the settlers were forced to make even a bare existence possible. The stake histories, the ward records, and the diaries and memoirs of individuals make little mention of the utter barrenness of daily life and the economic isolation of those early colonies of Zion. Only when actual famine stalked the land were conditions considered worthy of note, and a picture of the youth of Parowan or

Cedar or Manti must of necessity be a composite, a mosaic formed of a word from one source, a phrase from another, and now and then an entire sentence from a letter written in a moment of abject despair.

Virtually all of the pioneer parties arrived at their destinations during the winter. Utah winters are severe, sub-zero temperatures are common, yet the selection of a more kindly season was impossible when life itself depended on planting a crop and reaping a harvest before the first summer had passed.

Men who sought to provide adequate shelter for their families found that construction work was impossible. The snow that lay deep on the slopes of the mountains made inaccessible the pine and other timber suitable for building. Even dugout shelters could scarcely be excavated in ground that was frozen to granite hardness, and adobe bricks could not be manufactured until the season of storms was ended and the sun shone with sufficient warmth to dry the molded clay.

The colonists were compelled to live in the wagons in which their household goods, farming utensils, and meagre stores of provisions had been transported to the new home-site. Fires were out of the question beneath the canvas roofs, although at times a bucket of hot coals from the campfire was carried to the wagon to take some of the chill from the bitterly cold air which penetrated the wooden floor-boards and the canvas tarpaulin.

When the days began to lengthen and the snow line to retreat farther toward the crest of the mountains, there was no time for housebuilding. Whether or not the

colony would survive the next winter depended on the planting of corn and other grains, on the construction of dams, and the digging of ditches that would lead the water to the plowed fields. The second winter was often close upon the settlers before permanent homes were built.

The best that can be said of those first cabins is that they were shelters less uncomfortable than the wagons. By any modern standard they were but little better than the wickiups of the Indians or the dens that the wolves and coyotes dug in the hillsides.

They were rarely larger than twelve by fourteen feet in size, those homes in which the pioneers lived out their epic of fidelity and homely gallantry. The construction of larger dwellings presented tremendous difficulties until after saw-mills were built and machine-sawed boards replaced logs painfully hewn with hand tools. Windows were tiny, scarcely larger than portholes, and covered with solid shutters or the pig-bladders which, stretched and dried on wooden frames, represented the only available substitute for glass.

When the sun had set there was no light beyond that from the fires. Candles—made from tallow rendered from the fat of slaughtered cattle—were entirely too precious for use except in case of sickness or some rare social event that warranted such extravagance. Years were to elapse before kerosene oil was to become an article of commerce in far-away Utah. If the pioneer desired to sit up and read or chat with his family, he did so by firelight.

"And during the winter," wrote one chronicler, "we went to bed almost as soon as we had our supper, thereby saving wood."

The floors of those early homes were almost invariably of hard-packed earth. We read that "they were muddy in wet weather and dusty in dry, no matter how often they were sprinkled." Roofs were also of earth, the clayey soil being shoveled atop a layer of branches and brush laid crosswise of the rafters. Such roofs did not tear, and leaked somewhat less readily than the canvas covers of the wagons.

Clothes? So long as the garments they had brought from the distant "States" held together, the Saints were forced to no expediencies. There is a record of one William Miller being voted the best-dressed man at a July 4th celebration in Springville, below Provo. "His trousers were of white linen, fit for a Broadway swell, vest of white silk, beautifully figured, and a shirt with an embroidered front. His collar was a light silk stock and his gaiters of morocco. A swallowtail coat completed his costume."

When the clothing that had been brought across the plains had passed beyond the possibility of further patching, the women spun the wool clipped from the sheep. Flax was grown in some sections, and a more or less satisfactory linen cloth woven from the prepared fibers. Cotton was planted in the Santa Clara valley as early as 1855, and yielded abundantly.

"The stuff for the boys' shirts and blouses," recalls one memoir of pioneer days in Springville, "had a linen

warp and a tow filling. It was colored with a preparation of copperas and rabbit-weed and was at first a greenish yellow, but after a few exposures to sun or rain it rapidly faded to a uniform dust hue. Our caps were made of dad's old shirt or vest with a piece of bootleg for visor. We went barefoot winter and summer, but when we got older and wanted to go to the dances we borrowed our mothers' shoes, polishing them with tallow and soot from the stove. No one thought it strange if we hobbled a little awkwardly after squeezing our feet into such unaccustomed bindings. The hardships of one were the hardships of all."

Those same barefoot boys herded the cattle, winter and summer. They were paid two cents daily for each head in their charge, and a premium was placed on vigilance by the custom of docking the young herders four cents for each cow that was not returned at evening to the home corral. His youth in the Utah valleys was far behind the historian when he wrote of that herding, but much of boyhood's capacity for bitter disappointment lies in the further observation that "two cents per day was very good pay, when we got it."

A grim life, that of the Mormon pioneer, and one who reads beneath the surface of things written does not wonder at the starkly tragic portrait of the man and his morals that was drawn by early historians and anti-Mormon pamphleteers. The highroad to California passed the very doorsills of many of those squalid cabins. Non-Mormon emigrants, bound for the land of sunshine, of easy gold, and of unlimited opportunity, could find

little to admire in the bearded Latter Day Saint who remained faithful to his mission when El Dorado lay just beyond the western horizon.

One can speculate endlessly as to what the history of western America might have been had Brigham Young yielded to the importunities of Samuel Brannan, leader of a company of Saints who journeyed by sea from New York to California. He and his people disembarked from their ship, the *Brooklyn*, at Yerba Buena, now San Francisco, on July 31st, 1846, and Brannan traveled overland to meet Brigham at Green River (Wyoming) on June 30th, 1847, nearly a month before the Pioneer Party reached the Salt Lake Valley. Brannan might well be called the first salesman of California real estate, for he strove by every means at his command to persuade the leader of the Saints not to halt the western migration until he and his followers stood on the shores of the Pacific. Brigham not only refused to heed Brannan's suggestions, but reproved his subordinate for attempting to swerve him from his mission — the fulfillment of the vision that Zion would find refuge in the Rocky Mountains. Brannan returned to San Francisco, and the Mormon colonization of the Salt Lake valley was a thing assured when the first of the California-bound emigrant trains pushed through the rocky passes of the Wasatch Mountains.

The emigrant rarely ridiculed the Mormon — the pioneers of Zion were touchy on matters religious and their lives were conducive to short tempers and hasty deeds — but there was no lack of good-humored invitations

shouted to the Saint to leave his furrow unturned and join the caravan of those who would find wealth and comfort beyond the Sierra Nevadas.

And it should stand to the undying glory of those pioneers that so few of them hearkened to temptation and abandoned their missions. The life of the colonist was one of endless conflict with hostile elements; of struggle against drought and flood and frost; against hordes of devouring insects and shiftless Indians scarcely less ravenous. The most remarkable movement of a people that can be found in all history—the great westward migration of the '50s—ebbed and flowed past his doorstep, yet he remained loyal to the authority that set him in that place. Wherever a green thing could be made to grow, wherever a bare living could be wrung from the reluctant soil of the desert, there, at the order of his ecclesiastical superiors, the Mormon settled and there he remained. He peopled the Great Basin and his sons and daughters are still there, fulfilling missions no less commanding than those set for their sire. Before such fidelity any and all theological arguments fall silent.

Could any power, short of the supernatural, seek out from among the multitude those whose fitness for service may be discernible to no human eye, change their whole nature and outlook on life, cause them to accept, not with resignation but with enthusiasm, the conditions which have been here summarized, give them strange new qualities of body, mind, and spirit, and make them the agents of astounding transformations. . . .

HUGH REDWOOD.

And my father dwelt in a tent.

I NEPHI, 2:15.



CHAPTER III

“Steadfast in the Faith”

TO attempt the complete history of every settlement in Utah would be not only a task of incredible magnitude but would result in a sequence wearisome in its repetition. The story of one is in large measure the story of all. All faced similar problems; all knew hunger and cold and the bitter experience of seeing the labor of months swept away by the flood-waters of the mountain streams. It were far better to turn the pages of the Journal of History of the Church of Latter Day Saints, or of the various Stakes of Zion, and select at random those incidents which best illustrate the magnificent discipline of the colonists, their pioneering courage, and the zeal which counted no labor too great if it were “to carry out the Lord’s will.”

Comparisons are impossible. One can draw no parallel between the hardships endured by various groups of overland emigrants and the early settlers of the Utah valleys. The Jayhawkers died in Death Valley in '49,

the Donner party by the Sierra Nevada lake which bears its name, but they and others like them braved death for the attainment of purely selfish, individualistic ends. Beyond the terrors of the desert and the snowy passes lay California, where gold could be shovelled from the bed of every stream and weary travelers could enjoy the indolence which only great wealth makes possible.

No such rosy clouds hovered upon the Saints' horizons. The Mormons penetrated the most savagely inhospitable regions of America, they strove to conciliate hostile Indians, they developed water and planted fields in the desert's most secret places, and they had no thought beyond the building up of the Kingdom of God on earth and the extension of the empire of Zion.

One who reads finds little of individualism, little of selfishness. Did their struggles secure them a homestead that their children after them might hold through similar labor, they were content. Few of the Saints dreamed of financial success or independence. When it came it was accepted humbly and gratefully and the wealth shared with the church to which their allegiance was pledged—at times in amounts far exceeding the customary tithing of ten percent. And one who examines the records of the early settlements is struck again and again by the coincidence that material wealth and comfort appeared to increase in direct ratio with the individual's loyalty to his church and his zeal in fulfilling the mission to which he might be assigned.

The Mormons approached more closely to a true communism than any other group in the history of America.

Rarely does the name of a single individual appear to dominate a paragraph or a page in the records of the pioneering era. “We went on with the plowing. . . . We worked upon the dam. . . . We spent the day in studying the Indian tongue. . . . We all enjoyed a spirited meeting of thanksgiving to God. . . .” The We is far more common than the I.

There is little that is thrilling in the saga of the Saints. No Chisholm Trail or Camino Real crossed Utah and her frontiers knew no Taos or Tombstone or Dodge City or Tascosa, but buried in the dry-as-dust records of the colonies of Zion are instances of heroism calling for reserves of courage far deeper than those required to face an armed outlaw.

The historian of the Sanpete Stake indulges in no heroics in telling of “John Baker, a young single man, living (Manti, 1850) with the family of Jezreel Shoemaker. He set out to return to Salt Lake City where, he said, he might earn his food and what would be required for his sustenance here could be reserved for the use of the helpless women and children.”

It was mid-winter, bitterly cold, when Baker set out on snowshoes for that journey of more than a hundred miles. “All went well with him until he arrived at the Obanion Springs, situated in Juab, where, meeting a hostile party of redskins from the vicinity of Provo, in compensation for his unselfish magnanimity, he lost his life. In Heaven, I trust, his recompense will be more suitable.”

That first winter in the Salt Creek Cañon settlement was so severe that only one hundred cattle of the two

hundred and forty brought there survived. A journal entry records that in January "the camp was electrified by the arrival of a very tired Indian, Tabbinaw, who brought the startling intelligence that a white man was lying beyond Saampitch at the foot of the west hills, in a nude, exhausted, and almost dying condition."

The relief party that rescued the traveler and brought him to the settlement found that he had been on an errand of mercy scarcely less courageous than Baker's self-sacrifice. Though not equipped with snowshoes, he had set out over the deep drifts to bring aid to a party that was en route from Salt Lake City to Manti and had been snowed in at the forks of Salt Creek. When the rescuers found the unnamed messenger he was barefoot, almost naked, and snow-blind. The light crust on the deep drifts had not been sufficient to bear his weight and he had broken through again and again. The sharp edges of the thin ice had torn the clothes from his body, but he had floundered on towards his goal, not giving up until the glare of the sun on the white surface had blinded him.

A few men made their way on snowshoes to where the other travelers were imprisoned, but so deep were the drifts on the divide that the party was forced to remain for more than two months encamped in snow huts at the spot where the blizzard had overwhelmed it.

There is none of the settlements that does not have its tale of famine. At Springville the people used pigweed as a green vegetable and obtained their only farinaceous food from "sego-roots." Traders following the Old Spanish Trail occasionally offered flour for sale. The

price asked was \$24 the hundredweight — prohibitive to Mormon purses. Bishop Aaron Johnson, whose sons and grandsons still live in the little town, possessed the only supply of flour in the colony. The word profiteer was yet to be coined. The bishop set aside sufficient of his store to ration his family until July 15th, when the harvest was anticipated, and distributed the entire balance among the people.

The trail to the southern settlements passed directly through the town over which Bishop Johnson presided. It forked at Nephi, forty miles below at the base of lofty Mount Nebo. One branch lay to the east of the Sam Pitch Mountains, leading to Manti and the settlements of the Sevier valley. The other fork followed the western slope of the mountains. Along its course were Fillmore, the territorial capital during the panicky days of 1857, Kanosh, Beaver, and Parowan.

The last-named town has already been mentioned in these sketches. Parowan and Cedar City, twenty miles farther south, were the parent settlements of southern Utah. Beyond them the Old Spanish Trail led the traveler on to the Virgen River, the Muddy, and across the Nevada deserts to the dreaded Mojave, Cajon Pass, and California. The trail dipped far to the south to avoid Death Valley, which might be known today only as the Amargossa Sink had the Jayhawkers of 1849 followed the advice of the Mormon guide, Jefferson Hunt, whom they employed to pilot them. Hunt knew the desert. He knew where the only water could be found in its leagues of sand and fire-tortured rock. He placed no credence

whatever in the stories of a short cut of which the cocky young men from Galesburg, Illinois, had heard and which they purposed to follow. Hunt halted the caravan at the point where the shorter route was supposed to turn off.

"Here," he said, "is the only trail by which it is possible to get through to California. No white man has ever been over the country where you say this short cut leads. You will die if you attempt it, but if you all decide in favor of the short cut, I'll go with you and try to lead you through. But if the people of only one wagon vote for the way we started, that's the way I'll go."

There were more than one hundred wagons in that caravan. The drivers of seven heeded the advice of the man who knew the country and kept to the Old Spanish Trail. Hunt led them through to California in safety. The drivers of more than sixty of the wagons that had turned aside lost their enthusiasm for the cut-off and retraced their steps to follow Hunt and the others. The fate of the rest of the caravan is history. Following the will-o'-the-wisp of a direct route to the Tulare Valley, the Jayhawkers, the Brier family, and the Bennett-Arcane party went on, sixty-seven men, women, and children. Many died in the Panamint and Funeral Mountains and in the salt flats of the Amargossa Sink. Some survived of those who had refused to listen to the Mormon elder, and they named the sub-sea-level depression Death Valley.

The caravan that Hunt guided was the first to cross with wagons on the Old Spanish Trail. It was not the highway that it is today — not by nearly five hundred

miles of concrete and gravel—but it was a way through the country, it led to the springs and natural reservoirs where water might be obtained, and it was the logical route to be followed by the exploring parties, expeditions, and missionary groups that set out from Parowan and Cedar City to establish the string of little towns that rub elbows along the Virgen and Santa Clara Rivers and their tributaries. The region from Parowan southward, including the more eastern settlements at Panguitch, Kanab, and along the upper Virgen, became known within a few years as Utah's Dixie. Who first applied the term is unknown.

The first five years of the '50s saw the establishment of Cedar City, Paragonah, Kanarraville, Harmony, Toquerville, Washington, St. George, and lesser hamlets farther south along the course of the Spanish Trail. Not all were immediately given the names by which they are known today—St. George for example, was not so known until 1861—but Jacob Hamblin, George A. Smith, Ira Hatch, Thales Haskell, Samuel Knight, and other pioneers of Zion set out almost immediately to build the lonely homes that were to become towns. Additional population was supplied in a never-failing stream by the “call,” and hundreds of newly-arrived emigrants were despatched south as fast as they reached Salt Lake City.

Each settlement, as soon as it was established, became an independent community, self-governing, yet accountable to the stake presidency and to the church headquarters. In addition to the ecclesiastical officers, who possessed secular authority as well, each colony had an

elected or appointed historian who kept a record of the various activities of the community and set down every event of either major or minor importance. The journals of those early chroniclers have been preserved. Each is as individual as the man who wrote it, but there is a striking similarity in all of them in the tale of privations endured and hardships overcome.

We read of floods such as that at Harmony early in 1862, when either snow or rain fell on twenty-eight successive days, when the 'dobe walls of the fort collapsed, and the water stood three feet deep in the houses. For eight days, John Doyle Lee, bishop of Harmony, did not remove his clothes or have an opportunity to don dry garments. In spite of his labors, the weakened walls of his home collapsed before a terrific wind-storm and two of his children were killed. Jacob Hamblin, foremost of the missionaries to the Indians, narrowly escaped drowning in that flood. The stream bank caved in beneath his weight and he fell twenty feet into the racing waters.

When the colonists were not fighting the floods that carried away their frail dams, they were praying for rain to break the droughts that cooked the seeds in the ground and baked the soil to the hardness of concrete. As variants to flood and drought were plagues of crickets, grasshoppers, worms, and red lice. Rattlesnakes were an ever-present menace, more than three hundred of the reptiles being killed in one day at Manti. The snakes denned during the winter in deep fissures in the rocks, emerging with the first warm days of spring. For days every man,

woman, and child in the settlement carried a stout club whenever they left their homes.

And if flood and drought, insects and venomous serpents, were not sufficient to oppress the colonists with plagues rivaling those visited upon Egypt, there remained always the original owners of the land, the Paiute Indians, who accepted the Mormon religion as readily as they did the food and clothing which the colonists could ill-spare but of which they gave freely.

The instructions of Brigham were very clear as to the attitude to be maintained toward the Indians. He has been quoted a thousand times as saying that it were “cheaper to feed them than fight them”; and proponents of his policy of peace through conciliation point to the hundreds of lives and millions of dollars that was the price of conquering the Plains tribes and the Apaches.

One may question, however, whether the settlers of Dixie and other sections of Utah would not have been far better off had they handed the begging, thieving Paiutes a couple of swift and forcible kicks in their ragged breeches.

It did not take the noble red man of Utah long to learn that the Mormons were willing to go to any extreme to gain and hold the friendship of the Indians. The net result of the amiable advances, the assurances of cordial regard, and the gifts of food was to place the hard-pressed colonists immediately in the category of a never-failing source of free lunch.

Only rarely did the Mormons rebel from the eternal

"Gimme! Gimme!" and reprimand what they naïvely called the sauciness of the Indians.

"The natives in general are peaceful and well-disposed," wrote John Doyle Lee from Harmony, "although some few are reckless and have to be looked after. One of those characters, a brother to Ow-wan-nop, the chief, came into my house in my absence and was very saucy. Mrs. Lee bid him leave, and he struck her over the left eye with a piece of plank, laying her skull bare about four inches. She was rescued by Bro. William Barton, who caught the plank with one hand and struck the Indian several licks with the other, almost dislocating his neck. We held a meeting with the leading Indians and ordered the guilty man lashed to the Liberty pole and given forty lashes. His own brother administered the blows with a rawhide lasso. They were pretty well tucked on."

Every letter from the southern settlements to the church heads at Salt Lake City told of the progress being made with the civilization of the Indians. More than three hundred Shiwits, a sub-tribe of the Paiutes, were baptized into the Mormon faith in a single ceremony at St. George. They were re-named, each of them. Ow-cak-kwit became Matthew, Pega-ra-rump was baptized as Abraham, and his fat squaw, as was appropriately her due, was given the name of Sarah. The list included also Luke, John, Nephi, Alma, Joseph, Hyrum, Matthew, Ezekiel, and Moroni.

A great feast followed the baptismal ceremonies. Each

Indian stuffed as only Indians can and staggered off to his wickiup with gifts of shirts, shoes, and other garments. The wholesale conversion was hailed as a triumph for the missionaries among the savages, and the names of the new members were placed upon the church rolls.

Not so much publicity was given a report of James H. Pearce, who told of a visit, some years later, to the tribal home of the converts on the Colorado River. Pearce stated that the Shiwits remembered him and gave him kindly welcome. They informed him that all the clothing given them had worn out in service and suggested that they be taken again to St. George, re-baptized, and given new shirts.

“They also told me,” Pearce wrote, “that inasmuch as I know how to make ‘talking paper,’ that it would be a good idea if I wrote a letter to the Lord and told Him that they had been good Indians.”

The Saints were unceasing in their efforts to make agriculturists of the Indians, but there never was a shovel made that would fit a Paiute. Any concept of the dignity of labor was utterly foreign to his nature. Years elapsed, however, before the Mormons were convinced that the Indian would never make a farmer.

The war-chief of the Utah Indians was Walker — the pronunciation and spelling to which the chieftain’s Paiute name of Wa-ker-aw was speedily corrupted. The civil and political leader at the time of the Mormon colonization was the aged Sowiatt, but most of the Saints’ diplomatic contacts with the original owners of the soil were through the military head. Walker has been de-

scribed as "all right except when he was feeling moody. Then he'd blacken his face and put on his war-paint and come down to town spoiling for a row."

The chieftain was "converted" to Mormonism and baptized into the faith of the Saints by the patriarch Isaac Morley, president of the settlement at Manti, on March 13th, 1850. The depth of his religious convictions may be judged by the fact that the so-called "Walker War" — a period of State-wide Indian unrest, of raids upon lonely hamlets, and the massacre of numerous settlers and travelers — started in the summer of 1853.

There can be found no better example of the conciliatory policy of Brigham Young than the letter which he addressed to the Paiute leader while the Walker War was bringing terror to every colony in Utah. Little effort had been made to avenge the deaths of more than a score of murdered Saints when the head of the church wrote the chief of the hostiles.

"Captain Walker:" Brigham's letter began; "I send you some tobacco for you to smoke in the mountains when you get lonesome. You are a fool for fighting your best friends, for we are the best friends and the only friends that you have in the world. Everybody else would kill you if they could get a chance. If you get hungry, send some friendly Indian down to the settlement and we will give you some beef-cattle and flour. If you are afraid of the tobacco which I send you, you can let some of your prisoners smoke it first and then you will know that it is good. When you get good-natured again I would like to see you. Don't you think you

would be ashamed? You know that I have always been your best friend.

BRIGHAM YOUNG.”

Walker did not live to see his people conquered and the most remote corners of his domain penetrated by the Mormons. He died at Meadow Creek, Millard County, on January 29th, 1855, and an admonition was included in the notice sent to the *Deseret News* of the passing of so prominent a citizen.

“Don’t put this obituary in a mourning border, Mr. Editor,” the correspondent wrote, “for now peace is established between the red man and the white.”

The Walker War was at its height when Hans Dinesen, who states that he “was one of the first company of Skandinavian Saints,” reached Salt Lake City and set out for the Sanpete Valley which was to be his home. Years later he wrote of his journey and his introduction to the strange and terrible land that the missionaries had described as the place appointed for the gathering together of Israel.

“I reached Salt Lake City on September 30th, 1853,” he wrote, “after nine months and eleven days of hard travel by sea and land. I started for Sanpete on the 14th day of October. Upon our arrival at Uintah, now Fountain Green, what a vision presented itself to us. A wagon-box was turned bottom side up and . . . four dead men lay under the box who had been terribly murdered by the Indians.”

One wonders whether Dinesen, before that winter was over, did not have occasion to envy those four victims of

the Paiutes. He and his companions eventually reached Manti, on Salt Creek, where a settlement had been established for several years. The winter was already well advanced, snow in the mountains precluded the felling of trees for cabins, and the newcomers were compelled to camp in their wagons.

"We suffered severely from cold," wrote Dinesen in after years. "I had only a thin covering over the wagon and snow was a foot deep on the ground and ice froze over everything. We barely kept alive. Our food was not plentiful and our bread was made of bran and smutty ground wheat mixed with our potatoes that were frozen solid like rocks and all rattled together like so many pebbles. The wheat was ground in a coffee mill and when baked the bread was as black as coal. The suffering from the cold was, if possible, worse than the hunger."

The privations endured by those settlers at Manti, as recorded in their own simple narratives and letters, constitute a terrible indictment of Brigham Young and the leaders of the church. Groups of colonists were sent north, south, east, and west, often under incompetent guides, without proper equipment, and with no thought of what conditions might await them at the end of their journey. Regardless of individual qualifications or previous experience, newly arrived emigrants were expended with the profligate wastefulness of conscripted troops in time of war. They were moved back and forth like pawns on a chessboard, and any complaint that might reach the office adjoining the Beehive House produced

only a stern reprimand of those who “lacked the faith that can accomplish any task to which it is assigned.”

Nor did the succeeding years bring any particular increase of comfort for the shock-troops of Mormonism, the privates whose sacrifices and losses are forgotten as honors are heaped upon the generals. Had Dinesen and his fellows been forced to endure only for the first difficult months in the new land, one could more readily forgive Brigham for the tyranny with which he forced the extension of his empire.

“In the Spring,” Dinesen’s narrative continues, “a little land was broken and seeds sown under much difficulty, and in the summer countless numbers of grasshoppers came in clouds, so thick as to darken the air. These deposited their eggs in the ground and in the spring of 1855, when the people sowed an abundant crop . . . the eggs hatched and the grasshoppers ate up everything. The people raised only a few squashes and potatoes and before digging time came the Indians got most of the provisions.”

Not all of the colonists submitted so supinely to the rigorous discipline imposed by the church authorities. Here and there, very rarely, one encounters evidences of a spirit of rebellion, of resentment against such institutions as the “call,” and even a challenge of the integrity of the church doctrines. Few were so outspoken as Jacob Butterfield, one of the pioneers of that same settlement of Manti of which Hans Dinesen writes. Jacob, “who has been opposed to counsel all the while since we came

here," was so impolitic as to declare in January of 1850 that "neither God, angels, nor Brigham Young had anything to do with locating this place, that Hell could be no worse, and that only fools would remain here and suffer."

Jacob was not a Latter Day Saint for long after so heretical an outburst. He was tried on January 26th, found guilty, cut off from the church, sentenced to banishment, and fined twenty-five dollars.

Apparently no such punishment was visited upon George Hicks, whom the call compelled to relinquish his homestead in Cottonwood, only a few miles from the metropolitan attractions of Salt Lake City, and journey to Dixie. He settled in Washington, in the extreme southwestern corner of Utah. For years he was a particularly irritating thorn in the sides of the church authorities and his temporal superiors in the tiny absolute monarchy. He annoyed them with embarrassing questions as to church policy and doctrine, finally drawing from one sorely-tried ecclesiastic the tart retort that "you, Brother Hicks, would make a good-looking tassel on the end of a rope!"

There must have been something likable about old Hicks, however. Possibly an innate good humor tempered his near-heresies. The church authorities never carried out the implied threat to hang him and they even wrote into the history of the St. George Stake the poem which the malcontent wrote in 1864. Hicks' verses reflect, in no small degree, the resentment which others may have felt but dared not express. It is not difficult

to picture the old fellow slyly chuckling into his sleeve, or possibly muttering an unsaintly but satisfying cuss-word as he penned the verses which he did not title but which might well be called *The Winter of My Discontent*.

Once I lived in Cottonwood,
And owned a little farm,
But I was called to Dixie,
Which did me much alarm;
To raise the cane and cotton,
I right away must go;
But the reason why they called on me,
I'm sure I do not know.

I yoked old Jim and Bolly up,
All for to make a start,
To leave my house and garden,
It almost broke my heart.
We moved along quite slowly,
And often looked behind,
For the sand and rocks of Dixie
Kept running through my mind.

At length we reached the Black Ridge,
Where I broke my wagon down,
I could not find a carpenter
So far from any town;
So with a clumsy cedar pole
I fixed an awkward slide;
My wagon pulled so heavy then
That Betsy could not ride.

While Betsy was a-walking
I told her to take care,
When all upon a sudden
She struck a prickly pear.

Then she began to blubber out,
As loud as she could bawl,
"If I was back in Cottonwood,
I would not come at all!"

When we reached the Sandy,
We could not move at all;
For poor old Jim and Bolly,
Began to puff and loll.
I whipped and swore a little,
But could not make the route,
For myself, the team, and Betsy,
Were all of us give out.

Next we got to Washington,
Where we stayed a little while,
To see if April showers,
Would make the verdure smile.
But, oh, I was mistaken,
And so I went away;
For the red hills of November
Looked just the same in May.

I feel so weak and hungry now,
There's nothing here to cheer,
Except prophetic sermons,
Which we very often hear.
They will hand them out by dozens,
And prove them by the Book —
I'd rather have some roasting ears,
To stay at home and cook.

I feel so weak and hungry now,
I think I'm nearly dead;
'Tis seven weeks next Sunday
Since I have tasted bread.

Of carrot tops and lucern greens
We have enough to eat—
But I'd like to change that diet off
For buckwheat cakes and meat.

I brought this old coat with me,
About two years ago,
And how I'll get another one,
I'm sure I do not know.
May providence protect me
Against the cold and wet;
I think myself and Betsy,
These times will not forget.

My shirt is dyed with wild dockroot,
With greasewood for a set;
I fear the colors all will fade
When once it does get wet.
They said we could raise madder,
And indigo so blue;
But that turned out a humbug,
The story was not true.

The hot winds whirl around me,
And take away my breath;
I've had the chills and fever,
Till I'm nearly shook to death.

“All earthly tribulations
Are but a moment here;
And, oh, if I prove faithful,
A righteous crown I'll wear.”

My wagon's sold for sorghum seed,
To make a little bread;
And poor old Jim and Bolly
Long ago are dead.

There's only me and Betsy left,
To hoe the cotton-tree;
May Heaven help the Dixie-ite,
Wherever he may be!

It took a brave man to make so outspoken a criticism of the church and its policies at that time, but old George actually had the courage to sign his animadversion, penning his name and the date, 1864, that posterity might not attribute the lines to any other poet of the mid-Victorian era.

Few among the pioneers displayed either the bitter heresy of Butterfield or the good-humored gibes of Hicks. There were backsliders, of course, from among the number of those who were weaker in the spine or less disciplined than their fellows. The early records mention instances of apostasy and recantation, of individuals quitting the colonies to join emigrant trains bound for California, of sentences of excommunication for failure to live up to the stern code of the church, but the general colonization scheme was no more affected by such truanicies than a military campaign is hindered by the desertion of a single soldier.

The settlers remained loyal to their missions and the orders of their superiors in the face of hardships sufficient to warrant the abandonment of any project. Criticism of those superiors was an act of which only an apostate was capable, and to this day a loyal Saint regards apostasy as the lowest depth to which a human being can sink. No pioneer of Manti—that settlement of which Hans Dinesen has written—criticized the head of the



Photo. by C. R. Savage, 1862

THE OVERLAND MAIL

church because of the circumstances which determined the location of that colony. The history of the Sanpete Stake asserts that Walker, the Paiute chief, sought audience with Brigham on June 14th, 1849, and asked that settlers be sent into his country to teach the Indians to farm. “Within six moons,” the Mormon leader is quoted as replying, “I will send you a company.”

The pioneer could see no shrewd policy of conciliation, no remorseless shuffling of human souls, in the “call” which sent him and his fellows to Salt Creek Cañon. He endured the pangs of hunger and cold and the depredations of the Indians and never wavered in his loyalty to his leader. When Brigham visited Manti in May of 1852, he was not reminded that famine would stalk the streets if the harvest should prove scanty. Such unpleasant truths were not permitted to distress the head of the hierarchy of the Saints. He was welcomed to Manti with hallelujahs and song.

Brigham the Prophet he is our head,
He is our Seer since Joseph is dead;
The keys of the Kingdom of God now he holds,
The gospel of Jesus to the nations he rolls.

And Andrew Siler, in a letter to the *Deseret News*, reported that “Brother Brigham Young came like a brilliant planet and illuminated our little world nearly two days and passed on, leaving a happy influence behind him.”

Not until nearly a year later, in January of 1853, can one find anything even approaching a complaint. There

is the tiniest ghost of criticism in the plaintive query, addressed to the authorities in Salt Lake City, "Why can we not have a mail at least once a month on this route in the winter?"

It was later in that year that Dinesen, the "Skandinavian Saint," arrived in Manti. He has already told of his first two years in the Salt Creek colony, so let him take up his tale of conditions after the early crops had failed in 1856.

"During the summer provisions were very scarce. On the slope of Quarry Hill, meller (mallow?) or pigweed of rank growth sprang up in great abundance. The people would go every morning and cut a sackful, take it to camp, chop it up, and with a little meat and a few moldy potatoes they lived on this kind of a diet until the Fall harvest. This weed had never grown there before nor has it ever grown there since that time."

Dinesen had much sickness in his family during that dark summer. He was sick himself, the insufficient food producing a dysentery that was almost epidemic at times in the settlements. In spite of weakness and racking pain, he had to work in the fields each day. His cattle had died. The poor beasts were unable to withstand the rigors of the Utah winters.

"Though it seemed like a very bad time," he wrote, "I thought of the saying of the Lord, 'I make rich and I make poor,' and was comforted."

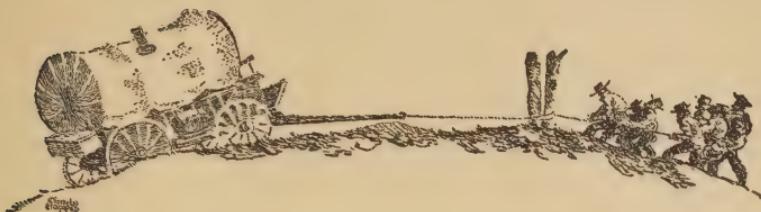
One can understand why the cattle died when reading the reminiscences of another pioneer of Manti, William B. Ritchey. He was only nine years old, he recalls, when

he was “sent out every day, barefooted, to the springs, two miles south, to shovel snow away from the grass so the stock could eat.”

Nine years old . . . barefoot . . . two miles . . . to shovel snow . . . suffer little children to come unto Me. . . . Brigham Young is the Lion of the Lord.

Wherever I have traveled in the West — and that means from the Rockies to the Pacific and from Canada to Mexico — I have encountered the Mormons. It seems that they have settled wherever a few acres of land can be placed under cultivation. They have built their homes, their churches, and their schools. What sent them out into those places where the average individual could see no prospect of making a living and where, prior to the Mormons' coming, you would think a jackrabbit would starve? There must be a story in it.

ARTHUR HOULE.



CHAPTER IV

Outposts of Zion

FEW who travel the West today can have any conception of the conditions encountered by the pioneers. Even the last quarter-century has seen changes that are little short of epochal. Concrete highways cross and recross the old trails where the deep ruts of the ox-wagons of the '50s are still visible on hillside and boggy flat. Smooth-surfaced roads climb the Rockies and the Sierras, mounting the ranges through the same passes where the drivers of the emigrant wagons chained their wheels and tied a heavy log to the running gear to supply additional braking surface. The automobile has all but eliminated time as a factor in transcontinental travel. One may tour, absolute master of his transportation, from San Francisco to New York in less time than the pioneer caravans required to traverse a single state.

Today a graded highway follows virtually every inch of the route that was covered by the Birmingham Emigration Company which left Birmingham, Iowa, on April 11th, 1850. On July 15th, more than three months later, the party arrived at its destination in Sacramento,

California. The members of that caravan were pioneers in the gold regions. They called themselves pioneers and one naturally regards them as such when reading the account of their trek of 2,182 miles. Yet L. V. Loomis, who kept a journal of the entire trip, wrote of passing the "Mormon Station" in the Carson Valley, a few miles south of the present capital of Nevada, on August 6th, and referred to that outpost of Zion as "old."

Mormons made the first discovery of gold in California, and when the wagon-trains of those who were to call themselves Forty-niners set out toward the western El Dorado they camped at Mormon outposts, bought from Mormon traders, followed Mormon markers, and for information as to mileage, water, and grass referred to a pamphlet that was published in St. Louis in 1848—"The Latter Day Saints' Emigrants' Guide."

There is preserved in Salt Lake City a diary, abounding in misinformation and the anti-Mormon bitterness that is to be expected of a professional gambler who found that the laws of the Saints forbade him to set up his lay-out. The writer had arrived in California, by sea, during the early days of the gold rush. He had dealt faro and poker and other games in the hell-roaring towns of the west slope of the Sierras and then had departed very suddenly—one suspects he was only a few jumps ahead of a posse—and had journeyed eastward to Salt Lake City, arriving there in June of 1851.

"This is the Mormon capitol," he wrote (the spelling is his own), "and some of the emmigrants have had a lot of trouble with these people, on account of they can't

understand them. They are like rattlesnakes — alright so long as you let them alone and don't prod them. Then look out. I have seen them in San Francisco and the mountains. Everywhere you go in the mountains of the deserts you find them. They can find water as good as an injun. It is hard to get to any good place ahead of one of these people who call themselves the Saints of the latter days."

What the gambler wrote was true of the regions he knew and might have been written of sections far removed from the colony at Salt Lake City and the smaller settlements in the river valleys of the Great Basin. As early as 1850, John R. Bartlett, engaged on the survey of the international boundary, wrote of his arrival at Zodiac, Texas, and his surprise at finding a thriving colony of the Saints established there. The settlement was near Fredericksburg, about seventy miles northwest of San Antonio, and numbered 150 men and women under Elder O. K. Wight.

"Everywhere around us in this Zodiacial settlement we saw abundant signs of prosperity," commented Bartlett. "Whatever may be said of their theological errors, in secular matters they present an example of industry and thrift which the people of the State might advantageously imitate. They have a tract of land which they have cultivated for about three years and which has yielded profitable crops. The well-built houses, perfect fences and tidy dooryards give the place a homelike air such as we had not seen before in Texas. The dinner was a regular old-fashioned New England farmer's meal, comprising

an abundance of everything and served with faultless neatness. The entire charge for the dinner for twelve persons and corn for as many animals was \$3."

More than a year later and a thousand miles further west, the boundary commissioner paused in the Mexican presidio of Tucson and was told that Mormons, on Mexican invitation, had settled and planted crops at Tubac, forty miles south. They had been forced to abandon the place when the rains failed and drought had destroyed the grain. The section was a part of Sonora until after the Gadsden Purchase in 1854 and there is no record of the personnel of that early colony in what is now Arizona. James H. McClintock, in his account of the Mormon settlements in that state, advances the theory that the Tubac colonists "were from one of the southern states and started directly for San Bernardino, instead of via Salt Lake City, in the same manner that an Arkansas expedition went directly to the Little Colorado settlements in later years."

The Latter Day Saints of today are justly proud of the "firsts" in their history. First permanent Anglo-Saxon settlements between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Coast, they assert, adding the information that Mormon colonists and missionaries established the first permanent white settlements in Utah, Wyoming, Idaho, and northern Arizona. And the "old Mormon station" of which Loomis wrote was the first town of any sort in what is now Nevada.

John Reese has frequently been credited with establishing that lonely outpost, an error due to the fact that

many of the early records refer to the settlement as "Reese's Station," but as a matter of fact Reese purchased from one Moore who in his turn had bought from the original settler, Hampden S. Beatie.

Beatie was not a member of the Mormon Church when he crossed the plains with a party of Saints and reached Salt Lake City on October 26th, 1848. "My first thought was that if I had ever struck a country town I had when I struck Salt Lake City," he wrote, continuing at some length to describe how squalid were the cabins along the wide streets. Those broad avenues are today the city's chief pride, but at the time of Beatie's visit they were "a series of mudholes in which the cattle of the ox-teams found convenient wallows and where one would have to walk for long distances before finding a spot where it was possible to cross without sinking to the knees or deeper in the mire."

Beatie apparently tarried in Salt Lake City only long enough to be accepted as a convert to Mormonism before continuing his westward journey over the road which skirted the Great Salt Lake on the north and joined the main Overland Trail at the crossing of Goose Creek in southern Idaho. The fertile valley of the Carson River, a ribbon of green at the foot of the towering Sierras, must have proved mightily attractive after the sagebrush deserts of Nevada, for Beatie "became enamored of it and the opportunities offered for turning an honest penny. He took possession of the site of the present town of Genoa and thereupon erected a log house. The house had no floor or roof, but as it did not rain that

season it served nicely. It had two compartments, connected by a covered passageway."

There was little of the churchman in Beatie. He was interested solely in commerce and made several trips across the Sierras to the American River settlements, returning with supplies which he sold at high prices to the emigrants. His companions attended to the sales end and "at the end of the summer the little party found itself better off than many who had spent the time digging in California."

The emigrants, eager to reach their goal, were willing to pay almost any price for the food required for the last lap across the mountains to the gold fields. "Flour was worth \$2 a pound, fresh beef \$1, and bacon \$2. A friend of mine went off to the mountains and left a yoke of cattle with me and one day I got a thousand dollars for one of those oxen in the shape of beef. For a few loaves of bread I could get a good horse."

Beatie reported that the Indians of the region were friendly, although his station was only a few miles from Tragedy Springs where Henderson Cox, Daniel Brouitt, and Ezrah Allen, scouts for members of the Mormon Battalion who wished to journey to Salt Lake City after demobilization in California, had been camped when they were attacked and slain by the Indians on the night of June 27th, 1848. The names of the three appear as Captain Brovitt, Daniel Allen, and Henderson Cox in the records of the Genoa Mission, slightly different from the spelling that appears in an inscription carved on a tree at the scene of the tragedy. The bodies were discovered

— and the springs named — by other members of the battalion who left Pleasant Valley, California, in July. Only one branch of the old Emigrant Trail followed the present highway through Truckee, Donner Lake, and Emigrant Gap. The majority of the wagon trains bound for the American River diggings and Sacramento bore southward along the east slope of the Sierras, crossing the mountains by way of Carson Pass and the second of three broad valleys that were named Faith, Hope, and Charity.

John Reese, as has been said, acquired the Carson Valley holdings late in 1849. He was a Mormon, as was Stephen A. Kinsey who accompanied him to the valley the following year. They rebuilt the Beatie post and continued the business of trading with the emigrants. By 1853 there were a dozen houses in the valley, crops had been planted, and Carson was considered sufficiently civilized to be organized as a county. Religious services were in charge of Elder Wooley who described the location as "the most God-forsaken place I was ever in. Whether it has changed much for better or worse I cannot say, but if for the worse it must have changed very fast, and if for the better it must have been very slow."

The name of Genoa — why the decision to honor the birthplace of Columbus will ever remain a mystery — was given to Mormon Station by Orson Hyde, who reached the valley in June of 1855 after having been appointed judge of the district. From Hyde's first report to Brigham Young one may gain some conception of the difficulties experienced by the Saints in reaching this spot

where they hoed corn and turnips within a day's ride of the richest gold and silver deposits on the American continent.

"Great numbers of cattle are dying on the road," wrote the judge. "So great mortality among stock has never been known. The fuel is generally good on the south side of the Humboldt; but the road, the hills and mountains on the south, are too monstrous for a Christian train of wagons to traverse. The Big Mountain (in the Wasatch range) is not a patching to several that we came down. All four wheels locked and men behind with lariats to hold the wagons back and keep them from ending over upon the teams. It is a miracle how we ever got over with the millstones. . . . The Lord has been with us and is with us still."

Conditions were easier after the Carson settlements were reached. The valley was one of the most fertile of all selected for Mormon colonization. No difficulty was experienced in obtaining water and placing it, as required, on the fields. The Saints enjoyed "good crops and good counsel," and refused to consider abandoning their agricultural outpost even when Abner Blackburn, a former Battalion member who had had some experience in mining in California, reported that he had found gold in the mountains on the eastern side of the valley—probably the original discovery of the precious metal in what is now Nevada.

The Saints continued with their turnips, but non-Mormons who were working at the station owed no debt of loyalty either to the mission or their employers. They

chased off, "following their golden god" to the eroded slopes of Sun Mountain. Among them was one of Reese's teamsters, James Fennimore, or Finney, known far more generally as "Old Virginia." A more worthless, drunken sot would be difficult to imagine. "He dug for gold only when he was sober enough to handle his pick and shovel, and he dug very little," but he lived to smash a bottle of whiskey on a rock and christen, with his nickname, one of the greatest silver and gold camps that the world has ever known — Virginia City, Nevada. And still another drunken ne'er-do-well, half-crazed to boot, Henry Thomas Paige Comstock — "Old Pancake" — through trickery perpetuated his name in the mineral deposit itself, the Comstock Lode, the gold and silver wealth of which resulted in the hasty admission of Nevada to statehood, enabled the Union to pay in specie the debts of the Civil War, built the city of San Francisco, and founded some of the largest fortunes of America.

The Mormons, with the curious detachment of their sect, declined to get excited over the mineral wealth of Virginia City and Gold Hill. They were content with the excellent profits to be obtained from hauling supplies to the mining camps, from working in the saw-mills that stripped the Sierra forests to furnish the millions of feet of timber necessary for the hundreds of miles of shafts and tunnels. They took their profits, paid their tithes to the church, and the only instance of protest that can be found is that recorded when camels were shipped into the country and placed in service on the mountain trails.

Military experiments with camels in the southwestern

deserts convinced a group of San Franciscans that the shaggy, temperamental beasts represented the solution of all transportation difficulties. The Camel Importing Company was organized and twenty Bactrians brought from central Asia. Salt was their principal burden, and each camel packed six hundred pounds of the valuable commodity without difficulty and covered from fifteen to twenty miles daily with the heavy load. The trouble started almost as soon as the camels were placed in service. The western mule could never adjust himself to camels. Even the placid oxen became unruly at the first whiff of the ungainly beasts from the Asian plateau, and the teamsters, many of whom were Mormons, rebelled and issued an ultimatum in no uncertain terms. Hastily enacted legislation barred the camels "from the use of any road or trail traveled by horses, mules, or oxen," and the importing company closed up shop forthwith. The majority of the Bactrians were eventually taken to Yuma, Arizona, and turned loose on the desert where they survived for nearly fifty years and furnished material for some of Arizona's most gorgeous legends.

The Carson Valley settlements were several hundred miles north and west of the Vegas Springs, where Las Vegas, Nevada, now stands on the site of a waterhole where Jefferson Hunt camped in 1847 on his way to California to buy seed and foodstuffs for the colony at Salt Lake City. The location was one of the principal watering places on the Old Spanish Trail, but not until 1855 was William Bringhurst called to take thirty men

and establish a permanent settlement there "to teach the Indians the arts of civilization, husbandry, etc."

"From the knowledge I have of most of the men who compose the mission," Isaac C. Haight, president of the Parowan Stake of Zion, wrote to Brigham Young when the group passed through Cedar City on its way to Las Vegas, "I feel sanguine that much good will be done to better the condition of the poor degraded sons of the desert, not only their temporary (temporal?) condition by teaching them to live without depending on the little game that exists in the sterile regions, and of killing the cattle and horses of travelers, but also in their spiritual condition by delivering them from the gross superstition of their fathers and bringing them to a knowledge of the covenants that the Lord made with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob."

Haight exhorted the thirty-odd men to "work mightily for the Lord and the redemption of Israel." That they did so is amply testified by the pitiful history of the mission. One marvels that so few could accomplish so much. Nor could they, save that behind them was the motivating force, the will to do, the faith supreme over all earthly hardships, that inspired every outpost established by the pioneering Saints. Those missionaries of the Las Vegas built their cabins, a dam, and a "water-sect." They constructed four bridges across the little stream from the springs. They planted crops and fenced each field with mesquite, "which is a bush with as many prickles on it as the locust tree and resembling the haw-

thorn." The cabins were built within a 'dobe wall, 150 feet on a side, and the enclosure was referred to as the Fort. Adjoining the fort was a corral where the stock was kept at night. The cattle were guarded during the day, but in spite of the close watch a number were driven off and slaughtered by the remnants of Israel.

In between times, the missionaries preached to the Indians, telling them of the gospel of Joseph Smith and his prophecies. A number of the Paiutes professed conversion and were baptized into the Mormon faith, their sincerity being best attested by a few incidents taken at random from the history of the mission.

"Tuesday, Jan. 1, 1856. This day commenced a new year with the brethren and they could truly say that their hearts were full of gratitude to their Heavenly Father for His protecting care . . . they enjoyed health and reasonable strength, food and raiment, and their efforts had been thus far attended with success in gaining the friendship and confidence of their Lamanite brethren. Peace and good will prevailed in their associations with the Lamanites. . . .

"Wednesday, Jan. 2. During the night the natives climbed over the back part of Elder Rick's house and stole a quantity of corn therefrom.

"Thursday, Jan. 3. Prest. Bringhurst reprimanded the chief for allowing such acts to be perpetrated by his people. Toshearump took offense on account of the president threatening to punish offenders caught stealing, and he forthwith left for the mountains, saying he would stay away a long time.

“Sunday, Jan 6. . . . Prest. Bringhurst went over to the Indian camp to see a man who had disabled his foot with an ax. He prescribed the manner of treating the wound, gave him some food and comforted him as best he could. The method of visiting the Indians in their afflictions created a better feeling between the whites and them than any other mode of procedure. . . . The Lamanites preserved the same good feeling toward the brethren as hitherto, but sometimes they were very hungry.

“Sunday, Jan. 13. Meeting was held at the usual hour. While the brethren were in meeting some Indian boys broke into Brother Bleazard’s and also Prest. Bringhurst’s houses and stole clothing and provisions. Chief Joshua scolded the culprits for it, and by request of Brother Bringhurst ordered them to leave the fort forthwith, and stay in shame at their camp for several days.

“Wednesday, March 26. ‘. . . if those who have to do with the Indians would be a little more forbearing, use reason rather than compulsion, and treat them kindly, there would be a great saving of life and property.’ (Letter of William Bringhurst to *Deseret News.*) ”

In April the brethren plowed for the Indians and the Indians stole several horses. In May a calf and two oxen were stolen. In June the “Indians gathered together to hear some good words from Prest. Bringhurst”—and were chased out of the fields for stealing grain. More good words. More thefts—and one feels like cheering on learning that “President Bringhurst kicked a Muddy Indian out of the fort for stealing.”

As a vacation from their duties at the mission, the pioneers of Las Vegas explored the desert southward to the Colorado River and followed the stream for some miles to discover if it were navigable. Brigham had ordered the survey.

"The Colorado," wrote George W. Bean, "is completely hemmed in by sandhills and deep canyons without grass or wood of any description. . . . We could not extend our explorations on account of there being no grass for our animals and the weather being so extremely hot that men could not live long away from water. Some of our company gave out through the extreme heat and thirst, it being 31 miles over burning sand and rocks without water. The water in our canteens would be scalding hot. We were five days out, and never were men more rejoiced to get into port than we were; and for my part, I have thought Las Vegas a little heaven ever since."

The Las Vegas mission is one of the few whose history shows any mining activity on the part of the Mormon pioneers. Extensive mineral deposits were reported southwest of the little colony and men sent to examine the ledges reported wide veins of lead of excellent quality. News of the find was forwarded to Brigham Young, who immediately became quite enthusiastic and commissioned Bishop Nathaniel V. Jones "to proceed with a company to the neighborhood of the Las Vegas and engage in manufacturing lead, and the said Bishop Jones is hereby empowered to call to his aid in the said manufacture and transportation of lead, building of furnaces, mining the ore, etc., such persons as his judgment and necessities

may dictate, not only southern missionaries, but others of the brethren in the southern settlements if need be."

Evidently lead, which could be molded into bullets, was far more important than the redemption of Israel. Jones arrived at Las Vegas on August 8th, 1856, and did not get his equipment ready for the trip to the mines until the 21st, but on the 4th Brigham sent forward a letter in which he advised the colonists that "three teams will start down in a day or two for lead, which I trust will be ready for them. . . . We hope the brethren will feel an interest in this matter and look to the benefit of Israel and the prosperity of Zion more than self interest."

Not three, but four, teams arrived at Las Vegas on August 26th. Naturally, no lead was ready for them. A load of ore, unrefined, was forwarded to Provo on September 1st, but not until December were the furnaces set up and smelting commenced. Nine thousand pounds were run off, according to Jones, but "the metal was very hard to smelt." A letter written from Las Vegas early in 1857 reports attempts to cast the metal in bullet-moulds, but that the bullets were extremely hard and far from satisfactory.

"The mineral yields," wrote Samuel F. Atwood, "only from 20 to 30 percent (of lead) proving to be of a much poorer quality than was expected to be when seen in the lead on the mountain. There is found in it after the outside is taken off much dry bone, black jack, and sulphur, which burns up much of the lead in smelting."

The mines were abandoned on January 28th, 1857. The reason for the failure of the project was not dis-

covered until four years later, when more practical miners prospected the region and located the rich silver deposits of Potosi. The "lead" of the Saints, so difficult to smelt and so unsatisfactory as bullets, was a richly argentiferous galena.

The errors in mineralogy, however, had little to do with the decision to withdraw the mission from Las Vegas. The Saints finally arrived at the realization that the remnants of Israel had no desire for redemption. The Indians stole everything they could lay their hands on and the mission was finally abandoned when the Paiutes swooped down on the fields that were ready for the harvest and carried off the entire crop.

Sadly, reluctantly, the brethren withdrew. Two years of toil had gone for naught, their converts had relapsed easily to savagery, but there was no complaint. They had "nothing to eat but dry bread, and water for drink, as the cows are mostly dry, but still we are not discouraged, for we hope for better times ahead and if we don't live to see it maybe our children will."

The cabins they had built, the walls they had reared, remained. John Hunt and Leonard Conger, carrying the mail from Salt Lake City to the important city of San Diego and the tiny pueblo of Los Angeles, were glad of the shelter when they camped at the Vegas springs. The Paiutes prowled through the deserted dwellings, picking up any odds and ends that had been left behind by the strange white men who had told them that some day, through redemption and faith, they too would be white. The final curtain in the brief drama of Mormon coloniza-

A TYPICAL PIONEER SETTLEMENT, SPRINGDALE, ON VIRGEN RIVER AT MOUTH
OF ZION CAÑON, IN 1870

Photo. by C. R. Savage



tion lies in an advertisement appearing in *Our Dixie Times*, published in St. George, Utah, on April 15th, 1868. No mention of undesirable neighbors appears in the offer for sale of the Las Vegas Ranch, where "the soil is rich black loam and will produce any kind of vegetables; there is water to irrigate 400 acres of small grain and range for 3,000 head of cattle."

At least passing mention should be given the California colonies of the Saints, noticeably those at San Francisco and San Bernardino. San Francisco was the sleepy little Mexican town of Yerba Buena when 235 Latter Day Saints landed from the ship *Brooklyn* on July 31st, 1846. They were "well supplied with farming implements, mechanics' tools, and all the equipment necessary for a new settlement, which they proposed to found somewhere on the Pacific Coast. These colonists . . . carried with them a printing press on which they printed *The California Star*, the second newspaper in the province."

The Saints from the *Brooklyn* established their homesites in the San Joaquin Valley, calling the settlement New Hope. Their leader, Samuel Brannan, hastened eastward via the little-known overland route to meet Brigham Young and urge California in preference to the Great Basin as the location for the mustering of Israel. The prophet and seer repulsed the suggestion, and although the Mormons of New Hope had never seen the leader of their faith, so well disciplined were they that all but a few abandoned their desirable locations and joined their fellows on the shores of the Great Salt Lake. New Hope continued in existence for a time, but it was

engulfed and its Mormon identity lost in the sweeping tide of immigration that followed the discovery of gold on January 24th, 1848. Brannan rebelled against the dictum of the church head. He was eventually disfellowshipped and died in Mexico in 1889.

Scarcely more extensive is the history of the San Bernardino mission, established early in 1851 and consolidated in September of that year when Amasa M. Lyman and C. C. Rich, acting for the church, bought 35,509 acres of the Rancho de San Bernardino from the Lugo brothers for \$77,500 — never entirely paid.

The original orders of Brigham to Lyman and Rich were that they "take a company to southern California, preside over the affairs of the church in that land, and establish a stronghold for the gathering of the Saints." Far more ambitious projects were outlined by the Mormon chief in his personal journal. He states that he instructed the two elders "to select a site for a city or station, as a nucleus for a settlement, near the Cajon pass, in the vicinity of the sea-coast, for a continuation of the route already commenced from this place (Salt Lake City) to the Pacific; to gather around them the Saints in California; to search out on their route, and establish as far as possible, the best location for stations between Iron County (Utah) and California, in view of a mail route to the Pacific; to cultivate grapes, sugar cane, cotton, and any other desirable fruits and products; to obtain information concerning the Tehuantepec route, or any other across the isthmus, or the passage around Cape Horn, with a view to the gathering of the Saints from

Europe; to plant the standard of salvation in every country and kingdom, city, and village, on the Pacific and the world over, as fast as God should give the ability."

To accomplish that extensive program, Brigham proposed that only twenty men accompany Lyman and Rich. By the time the elders were ready to depart from Utah, more than five hundred men and women had signified their intentions of aiding the good work. "This rush to travel to California was not approved by President Young, as it evidently was prompted by the gold craze."

The five hundred went, in spite of Brigham's disapproval, and camped in Sycamore Grove, on the west side of the San Bernardino valley, until after the purchase of the ranch was negotiated. Then they fell to work as industriously as the Saints in every other colony of Zion. Few deserted the mission to travel to the gold fields. By Christmas more than a hundred cabins had been built, a stockaded fort planned, and cultivation begun on a fenced field of more than two thousand acres. The city, named for the ranch, was laid out the following March, and the public square of the San Bernardino of today occupies the site of the Mormon "Temple Block."

Zion owned no more prosperous colony than that at San Bernardino. In December of 1856, according to an account printed in the *Los Angeles Star*, the Saints owned 14,358 cows and oxen, 1,786 horses and mules, 4,417 sheep and goats, and 437 hogs. The figures were taken from the lists of the County Assessor, which also contained the information that the agricultural production had totalled "wheat 30,000 bushels, barley 15,000 bushels, corn 7,000

bushels, and some 200 bushels of oats, the potato crop being almost an entire failure on account of drouth." The time required for that production is not specified, but the report adds that 1,700 pounds of butter, 3,000 pounds of cheese, and 13,000 dozen eggs had been produced and sold to merchants in the city. "This is considered not more than one-half of the amount of these articles produced."

Less statistical information is in the report for 1856 of the surveyor of San Bernardino county, Arvin M. Stoddard.

"The ranch of San Bernardino," he wrote, "is the finest in the County and among the finest in the State. It is owned by the Mormons, and under their management is becoming one of the most thrifty places in this portion of the State. The ranch is subdivided into five, ten, twenty, forty, and eighty acre lots, which are sold . . . on reasonable terms, by which means it is fast progressing in the scale of agricultural improvements, having some of the finest land in the State upon which to operate. It bids fair to become celebrated as a fruit growing country; already has a large amount of different varieties of trees been imported from Oregon, which under proper culture thrive remarkably well. The grape also is beginning to be extensively cultivated. . . . For raising vegetables, this ranch is well adapted, and for grazing is not to be excelled by any."

Those crops were planted on acres that are today green and gold with orange trees. There is no finer citrus land in the country than the San Bernardino valley. The

Saints owned or controlled nearly 100,000 acres there, including all of the area of the present city, and lost it forever when, on a December day in 1857, Riley Morse galloped a lathered horse into the settlement and gasped out the news that two hundred men of the Sacramento section had organized as a Vigilante company for the express purpose of "running the Mormons out of California." The sudden flare-up of enmity toward all members of the church was due to the responsibility of certain Mormons for the Mountain Meadows Massacre, when more than 120 men, women, and children, members of an emigrant party bound for California, were slaughtered in the bloodiest and most inexcusable atrocity in the history of America.

The threatened raid never materialized, but the San Bernardino settlers accepted Morse's story at its face value. All of Mormondom was panicky, ready to accept the wildest of rumors, in 1857, when all, from Brigham down, believed that a war between the United States and Zion was imminent. Within two weeks less than twenty families were left in the prosperous colony. More than four hundred people packed their belongings and set out over the Old Spanish Trail for Utah. None returned. The land reverted to its original owners and more than thirty years elapsed before any effort was made to revive the creed of the Saints on the Pacific coast.

They were not only sincere in their belief, they were enthusiastic. It was the single element which governed their lives. They idolized it. Arguments broke like waves upon the rock of simple faith. . . . Among them may doubtless be found many who would suffer martyrdom as readily as did Ridley and Latimer for the precious promises of their faith.

NATHANIEL P. LANGFORD.

Also I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then I said: Here am I; send me.

II NEPHI, 16:8.



CHAPTER V

Apostles to the Lamanites

THE Book of Mormon ascribes a Semitic origin to the American Indian. The aborigines of this continent, according to the teaching of Joseph Smith and his followers, are the much degraded descendants of the tribe of Laman, a Hebrew people who emigrated to Central America in 590 B.C., immediately subsequent to the building of the Tower of Babel and the "confusion of tongues" of which the eleventh chapter of Genesis tells. A large portion of the Book of Mormon is devoted to the story of the wandering of the Lamanites on this continent and their warfare with the Nephites, a people of similar origin. That strife ceased only with the annihilation of the Nephites and their allies in a great battle fought in 385 A.D. in what is now northern New York. More than two hundred thousand Nephites were slaughtered. Only twenty-four escaped, among them Mormon, a descendant of Nephi, and his son Moroni (Mormon, 6:11). The history of his people, and their fate, was engraved on golden

plates by Mormon. He buried the plates in the hill Cumorah, and the hiding place was revealed to Joseph Smith by Moroni, who appeared in a vision to the founder of the Church of Latter Day Saints.

Although "the city of Laman had been burned with fire, and the inhabitants thereof, because of their wickedness and . . . their abominations" (III Nephi, 9:10), yet the Book of Mormon contains the assurance that "the promises of the Lord are extended even unto the Lamanites" (Alma, 9:24). The Lamanites, the American Indians, were to the Saints a people eagerly awaiting the arrival of the true gospel and the resultant redemption from their degradation; and it was inconceivable that the heads of the church would have ignored so fertile a field for missionary labors.

A few desultory efforts toward conversion of the Indians were made while the Host of Israel was at Winter Quarters in Nebraska. Chieftains of the Omahas, the Pottawatomies, and other Plains tribes heard the doctrines of the strange new gospel and learned — doubtless with some surprise — that they had once been white men and would, through salvation and regeneration, become white again. Not until the Saints reached Utah, however, was there inaugurated a definite campaign of missionary labors among the Indians. That campaign resulted in the establishment of the settlement that was to become Las Vegas, Nevada; it motivated the colonization of the San Juan and the Little Colorado valleys; it sent missionaries northward into Idaho, Wyoming, and Montana; and it resulted in glorious adventuring into un-

known regions by grim, psalm-singing, humorless, and devoutly sincere individuals who were constitutionally incapable of realizing that they were as truly adventurers as were Padre Escalante, Kit Carson, or Jedediah Smith.

The bearing of the Word of God to the savages condemned to a life of desert-wandering men who might otherwise have completed tranquil existences as tillers of the soil or herders of cattle. The names of those men are utterly unknown to the vast majority of Americans; one seeks for them in vain on the pages of the history of the nation; but they are etched deeply and permanently on the record of the pioneer days of Arizona, Utah, Nevada, and Idaho. James and Hamilton Pearce, Andrew S. Gibbons and his sons, Samuel N. Adair, Thales Haskell, Ammon M. Tenney, Lorenzo Roundy, Thomas D. and James S. Brown, Jens Nielsen, Francillo Durfee, and — towering above all as an apostle, scout, pioneer, and adventurer — Jacob V. Hamblin.

Spiritual salvation for the Indians was the fundamental reason for the sending of those men east and west and north and south from the city by the Great Salt Lake, but coupled with the thought of religious regeneration was the far more mundane idea entertained by Brigham and his associates that those same Indians, converted to Mormonism and thoroughly loyal to the teachings of the church, might make excellent recruits for the military forces of Zion in the event that it were ever necessary to have recourse to arms to insure religious liberty for Deseret. The Saints had not forgotten the persecutions that had been their lot in Illinois and Missouri. Hatred

of the "mobocracy" that had slain Joseph and Hyrum Smith was preached from every pulpit and taught in every schoolhouse. The Puritan Pilgrims, sailing from Holland in the frail *Mayflower* for the unknown and terrible New World, were not more determined to possess freedom for the practice of their austere faith than were the stern-faced, long-whiskered Latter Day Saints who settled the valleys of the Great Basin.

"If the Lord blesses us," wrote Elder John Steele from the Las Vegas mission on October 1st, 1855, "we can have one thousand brave warriors on hand in a short time to help to quell any eruption that might take place in the principalities."

The Saints found in Utah more Lamanites than they had dreamed existed. The Great Basin was a field fertile beyond belief for missionary labors. Before the foundation logs were placed for the first cabins erected in Salt Lake City, the remnants of Israel had appeared among the emigrants' wagons. They stalked from one campfire to another, inspecting with childish glee the possessions of the newcomers who were unlike any white men they had ever seen, and by signs and stately gestures indicated their complete willingness to accept food, clothing, trinkets, or salvation and redemption.

Those Indians were Utes and Paiutes. Virtually all of the red men of Utah belong to one or the other of those allied groups. They had lived in the Great Basin for some time and they had solved the riddle of existence many generations before the arrival of the Saints in their

ancient hunting grounds. Life — to the Utes and Paiutes — was far from being the complex affair that the education and ambition and theology of the white man made it. Life was very simple, as simple almost as the death that eventually was every man's portion. Life was made up of years, and years were either good or bad. When the years were good, there were many piñon nuts and other edible seeds. Deer and mountain sheep and rabbits and birds were abundant and easily captured. There was water in the streams and in the springs of the desert. The willows and sumachs grew tall in the creek beds, and from the slender withes the women wove many baskets which were used for storage and the carrying of burdens, for winnowing the seeds they gathered, for storing water, and for cooking.

In bad years there were none of those pleasant things. The Paiutes sang their Desert Song, which told that the land itself was hungry and that even the ants were starving. "Tu-gwi-nur-rua tu-wip," they sang. "Un-kar-ti-si av-wi-mi-ni." The streams ceased to run, becoming only a series of widely spaced pools, loathsome and stinking with dead and dying fish. Little children died, and the old people were left alone in the deserted camps that they too might die and cease being burdens upon the more active members of the tribe. There was much sickness and people died in spite of the medicine-men, who sang and howled and chanted and spat up colored stones that they asserted they had drawn from the bodies of the afflicted ones. When too many people died, one killed the

medicine-men and waited, always patiently, for the good years that were certain to come again. It was all very simple.

The Mormons — laboring fourteen hours daily in building cabins, digging ditches, and sowing crops — could not understand so philosophical an acceptance of things as they are. The daylight hours were intended for toil, the Saints believed, and they could not comprehend a paganism so profound as to entertain no conception of the dignity of labor. The Mormons worked. The Paiutes sat in the sun and watched them. When the Saints ceased their labors and set about the preparation of food, the Paiutes gravitated leisurely to the cooking fires and begged a meal.

The Mormons considered the Paiutes lazy, filthy, and utterly degraded. Many made the mistake of judging all Indians by the indolent Paiutes and their Shoshonean cousins the Hopis, whose very name means peaceful. Their minds were changed when they crossed the Colorado and met the Navajos. These last are of Athapascan stock, stiff-necked and proud, and in the early days preferred fighting to eating. They are lean and alert; far tougher in every way than the Paiutes who incline to be as fat in mind as they are in body.

The Saints' opinions were not formed until after they had come into intimate daily contact with the Indians. That contact was first established, so far as any organized missionary program was concerned, in 1854, when a group of men was called and sent to the Virgin River as the Southern Indian Mission. The following year, the call

was made upon some three hundred men to bear the Mormon message to the Lamanites in various parts of the country. More than a hundred accompanied Orson Hyde to the Carson Valley in Nevada; a second hundred, under the leadership of George A. Smith, journeyed southward to the Dixie region; fifty established themselves at the lonely outpost of Fort Supply, about twelve miles from Fort Bridger in the southwest corner of Wyoming. Twenty-seven were in the party that traveled directly north from Salt Lake City, crossing two mountain ranges and building Fort Limhi on what was then known as the east fork of the Salmon River in Idaho. The stream is known as the Lemhi River today, and the town and Indian agency are also called Lemhi. How the change occurred no one can tell. Limhi—a king of the Nephites as recorded in the Book of Mormon—was the original name of the settlement.

Those twenty-seven men set out with no particular destination in view. Their instructions were "to settle among the Flathead, Bannock, or Shoshone Indians, or anywhere that the tribes would receive them, and . . . to do all they could to better the condition of those fallen people and bring them to a better life. They were to take with them sufficient provisions to last them one year so that they should not be a burden to the people whom they were to civilize and convert, but rather be able to feed them."

Among those twenty-seven men was one Joseph Parry, an elder of the church. No finer example can be found of the discipline of the Mormon pioneers, the zeal with

which they responded to the call and placed loyalty to the church before any duty they might owe their families. The missionaries fed the Lamanites so generously that the year's store of provisions did not suffice for the first winter. Parry made a trip to Ogden in December of 1855 in order to obtain flour for the Limhi outpost. The mission history states that he "found his family in better health and circumstances than when he left, for then their condition was deplorable. They lived in a small log cabin, and for five months prior to his departure his wife had been confined to the sick bed. On his departure, he left her perfectly helpless, with three children, one of them an infant and the oldest but five years of age, a thirteen-year-old girl being all her help. Flour was selling at that time at twenty-five dollars per hundred, and in order to make up his proportion of the necessary year's supply he was compelled to take with him all the flour they had. Thus was this brave woman left sick and helpless without food or money. She considered it her husband's duty, however, to perform this mission, and was willing to make all necessary sacrifices that good might be accomplished."

The historian had no desire to place the martyr's crown on Parry's head. "All of the brethren," he hastened to add, "had left their families in somewhat similar circumstances and naturally rejoiced at the temporary reunion. William Batchelor found that his wife, whom he had married shortly before being called on this mission, had died during his absence. . . . The people in northern Utah at this time were passing through what ever since



THE OLD TITHING OFFICE IN SALT LAKE CITY; ORIGINAL HOME
OF THE DESERET NEWS



Photos. by C. R. Savage

THE EAGLE GATE IN 1862. BUILDING IN REAR IS SCHOOL
ERECTED BY BRIGHAM YOUNG FOR HIS CHILDREN

has been known as 'the hard winter.' The grasshoppers had destroyed the wheat and the intense cold was killing the cattle by thousands. Many of the Saints were compelled to live on bran-bread, and on the carcasses of the dead cattle, in order to save themselves from starvation."

Twenty-two new recruits for the mission force accompanied Parry and his fellows when they returned to Idaho. The party left Ogden on March 28th and arrived at Fort Limhi on May 15th — more than six weeks for a journey which can be made in a day over the present highways. A large acreage was planted in grain and vegetables, but the young seedlings were eaten down to the roots by millions of grasshoppers, "cleaning the fields as a floor and leaving them barren, nothing being left except here and there a straggling stalk of wheat, sufficient to prove that wheat could be raised at this point, contrary to the expressed statement of the mountaineers."

The food shortage resulting from the loss of the crop compelled more than half of the missionaries to return to Utah. Those who remained continued their labors and "made great progress in learning the Shoshone language and were therefore better able to instruct the Indians in the principles of the Gospel, in the manner of their living, how to work, and how to better their condition. They met with very little success in civilizing the Indians and inculcating principles of industry. Their roving habits made them entirely unadapted for work, and they preferred that the brethren of the mission should do what labor was needed. . . . There was no jar,

no trouble, everything appeared satisfactory and full of good will. A little over one hundred Indians, men and women, had been baptized."

The friendliness, the willingness to accept baptism, were merely poses assumed for the sake of the free meals which could always be obtained at Fort Limhi. The missionaries treated kindly all Indians who passed their doors and thereby were guilty of grave diplomatic errors. Hospitality to Nez Perces angered the Bannocks and Blackfeet, and a meal given to a group of Bannocks was an affront to every Nez Perce in Idaho. The various tribes had warred with one another from time immemorial. It was beyond all reason to expect them to bury the hatchet in a furrow turned by a Mormon's plow.

The Fort Limhi Saints entertained a band of Shoshones on its way home from a raid on the Nez Perce lodges. Then the Nez Perces arrived, trailing their stolen ponies, and the Mormons permitted them to use the corral at the fort, thereby thwarting the Bannocks who had planned to rush the Nez Perce camp and run off every horse that was not tied and hobbled. In no time at all Fort Limhi was a buffer state in a neat little inter-tribal war, the Indians ceasing their personal quarrels only for the purpose of stealing the missionaries' cattle.

The storm broke in earnest when the savages made a daylight raid on the herd, seriously wounded three men who were on guard, drove off 235 cattle and 31 ponies, killed James Miller, and besieged the little colony. Ezra J. Barnard and Baldwin H. Watts slipped away under cover of darkness, avoided the Indian sentries, and set

out on the long journey to Utah to bring aid to the beleaguered missionaries. They crossed the mountains in the dead of winter, alternating in breaking a trail for the horses through the deep drifts, and were forty-eight hours without food before reaching the settlements on the Malade River. Word was carried to Salt Lake City and Brigham Young immediately dispatched 160 men, in three detachments, to rescue the Fort Limhi colony.

During the siege an effort was made to intimidate the Indians with a cannon. Richard Margetts, the blacksmith, endeavored to construct a howitzer "of iron staves bound together by wagon-tire bands." Friendly Indians were told of the terrific execution of which such a piece of ordnance was capable and "there is no doubt that the hostiles obtained some information of the big gun and what it would do and that it had some weight in preventing an attack. It was love's labor lost, however, for the first time it was fired it disappeared. Not a piece the weight of a pound could be found. No one was injured, the precaution having been taken of firing it from the inside of a log bastion."

The comparative idleness enforced by the siege was also utilized for the formal proceedings necessary to cut off from the Mormon church and excommunicate all but one of the Indians who had accepted baptism. The evidence was clear that the converts were among the most active of the raiders.

On March 23rd, 1858, the troops sent by Brigham arrived and the Indians retreated. Five days later the Fort Limhi outpost was formally abandoned and the

missionaries returned to Utah. Three men—James Miller, Andrew Quigley, and Bailey Lake—were killed during the siege and the retreat. Others were wounded. As an attempt to convert and civilize the Lamanites, the Fort Limhi mission was an utter failure, but those pioneers opened the land. They planted the first grain to be grown in the territory that is now Idaho and Montana, they built the first grist mill and dug the first irrigation ditches. By their failure they paved the way for other white agriculturists whose efforts, more liberally rewarded, were to place the farming areas of Montana and Idaho in the position they hold today.

Less grim than that of Fort Limhi is the history of the Southern Indian Mission, organized to convert the Lamanites of the Dixie section and including on its original roster names that were to pass into Mormon history as those of the foremost colonizers of Zion. The complete history of that mission from the date of its organization at Provo on April 17th, 1854, is in the church library in Salt Lake City. True humor is rare in the grim stories of the pioneering days, but there is a delightful, though unconscious, humor on every page of that history. Written in a copperplate hand, hair-thin on the up-strokes, heavily shaded on the down, it is less a history than the intimate personal diary of one man, Thomas D. Brown, chosen as clerk of the expedition before it set out for the south.

Brown put down not only the day-by-day record of the activities of the brethren, but a dispassionate account of their quarrels, their jealousies, their joys, and their sor-

rows. He lapsed at times into terrible verse, and from the mutilated meters turned to such homely observations as "Bro. Anderson came to do the Lamanites good, and having put his wheat in at Parowan he will cease skinning in trade; it is a Gentile practice and ought to be discontinued among Saints."

Brown was an exceedingly devout member of the Mormon Church. To him Joseph Smith was far more than mortal, but his record betrays a consistent backsliding from the prohibitory injunctions of Joseph and Brigham in respect to the use of tobacco and intoxicants. He made several efforts to give up his pipe, and reproved himself for his lack of moral courage. Hypocrisy was not in the historian. One paragraph glorified the faith of the Saints; the next included the ingenuous confession that "after the meeting (at Cedar City) all met and joined in the dance until fully satisfied. The recorder being satisfied and filled with cold and inflammation withdrew to spend the evening at R. Harrison's with G. Rogers and R. Robinson, leaving the light hearts and heels to enjoy themselves. Bro. Robinson of American Fork had sent some good beer to R. Harrison, which we enjoyed much and spoke of our good feelings &c freely."

No incident was too trivial to escape Brown's pen. If his horse were sick he noted the fact, the nature and symptoms of the ailment, and the formula for the mixture of copperas, tobacco, red pepper, whiskey, and hot water with which the animal was dosed. The mission and its object were ever foremost in his mind, but did not blind him to the importance of food and shelter

for those who were to preach the gospel. Shoeleather ranked with salvation and his expressions of joy over the presence in camp of more than a hundred Paiutes requesting baptism were followed by the observation that many of the brethren were working in their bare feet in order to conserve their boots and shoes.

"I have tried it," noted Brown, "but the sand and soil are intolerable hot. I attempted to wash a pair of cotton socks and rubbed the skin off my fingers. This won't do, and yet I suppose it must, for sisters are *non est inventers*. How can I get help to wash? Will the sisters take such pay as I get from the Lord? I fear not."

Four days later he recorded, with considerable relief, that Sarah, the wife of Abraham, was doing his laundry work, adding that she and her husband were baptized Indians.

Brown was a keen observer. He saw the evil effects of the Indians' promiscuous contact with the whites and noted that strict adherence to Brigham's policy of appealing to the Lamanites through their stomachs merely converted them to becoming idle beggars and petty thieves. "I think that Indians living among the whites don't improve them much," he wrote. "Equality felt before it is due, evil the result to both parties, to all. Would it not be better to go and live among them—some choice noble spirits? It would!"

Although he could see the faults in the church's policy, Brown never permitted himself to forget that his mission was to carry the message of salvation to the unbe-

lievers. Mormon missionaries, even today, serve entirely without pay or subsidy from the church, and that proselyter of the 50's could record only intense regret when he was compelled to undertake other labor in order to obtain funds wherewith to purchase food and clothing. He flayed ceaselessly those of the brethren who devoted more time to their farms and personal interests than to their labors in the missionary field. On June 8th, 1854, his zealotry for the mission boiled over and found expression in a poem of ten verses. The last was a prayer.

Our Father in the Heavens, and Saints on earth we implore,
To aid by Spirit, wisdom too, and substance from your store;
That we may teach, feed, clothe, and clean the red men every
one —

Exalt from humble wickiup and save in happy home;
Home, home, clean happy home;
Exalt from humble wickiups to eternal happy home.

He wrote many poems of equal merit. Length and fervor atoned for defiance of all rules of scansion.

One never wearies of this most truthful of the historians of Utah's stern and ascetic youth. The Southern Indian Mission was no better prepared than the other colonizing expeditions which set out from Salt Lake City during the decade of the '50s. Its members suffered from cold and hunger, from scanty food and insufficient clothing, from dysentery and other diseases resulting from an unbalanced diet. Some zealots accepted such hardships and privations with a fatalistic philosophy, regarding them as Heaven-planned ordeals to test the missionaries' fitness for their task. Not so Brown. To him hunger

was a belly-pain and as such most unwelcome. He groused with the abandon of an old soldier. He compared the flesh of draft oxen, which the colonists were compelled to eat on occasion, with the succulent roast beef of his native England. He grumbled about inclement weather, but like any grousing veteran he never shirked his duty and when the gale had blown itself out he wrote with genuine thanksgiving "the wind has subsided, the sun shines, and the beauties of Nature, the glory of God, is apparent."

He was almost alone in his day in sensing something of the scenic grandeur of southern Utah. To judge from the majority of the accounts of the time, that region might be as flat and uninspiring as western Kansas or the Panhandle of Texas. The pioneers might devote many pages of letters and diaries to the description of their own buildings, dams, and ditches, but in contemplation of the handiwork of nature they were strangely mute. All save Thomas D. Brown. While on a visit to the Indians dwelling south of Cedar City, he stood and gazed eastward along the course of the Virgin River toward the great Hurricane Fault and the mighty cliffs that form the portals of Zion Cañon. The poetry that struggled in his zealot's soul found a tongue, and with a brief geographical introduction he launched into what is probably the first attempt at scenic press-agenting in the history of Utah.

"We are now near 37 degrees north latitude," he wrote, "the boundary between Utah Territory and Lower California or New Mexico.

Photo, by Hoffman Birney, 1930

“WHAT WALLS! WHAT RAMPARTS! ARE THESE THE BATTLEMENTS OF THE UPPER
RIO VIRGEN? THEY ARE.”



“The Scenery: What two abrupt terminations are these to the two abrupt chains of mountains east and west, like jumping-off places at the world’s end? But see over Ash Creek to the east, what tablelands are these broken off so abruptly by some floods of water? What lofty spires! What turrets! What walls! What bastions! What outworks to some elevated forts! What battlements are these? What inaccessible ramparts? From these no doubt are often heard Heaven’s artillery cannonading. What guards patrol these elevated walls? Are these the boundaries of the northern Rio Virgen? They are!”

Brown, it will be observed, had the habit of asking himself questions. He invariably answered them.

It is in the diary of that same Thomas D. Brown that the seeker into pioneer history first finds mention of the man who was to dominate the Indian missionary field as Mount Timpanogos dominates the lesser peaks of the Wasatch range, the slender, low-voiced Jacob Hamblin. For more than a hundred years the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints has been sending out its missionaries to all the nations of the earth, but never has it had a man of more intense zeal, of more single-minded purpose, of more fanatical devotion.

“Brother Hamblin rejoiced in the mission,” wrote Brown in 1855, and if these sketches tend to glorify him at the expense of others whose lives were similarly consecrated, it is merely because his record, the Viking quality of his fearless venturings, is infinitely superior to any other.

The Lord sent his word unto Jacob and it hath lighted upon Israel.

II NEPHI, 19:8.

Jacob Hamblin was a scout directly commissioned under authority of his Church, serene in his faith and confident that his footsteps were guided from on high.

JAMES H. MCCLINTOCK.
"Mormon Settlement in Arizona."



CHAPTER VI

A Leatherstocking of the Desert

JACOB HAMBLIN was born in Salem, Ohio, on April 6th, 1819, was married to Lucinda Taylor when he was twenty years old, and three years later was converted to Mormonism. He and his family reached Utah in 1850 and settled some thirty miles from Salt Lake City in the Tooele valley. Accounts vary as to how that section acquired its name, which is pronounced Too-illa. One version is that it is a corruption of the Spanish *tules*, from the reeds which covered the bottom-land. Another is that a cockney Englishman was a member of the party which accompanied Brigham Young in an inspection of the region and that he vetoed the proposal to establish a colony there.

“Too ‘illy,” he declared.

It was in that too ‘illy valley that Hamblin had his first contact with the Indians and established his reputation as a mediator and peacemaker in any misunder-

standings between the red man and the white. And it was there, before he had learned a dozen words of the Paiute tongue, that he received in a dream a vision which he interpreted as a command to adopt an Indian boy and to devote his life to bearing the gospel of Christianity to the children of Laman.

"I was told clearly," Hamblin informed his biographer in later years, "that if I never shed the blood of an Indian, not one of them would ever have the power to shed mine. That has proved to be true."

He was thirty-five years old when he answered the call that sent him to southern Utah and launched him upon his life work. He settled first at Harmony, the station of the Southern Indian Mission, and later established his own homestead and a cattle ranch at the north end of a fertile valley west of the settlement; a famous campground on the Old Spanish Trail and a spot destined to bulk hugely in Utah's history as the Mountain Meadows.

For three years Hamblin studied the Paiute dialect and worked among the Indians of that tribe who made their homes along the Virgen, the Santa Clara, and the Muddy. In 1857, Brigham relieved R. C. Allen as president of the Southern Indian Mission and appointed Hamblin to the position vacated.

"Continue the conciliatory policy," directed the leader of the Saints, "and seek by words of righteousness to obtain the Indians' love and confidence. Do not permit the brethren to part with their guns and ammunition, but save them against the hour of need.

"Seek the Spirit of the Lord to direct you, and that He may qualify you for every duty is the prayer of your fellow-laborer in the gospel of Salvation."

Later there came more explicit instructions. Hamblin was commanded to assemble a party and "visit the Moquis, or town Indians, on the east side of the Colorado, to learn something of their character and condition, and to take advantage of any opening there might be to preach the gospel to them and do them good."

At that time, 1858, considerably more was known of the geography of the moon than of the desert regions that lay on either side of the Colorado River from the mouth of the Green River to the Virgen. Men knew that the Colorado had cut its way to the sea through the most stupendous chasms on the face of the earth, but beyond that fact there were only the half-forgotten tales of wandering trappers and the garbled traditions of the Indians. There were legends, universally believed, of waterfalls of fabulous height and of long stretches where the river dove into the earth like a snake into a hole and emerged only after miles of wandering through immeasurable subterranean caverns. Not until 1869 were those myths forever dispelled by Major John Wesley Powell, when that one-armed veteran of Shiloh led a little group of men in an exploit as courageous as any in the history of this country—the navigation, in small boats, of the entire cañon system.

Hamblin chose eleven men to accompany him on his first venture into the unknown lands. Two were his brothers, William and Frederick. The others were Dud-

ley and Thomas Leavitt, Ira Hatch, Ammon M. Tenney, Andrew Gibbons, Samuel Knight, Benjamin Knell, a Paiute guide named Naraguts, and James Davis, whose presence on the expedition was due to his familiarity with the language of Wales.

The last-mentioned detail might be explained more fully. For some years there persisted in America a tradition that certain tribal groups of the American Indians were of Welsh origin, survivors of a party of colonizers headed by Madoc, son of Owen Gwynedd, king of Wales. Madoc was an explorer and returned from one of his voyages to report that he had discovered a beautiful and fertile country beyond the western ocean. With 3,000 followers in fifteen ships, according to the legend, he left Wales in 1164 to settle the new lands. He was never heard of again, but several early investigators in American ethnology checked the tradition that the Mandan Indians spoke a corruption of the Welsh tongue, and from time to time there were reports that the lost clansmen of Madoc had been discovered among the Zuñi, Navajo, or other southwestern tribes.

The Mormons, in spite of their religion's teachings as to the Israelitish origin of the Lamanites, gave serious attention to the Welsh myth. The Moquis—now known by their correct tribal designation of Hopi—were considered quite logical descendants of the vanished Madoc and his followers. Their isolated position on three lonely mesas in northern Arizona, their lack of kinship with neighboring tribes, the fact that they dwelt in well-built stone houses, all marked them as a race apart. Not only

was Davis sent to talk to the Hopis, but some years later Hamblin escorted several members of the tribe to Salt Lake City, where determined efforts were made to discover if their language — a Shoshonean dialect, by the way — included any words of Welsh derivation. As late as 1878, one Llewellyn Harris, a Welshman and a Mormon missionary among the Zuñis, spoke of the legend of Madoc and mentioned that “a few traditions of the Mexican Indians and a few Welsh words among the Zuñis, Navajos, and Moquis are all that can be found of that people now.” The historian of Parowan, in 1852, told of the Paiute chieftain Walker “returning from a visit to the Moquis, Navajos, and Welsh Indians.” The Piman tribes of the Gila and Salt River valleys were also investigated for traces of Welsh ancestry or linguistic survival.

The Hopi country, when Hamblin made his first trip in 1858, was almost entirely unknown. It had been American territory for only a decade, during which there had been little penetration of the region beyond a few punitive expeditions against the Navajo who then, as now, occupy the Hopi lands with the arrogance born only of complete assurance. Antoine LeRoux had guided Capt. Sitgreaves, the geographer, from Zuñi to the Little Colorado and the San Francisco peaks, and Beale had made his survey from Fort Defiance westward, but of those early expeditions only that commanded by Lieut. Ives had reached the lonely villages of the Hopi on their three sheer-walled mesas, and no white man had crossed the Grand Cañon of the Colorado since Fray Escalante in 1776.

Other Spaniards, priests as valiant as Escalante, though less famed, had lived with the wily Hopi. Missions had been established at Oraibi and Shimópavi and Awátobi, but not since 1680, the year of the great Pueblo rebellion, when four padres were slain in those villages, had the missions been occupied. Awátobi itself was in ruins, destroyed utterly and its people massacred by other Hopis who feared their fellow-tribesmen were encouraging a return of the black-robed friars. The Mormons, under the leadership of Hamblin, were the first English-speaking white men in history to propose taking up residence in the villages of the Hopituh.

One is inclined to doubt if Hamblin or his companions had any realization of the historical significance of their own acts. It is questionable if they had ever heard of the martyrs of 1680 or of Escalante. They knew, however, of where he had crossed the Colorado. It was at the point that had been described to them as the "old Ute ford," and they had heard reference made to it as "the Crossing of the Fathers." It is located several miles up the Colorado from the mouth of Navajo Cañon — as lonely and inaccessible a spot as exists in America.

The Utes and Paiutes had known of that crossing for centuries. They had guided Escalante and had shown the ford to him, and Naraguts followed the footsteps of his ancestors along the Kaibab Plateau and the Buck-skin Mountains to guide Jacob Hamblin, another exploring priest scarcely less austere than the Franciscan, to the same spot.

With the exception of the Mormons, who used the

Crossing of the Fathers regularly until their development of a better ford at the mouth of the Paria, scarcely a hundred white men have ever seen Escalante's ford. There the sandstone cliffs that wall the Colorado's gorge have broken away until there remains only a succession of lofty pinnacles. Across the rocky dikes between those eroded buttes, access to the river is possible — no more than that, for the trails to the Colorado, on either side of El Vado de los Padres, are as difficult and dangerous as any in America.

The actual crossing cannot be made today. One can reach the river from the east, but the trail up the western cliffs was dynamited nearly half a century ago by Mormon settlers of southeastern Utah. The marauding Navajo knew that ford only too well and used it continually on stock-stealing forays directed against the isolated ranches of the House Rock Valley and the upper Paria. Fifty yards of the narrow path were blasted away, several hundred tons of rock sent crashing to the foot of the cliffs, and the Navajo sought other trails into Utah.

That he was the first white man since Escalante to cross the Colorado seems to have made no impression on Hamblin. Ten days were required for the trip from the Santa Clara (St. George, Utah) to the Crossing of the Fathers, which was reached, says Hamblin, only "after climbing dangerous cliffs and crossing extensive fissures. The trail beyond the river was not only difficult, but dangerous."

Two of the packhorses, loaded with the major portion of the party's scanty store of provisions, were lost during

a night march. The twelve men tightened their belts and went on, finally arriving at what Hamblin describes as "an Oriba village." Although his description of the town on its isolated promontory fits Walpi, on First Mesa, it is more probable that the village was that of Oraibi itself, the oldest of the inhabited Hopi pueblos. It is inconceivable that the missionary party made a circuit of Black Mountain and approached the Hopi Mesas from the eastward, and only by such a circumnavigation could Walpi have been the first of the villages encountered.

It must be remembered that the original trail blazed by the Mormons into Arizona did not follow the present road from the Lee's Ferry highway bridge to Tuba. The Crossing of the Fathers was many miles north of Lee's Ferry and the pioneers worked their way south across what is now known as the Kaibito Plateau. Hamblin and his fellows probably reached the Hopi villages by way of Blue Cañon — although every contemporaneous record is valueless if one is seeking merely geographic information. Had they gone to the eastward of that narrow, brilliantly colored ravine, their way would have been barred by the great tableland of Black Mountain. A more western course would have brought them to Moencopie Cañon and the Hopi village of the same name. Moencopie — it is spelled in a dozen different ways in the records of the Saints — was not known to the Mormons until after the Lee's Ferry crossing came into use and Hamblin located the wagon-road which the present highway follows along the foot of the Echo Cliffs.

The Hopis at Oraibi welcomed the strangers with elaborate hospitality. The party was divided, each member dining with a different household. Hamblin tasted, for the first time in his life, the paper-thin *piki* bread of the Hopis and the succulent peaches that are the pueblo's heritage from trees originally planted by those friars who established missions among "the cities of the province of Tusayan" in the sixteenth century.

A few of the Hopis could speak a little Ute, and from them the Saints obtained an explanation of the generous hospitality. They were told the peculiar Messianic legend of the Hopis, a tale allied to the Quetzalcoatl myth of Mexico; of the white men who, the Indians' traditions related, would some day come from the west to dwell among the Hopituh and would bring them blessings and prosperity and freedom from the ever-present menace of the thieving Navajo. Until the arrival of those mythical "Bohannas" the Hopi must continue to dwell in their inaccessible promontory villages.

Certain of the elders appeared willing to accept the bearded, long-haired Mormons as the promised saviors of the tribe, and this belief greatly aided the missionary labors of the Saints among the "Peaceful Ones."

Hamblin's first visit to the Hopis was of very brief duration. He set out almost immediately on his return to Utah, reaching the Santa Clara sixteen days after his departure from Oraibi. The little party had a hard battle with deep snow on the Kaibab Plateau and was compelled to kill one of its horses for food.

Four of the men who had accompanied him — William Hamblin, Andrew Gibbons, Thomas Leavitt, and Benjamin Knell, elected to remain at Oraibi and labor as missionaries among the Hopis, but they could do little to break down the age-old superstitions of the Indians and returned to Utah before spring.

“A division arose among the people,” said Hamblin by way of explanation, “as to whether we were the men prophesied of by their fathers who would come among them with the knowledge that their fathers possessed. The dispute ran so high that the brethren felt that little or no good could result from remaining longer. Besides, the chief men among the Moquis advised their return.

“The Indians said that they did not wish to cross the Colorado River to live with the Mormons, for they had a tradition from their fathers that they must not cross that river until the three prophets who took them into the country which they now occupy should visit them again.”

In spite of the brief stay of the missionaries, that first expedition into Arizona was regarded as highly successful by the heads of the church. Hamblin had demonstrated that the Colorado was not an impassable barrier, that explorers could survive in the mysterious, waterless lands, and that the Moquis were a friendly people, far more approachable than the Paiutes. He told of the Hopis’ agriculture and their industry, and Brigham and his advisers determined to direct every effort toward the conversion of the pueblo-dwellers and to persuade them to emigrate to Utah, where it was hoped that their indus-

try and agricultural skill would shame the Paiutes into similar labor.

Jacob Hamblin was the man selected to bear the aegis of Zion into the desert. Expeditions to Hopi-land became almost an annual affair with the pioneer evangelist and pathfinder. Not all were successful. His third trip, in 1860, failed when George A. Smith, Jr., a son of one of the apostles of the church, was killed by hostile Navajos. The fourth adventure, some months later, was to recover Smith's body and return it to Salt Lake City for burial.

Hamblin's self-confidence, his courage, and his calm assurance that he would survive any hardship cannot be exaggerated. The Saints were determined that missionaries should be kept in residence among the Hopis, and Hamblin scouted all of northern Arizona in search of a route that would be less hazardous, less exposed to the Navajo menace, than the Crossing of the Fathers and the long trek across the Kaibito. To him belongs the credit for the discovery of the easier ford at Lee's Ferry, the building of the first boat at that point, and the development of the wagon-road that made possible the colonization of the Little Colorado valley.

He made a dozen trips any one of which would be regarded even today as the last word in valiant venturing beyond the beaten track. Hunger and thirst he accepted as calmly as he did daylight and darkness, and in telling of his pioneering dismissed such trivialities with a word.

"I was fifty-six hours without any water," he observes. "Brother Jehiel McConnell was so far gone he could only whisper. Men and animals suffered severely."

There is not a line of imaginative writing in the slim volume of his memoirs. He mentioned that he endured fifty-six hours without water, but could paint no picture of the miles of red sandstone, of the desert billowing away like a great sea toward the distant horizon, with no landmarks other than the blue shadows of mountains many days' journey away. He never spoke of the heat — as dry as the blast from a furnace — that sucks the moisture from the body, or of the mirages that tantalize the swollen tongue and aching eyes with visions of shaded lakes and cool streams. He said nothing of the brittle, baked earth into which the horses sank fetlock-deep, or of the dust which rose in choking clouds to strangle man and beast. Men do not always die on such desert journeys, but everything within them dies save the faith that they will be able to win through. That faith, undying and unconquerable, was a part of Jacob Hamblin.

He was absolutely unswerving in his devotion to Mormonism, though far more tolerant than the majority of the missionaries in his attitude toward the religious beliefs of the Indians. He spoke of clouds piling up in the sky and of a welcome rain falling within twenty-four hours of a ceremonial prayer for rain in one of the Hopi villages. "This storm," he wrote, "apparently in answer to the prayers of this simple people, and similar circumstances that have come under my observation, have given me an assurance that the Lord is mindful of the wants of these barbarians and that He answers their prayers with the blessings they need."

He escorted three Hopis from Oraibi to Salt Lake City,



Photos. by Hoffman Birney, 1930
WALPI. IN THE SHADOW OF THE SNAKE ROCK JACOB HAMBLIN
PREACHED TO THE HOPI INDIANS

crossing the Colorado at the Escalante ford at a time when the stream was in flood and huge cakes of ice were tossing on the surface of the yellow waters.

“This,” says Hamblin, “coupled with their tradition against crossing the river, visibly affected our Moquis friends. Anticipating that they might be entirely discouraged and not proceed farther, I forwarded their blankets and provisions by the first to cross over. Then, when the Indians expressed a wish to return home, I informed them that their things had been taken over and they concluded to follow.”

A pleasant trip those Hopis, terrified by their defiance of ancient tabus, must have had across the plateaux of southern Utah. Hamblin’s narrative states that the party “laid by one day on the Pareah, and killed and cooked crows to help out our rations,” but he does not mention how the Hopis relished that diet.

In Salt Lake City, the three visitors from Oraibi made the rather astonishing declaration that their forefathers had known the art of writing and had possessed books. They spoke in their native tongue to a Welshman, who reported regretfully that “he could detect nothing in their language that would warrant a belief that they were of Welsh descent.”

To return those Hopis to their homes, Hamblin made his sixth journey across the Arizona deserts. He also escorted a visitor to Utah, Lewis Greeley, a nephew of the famous publisher and politician. By way of variety, Jacob crossed the Colorado at Pearce’s ferry, almost at the western limits of the Grand Cañon system, and bore

eastward along the south rim to enter Cataract Cañon, the home of the Havasupai Indians. He makes no mention of the waterfalls that have brought fame and sight-seers to that Land of the Sky Blue Waters, but the trail into the gorge appears to have impressed even Hamblin, accustomed as he was to perilous pathways, with its dangers. He says nothing of how the narrow ledge and dizzy heights affected the less experienced Greeley.

As a matter of fact, in all his reports of his extensive journeys, Hamblin never once comments on the scenic beauty of the regions he traversed. The Mormon missionary crossed and recrossed the Colorado River, at various points within the Grand Cañon, a score of times. Not once does he refer to the width and depth of the tremendous gorge, or to the coloring of its sheer cliff-faces and countless eroded buttes. One must turn to other sources than the Mormon historians to learn of the savage line of the Echo Cliffs that the pioneers of the Saints followed from the Paria's mouth to the Little Colorado, or of the vermilion escarpment that walls the little towns of Kanab and Fredonia.

Hamblin covered the entire range of the missionaries' creed when he wrote "I had been appointed to a mission by the highest authority of God on the earth. My life was of but small moment compared with the lives of the Saints and the interests of the Kingdom of God."

If such unswerving zeal and devotion spells spirituality, the pathfinders of Zion were spiritual, but they experienced nothing of that surging uplift of soul, that approach to the divine, that can sweep over the most irreligious of

men before such sublime spectacles as the Grand Cañon, the many-hued erosions of Bryce, or the massive cleavages of the Mukuntuweap. Devout religionists they, but that which makes the poet was not a part of them.

Hamblin expresses regret because on one occasion he was forced to make a dry camp, the water of the Little Colorado River being "in a deep gulch, out of our reach." That gulch, at the point where the missionary stood on its rim, is a black cañon more than a thousand feet in depth, narrow, sheer-walled, terrible; a Doré illustration on a scale grander than any of which the French artist could dream. Jacob Hamblin saw nothing but water—out of reach!

It must not be thought that his various journeys to the Hopi mesas, his missions to the Navajos, and his explorations of new routes in northern Arizona constituted the total of this extraordinary man's labors among the Lamanites. He rendered a very distinctive service to the colonists of Utah by keeping the peace between the white men and the various bands of Paiutes that roamed throughout the Dixie region and eastern Nevada. His trips to the Hopi pueblos were of almost annual occurrence, but in between times he explored the Las Vegas desert—narrowly escaping death from starvation, by the way—and mediated between the Mormon settlers and the Indians who were awakening to the fact that their hunting grounds were gone, the game killed, and that the cattle of the Mormons were grazing on the grasses the seeds of which were one of the Paiutes' principal food sources.

"With their children crying for food," observes Hamblin, "only the poor consolation was left them of gathering around their campfires and talking over their grievances."

The talk must have amounted to something. Tom-toms throbbed and old war-songs were sung. Friendly Indians bore to the settlers the news that their brethren were very angry. The frightened colonists living south of St. George in that section that was successively Utah, Arizona, and Nevada, sent a frantic message to Jacob Hamblin to come and avert the threatened massacre.

The missionary took only one man, George Adair, with him and went unarmed to the camp of the hostiles. Of what took place there, he tells nothing. His memoirs dismiss the night-long conference with a paragraph.

"By talking with them," says Hamblin, "a better influence came over them and the spirit of peace triumphed over irritation and a sense of wrong."

Other bands of Paiutes were threatening the settlements along Meadow Creek, Shoal Creek, and in Clover Valley. Hamblin and Andrew Gibbons visited the Indians' hiding-place in the mountains and again Jacob obtained promises of peace and good behavior.

The man's courage and his faith in Divine protection is astounding. Miles from water, his companions suffering tortures from thirst in a sandy desert, Hamblin, in his own words, "ascended a hill near the camp and earnestly asked the Lord in my heart as to what I should do. While thus engaged, I looked toward the Colorado, which

was about forty miles distant, and saw a small cloud, apparently about the size of a man's hat. It rapidly increased, and it did not appear to be more than half an hour before we were enveloped in a blinding snowstorm. The snow melted and there was an abundance of water. I thanked the Lord that He had sent us relief in our great need, but there were those in the company that did not appear to see the hand of the Lord in it."

For such skeptics and materialists he felt only contempt. He flayed those colonists who returned from the Little Colorado valley in 1873 to report the area wholly unsuited for settlement.

"They became discouraged and demoralized," he wrote in part. "They could not be prevailed upon to believe that there was a good country with land, timber, and water, a little beyond. . . . The failure was evidently for want of faith in the mission they had been called upon to fill by the Lord, through his servants. When this company was sent into Arizona, it was the opportune time for the Saints to occupy the country. Soon after the best locations were taken up by others, and our people have since been compelled to pay out many thousands of dollars to obtain suitable places for their homes."

He could sympathize with the primitive religious beliefs of the Indians, but was uncompromisingly intolerant of any lack of faith in those to whom the way of salvation had been made clear.

When Major John Wesley Powell, the explorer of the Grand Cañon, desired the services of a guide who knew the desert regions better than any other man, he sought

the slender, bronzed Hamblin, retaining him to act as interpreter and mediator with the Shivwits, a Paiute group members of which had killed three men who had deserted from Powell's party the preceding year.

"This man Hamblin speaks their language well and has a great influence over all the Indians in the regions round about," wrote Powell in his account of the council at Mount Trumbull. "He is a silent, reserved man, and when he speaks it is in a slow, quiet way that inspires great awe. His talk is so low that they must listen attentively to hear, and they sit around him in deathlike silence. When he finishes a measured sentence, the chief repeats it, and they all give a solemn grunt."

Hamblin obtained assurances from the Shivwits that no interference would be offered to any further explorations of the great river. He then acted as Powell's guide on a trip from Kanab to Fort Defiance, on the Arizona-New Mexico line, by way of Lee's Ferry, and took advantage of the presence of six thousand Navajos at the fort to call a council with their head men and conclude a treaty of peace between the Mormons and that tribe.

"The blessings of the Lord were over us in our efforts for peace," said Hamblin — but the treaty was violated again and again. The clan — of which there are nearly fifty — is the only unit among the Navajo people. There has never been any cohesive tribal organization. Head men from one section possess little or no influence in another, and the avowals of friendship made by the leaders at Fort Defiance meant nothing to the hostiles who raided into Utah.

Three of those raiders were shot and killed by a rancher named McCarty, a Gentile, on the east fork of the Sevier River. A fourth was wounded but made his way back to the reservation with news of the fate of his companions. Hamblin was ordered by Brigham Young to visit the Navajos and convince them that the Mormons were innocent of the bloodshed. Although the snow was deep on the mountains, the missionary set out immediately and reached Moen Ave, eight miles north of Moencopie, on January 29th, 1874. The Navajo group to which the dead men had belonged was camped some twenty miles to the eastward, and Hamblin was accompanied to the hogans by J. E. Smith and his brother, Gentiles, who were witnesses of the long-drawn-out council.

For eleven hours the Navajos threatened and Hamblin talked. He could speak no Navajo and the discussion was made possible through the medium of a Paiute interpreter who was far more frightened than was the missionary.

“The Navajos thought that Hamblin had been one of the parties to the killing,” Smith wrote to the *Deseret News*, “and with the exception of three, all had given their voice for death. Most of them were of the opinion that it was best not to kill my brother and myself, as we were ‘Americans,’ but to make us witness the torture of Hamblin and then send us back on foot. As we were not likely to desert a comrade at such a time, this was but small comfort.

“Hamblin behaved with admirable coolness. Not a muscle in his face quivered, not a feature changed, as he

communicated to us, in his usual tone of voice, what we then fully believed to be the death warrant of us all.

“When the interpreter ceased, he in the same easy tone and collected manner commenced his reply. He reminded the Indians of his long acquaintance with their tribe and challenged them to prove that he had ever deceived them—ever spoken with a forked tongue. He drew a map of the country on the ground and showed them the improbability of his having been a participant in the affray. He spoke for a long time and though frequently and rudely interrupted, his patience and nerve never gave way, and when he ceased it was apparent that his reasoning had not been without effect. But the good influence was of short duration.”

One of the Navajos, with all of an Indian’s love of the dramatic, made what Smith described as an “empas- sioned harangue” and concluded it by calling to the center of the circle the sole survivor of the raiding party. He stripped the shirt from the man’s back, displayed the unhealed wounds, and demanded that the death of the three braves be atoned for by Hamblin at the torture stake.

“The suspense was broken by the Navajo who was our host,” Smith’s account continues, “who once again raised his voice in our behalf, and by Hamblin, who finally compelled them to acknowledge that he had ever been their friend; that he had never lied to them, and that he was worthy of belief now. I wish to give my testimony to the bearing of Mr. Hamblin during that trying scene. No braver man ever lived.”

Hamblin's own account is far less vivid. He paints himself in no heroic colors. He admits that "this was a close place for me," and betrays the nerve-strain of the eleven-hour ordeal by confessing that he was nauseated by the sight of food offered him by one of the Indian women at the conclusion of the trial. His confidence never forsook him. The Navajos' decision to spare his life was proof, he says, that "again was the promise verified which was given me by the Spirit many years before, that if I would not thirst for the blood of the Lamanites, I should never die by their hands."

Three months later, on the eve of his departure from Kanab for Moencopie and another council with the Navajos, Hamblin wrote to John W. Young his "Rules and Ways of Managing Indians." There is not a word of theological dogma in the precepts of the great missionary. His code of ethics might profitably be displayed in every agency or mission station on the Indian reservations of America.

- 1 — I never talk anything but the truth to them.
- 2 — I think it useless to speak of things they cannot comprehend.
- 3 — I strive by all means never to let them see me in a passion.
- 4 — Under no circumstances do I show fear, thereby showing to them that I have a sound heart and a straight tongue.
- 5 — I never approach them in an austere manner, nor use more words than are necessary to convey my ideas, nor in a higher tone of voice than to be distinctly heard.
- 6 — I always listen to them when they wish to tell their grievances, and redress their wrongs, however trifling,

if possible. If I cannot, I let them know I have a desire to do so.

- 7—I never allow them to hear me use any obscene language, or take any unbecoming course with them.
- 8—I never submit to any unjust demands, or submit to coercion under any circumstances; thereby showing that I govern and am governed by the rule of right and not might.
- 9—I have tried to observe the above rules for the past twenty years and it has given me a salutary influence wherever I have met with them. I believe if the rules I have mentioned were generally observed there would be but little difficulty on our frontiers with the Red Man."

Jacob Hamblin lived to see peace on the frontiers of Utah. He saw villages and thriving farming communities along the lonely trails he had followed across the deserts. No more distinctive proponent of Christianity ever lived in America. He was the first of his countrymen to cross the Grand Cañon and the first to carry the gospel to the Hopis and Navajos. His life is an epic of service as devout, as consecrated, as that of Kino, Garcés, Marquette, Roger Williams, or Marcus Whitman.

He died on August 31st, 1886, a poor man but rich in memories of service freely given. He is buried in the little Mormon hamlet of Alpine, in Apache County, Arizona, and the plain shaft that stands above his grave bears these words:

PEACEMAKER IN THE CAMP OF THE LAMANITES
HERALD OF TRUTH TO THE HOUSE OF ISRAEL.

And so swift and speedy was the war that there was none left to bury the dead, but they did march forth from the shedding of blood to the shedding of blood, leaving the bodies of men, women, and children strewed upon the face of the land.

ETHER 14:22.



CHAPTER VII

The Mountain Meadows Massacre — I

THERE is little pleasure in the exhumation of dead bones, in the renewal of opportunities for gossip on old scandals. One who reads of the pioneer days of Utah turns from that study with whole-souled admiration for the sturdy, humble men and women who responded to the "call," who turned their backs upon even such meager comforts and conveniences as were to be found in Great Salt Lake City, and set forth bravely into what was to them an unknown wilderness.

But there is a dark side to the shield; a bar sinister that has lain across the escutcheon of the Mormon Church for nearly three-quarters of a century; a stain that can never be erased; a shame that will never be forgotten. The story of that grim chapter has been told many times — never without animus and a desire either to avoid entirely or to emphasize unduly certain unpleasant but incontrovertible facts. To tell it once more is a bitter and a thankless task, but to attempt an account, how-

ever fragmentary, of the pioneer days of Utah without mention of the Mountain Meadows Massacre would be little more than journalistic cowardice. Though the statement may be contradicted, that tragedy is purely an incident in the history of the church and the state, but it is spoken of more frequently, and its truth distorted more flagrantly, than events of vastly greater historical, political, or economic significance.

It is, one may repeat, merely an incident, that deed of a few avaricious fanatics that resulted in the bloodiest atrocity, bar none, in American history; but its memory will not down. So long as there are Mormons and Gentiles in Utah, so long as the schisms and hatreds of religious factionalism are as bitter as they are in this year of grace 1931, just so long will the ghosts of the slain emigrants of the Mountain Meadows be placarded and paraded as a challenge to the church whose members call themselves the Saints of the earth.

The admitted facts are these. About the middle of September, 1857, a party of emigrants, bound for California, camped at a spot known as the Mountain Meadows, thirty-odd miles south and west of Cedar City. The train numbered between 130 and 140 men, women, and children, the majority of them being from Arkansas, a few from Missouri, and apparently one or two families from Illinois. Their elected leader was an Arkansan, Charles Fancher.

There are various discrepancies as to the exact date that the Fancher caravan reached the Mountain Meadows, but it was approximately September 12th. The fol-

lowing day, at dawn, the emigrants were attacked by Paiute Indians of the group known locally as the Piedes. Seven white men were killed in the first volley, but the remaining emigrants acted promptly in drawing their wagons together to form a barricade, digging rifle pits, and otherwise preparing to defend themselves. There were about sixty fighting men in the party, and it is generally conceded that they were opposed by at least three times as many Indians.

By mid-afternoon of the third day, every adult member of the emigrant train was dead. Seventeen children, the oldest eleven years of age, were spared and cared for in the homes of settlers of the area.

Entire blame and responsibility for the outrage was laid upon the Indians and a report to that effect was forwarded to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs at Washington. Within a very few days, however, ugly rumors were circulated that the attack had been inspired and directed by white men, Mormon settlers of the region, and that the massacre itself had been committed by them. Various investigations were made, suspicion crystallized into definite accusation, indictments were issued, and — after two trials — John Doyle Lee was found guilty of murder and sentenced to death. He was taken to the Mountain Meadows and there, on the scene of the tragedy, was shot to death with musketry. He was executed on March 23rd, 1877, only a few months short of twenty years after the atrocity.

Those are the facts, but the long delay between crime and punishment, the failure of the church authorities to

investigate and their defense, tacit or active, of the known culprits, brought about an outburst of antagonism towards Mormonism and its teachings that has not yet died away. Even today, church missionaries in various parts of the world are challenged to "tell the truth about the Mountain Meadows." And it is to the credit of those missionaries that the majority of them do tell the truth, or a goodly portion of it. They admit the participation of the Dixie pioneers, and attribute the atrocity to fanatics in the ranks of the church. John Doyle Lee is arraigned before all men as the arch-criminal of Utah, and the questioner is asked, justly, whether the Saints of 1931 should be judged by the deeds of a few members of the sect in 1857.

The point of view taken by the missionaries is preëminently correct. As well hold the Roman Church of today responsible for the licentiousness of Alexander VI and Cardinal Cesare Borgia. Nearly seventy-five years have passed since the slaying of the emigrants at the Mountain Meadows. It is possible to sift the very scanty evidence and to tell dispassionately the story of the atrocity. In the survey of that evidence, one naturally encounters many diametrically opposed views and opinions. The investigator will be told that the Mountain Meadows Massacre never occurred, that the entire story was a canard invented and circulated as a piece of vicious anti-Mormon propaganda. The opposite extreme is the statement that the Fancher party was doomed long before its arrival in southern Utah, that the massacre was planned by Brigham Young and the leaders of the

church, and that they divided the loot from the doomed train.

It is scarcely necessary to remark that neither of those versions even approximates the truth. The massacre took place, that is unquestionable, but Brigham and the church heads did not order it, had no advance knowledge of it, and the most gross distortion of the evidence cannot implicate them as accessories before the fact.

Nor has it been thought best, in this present recital, to place particular credence in the various accounts circulated and published by apostate Mormon or frankly anti-Mormon historians. Their views are biased, salient facts are quite obviously ignored or suppressed, and wholly false conclusions are drawn. Every possible source of information within the available church records has been consulted, and it is from those records, from War Department archives, and from the official transcript of the testimony taken at the trials of John Doyle Lee that the account which follows has been drawn.

No incident in the winning of the West is possessed of more contributing causes than is the Mountain Meadows Massacre. It is as important to trail backward from that lonely valley as forward to the trial and punishment of one of the conspirators. The sufferings of the Saints in Illinois and Missouri, the Haun's Mill Massacre, and the death of Joseph the Prophet and his brother Hyrum in Carthage; the domestic entanglements of one of the Quorum of Twelve Apostles and his assassination by an angry husband, the preachments of Brigham and the other leaders, the "Reformation" period within the

Church, and the presence on the eastern frontier of Deseret of what was considered an hostile army—all those things are factors in the slaughter of Fancher and his followers; factors far more important than any critical study of the actual events of the massacre itself.

It is a far trail from San Francisco to Van Buren, Arkansas; from Carthage, Illinois, to Cottonwood Cañon in the Wasatch range; from New Orleans to the Missouri River in Nebraska; yet at each of those points are milestones on the road that found its bloody terminus in that isolated campground in Utah's Dixie. To marshal that evidence in any logical sequence is an impossible task. Contemporaneous events were separated by more than a thousand miles of unsettled territory, and the significance of the various incidents was lost for many years beneath the tidal wave of destructive criticism that from a score of sources was directed towards Utah, its government, its people, and the tenets of the creed to which the majority of those people adhered. Nothing of historical value can be found in the majority of the anti-Mormon publications which appeared during the thirty years subsequent to the Mountain Meadows Massacre. Written as "truthful" exposés of conditions within the church, they display only a fanaticism far more rabid than that revealed by any utterances of Joseph Smith or his successors. One turns to such sources with hope, reads with interest, continues with amusement, and lays them down with disgust. Other fields of information, however, have already been mentioned. There are the reports of various federal investigators, the statements

of witnesses at the trials of John Doyle Lee, and the mass of material on the shelves of the Church library and in the Historian's records. Prejudice must be balanced against fanaticism, deliberate falsehood against reluctant fact, fear against zeal, but by such weighings an approximation of the truth can be obtained.

No definite proof exists of the presence of any emigrants from Illinois in the Fancher train, although there is nothing to show that natives of that state were not among its members. The complete roll of the caravan, if any existed, was lost in the massacre, and it is interesting to note in this connection that an unpublished diary, written in 1857 by one Ginn and now in the possession of a book-collector in Salt Lake City, tells of visiting the scene of the atrocity less than two weeks after the slaughter. The bodies of the slain were still unburied and, more significant, the ground was covered with scraps of paper. Every particle of written matter, every letter or journal, had been torn to bits and the fragments scattered to the winds.

The evidence indicates that the majority of the emigrants, including Captain Charles Fancher, were from Arkansas. A few were from Missouri, and any criticism of the conduct of the train in its passage south from Salt Lake City is probably due to the actions of that Missouri faction.

The Saints had little reason to love Missouri or Illinois. Nauvoo and Carthage, the desecration and destruction of their first great temple and the martyrdom of Joseph and Hyrum Smith, were fresh in their minds. Many of

those who had sought refuge in the Zion of Utah had suffered untold misery when they and all of their faith had been expelled from Clay and Jackson Counties, Missouri, under the mandate of the unspeakable Governor Boggs. They had lost friends or kin when a group of hoodlums butchered the Mormon settlers and evangelists at Haun's—or Hahn's—Mill. Any native of Missouri or Illinois was a "mobocrat" in the eyes of the loyal Saint of 1857.

Antagonism towards Arkansas and Arkansans was of more recent date. On May 13th, 1857, the Apostle Parley Parker Pratt had been killed by Hector H. McLean near Van Buren, Arkansas. McLean was a native of Arkansas, but was resident in San Francisco in 1854 when his wife, Eleanor, "an intelligent, energetic, but over-zealous woman," was converted to the Mormon faith and baptized by Elder William McBride. McLean was acting as the minister of a Unitarian church and his wife's conversion to the new and unpopular faith of the Saints enraged him to such a degree that he kept a revolver ready at hand to "kill the Mormon elder who should dare to call at his home." He forgot McBride and transferred his enmity to Pratt when the apostle took Mrs. McLean as his wife. Her conversion and baptism, so far as the Saints were concerned, automatically released her from previous marital ties or obligations. There are many similar instances in the early history of the Church.

Pratt was in San Francisco as president of a missionary party bound for the Hawaiian Islands. He obtained release from that duty and returned to Salt Lake City, accompanied by his new bride. The deserted husband went

home to Arkansas, taking his two children with him. Mrs. McLean Pratt was not happy in Salt Lake City. Mother-love outweighed her new religious interests and she pleaded constantly with Pratt that he obtain her children and bring them to her in Deseret. The apostle was appointed to head a mission to the southern states — a strikingly fortuitous circumstance — and Mrs. McLean Pratt kidnapped the children from their Arkansas home. The Mormon apostle was arrested in Fort Smith, Arkansas, and tried for abduction. He was acquitted, it being shown that he personally had had nothing to do with the kidnapping. McLean was present at the trial and was told, apparently not without reason, that the Mormon missionary was leaving Fort Smith to meet their mutual wife in another Arkansas town.

Pratt refused to heed warnings that were given him. Assuring his friends that he was under Divine protection, he left Fort Smith alone. He was overtaken by McLean and several companions, shot from his horse, and pistolled to death as he lay helpless in the roadway.

No effort was made to punish McLean. He returned to Fort Smith, boasted of his deed, and "no one seemed to think he should be arrested. Mormonism and its apostles were not popular. In the evening he took the passing steamer for the South."

It is most probable that McLean returned to California by boat, sailing from New Orleans to Colon, crossing the isthmus, and continuing his voyage to San Francisco from Panama or San Juan del Sur. There is not the slightest thread of confirmation for the story that he crossed the

plains as a member of the Fancher party, although the legend is encountered again and again. There is a record, however, that "Mrs. McLean Pratt is said to have recognized one or more of the emigrants as having been present at the murder of the Apostle." If that is true, it is sufficient to explain much of the hostility with which the train was received in Utah. The recognition of an accomplice in Salt Lake City could easily be magnified to the presence of the assassin in person by the time the caravan reached Dixie, nearly three hundred miles south.

So much for the antagonism with which the three states whose natives composed the party were regarded. One must also remember that all of the emigrants were Gentiles — non-Mormons — and that the Mormon Church and all its communicants regarded all Gentiles as either active or potential enemies and cherished a bitter opposition to the federal government at Washington. President Polk was considered to have violated his solemn word of honor in failing to fulfill promises made to Joseph Smith, Martin Van Buren had been no more highly regarded, and James Buchanan was held to be an avowed enemy of the Saints. Acting on complaints that Church and State were one in Utah, and that jurist-ecclesiasts had consistently ignored federal laws, President Buchanan had ordered a detachment of federal troops sent to Salt Lake City, "to maintain law and order and preserve the Constitution in Utah Territory." These troops were commanded by an officer whose career is as colorful as any in the annals of the American army. Albert Sidney Johnston had been an honor graduate of the United States

Military Academy at West Point. He resigned his commission to enlist as a private in the army of the Republic of Texas. Sam Houston appointed him commander-in-chief of the Texan military forces, replacing Felix Huston who immediately challenged Johnston to a duel. Honor compelled Johnston to accept the challenge, but when the meeting took place that same honor dictated that he refuse to fire. Huston emptied his weapon and Johnston was seriously wounded. After his recovery and while still head of the army, he challenged Sam Houston to a similar meeting on the field of honor. The duel was never fought, Houston instructing his secretary to file the challenge, as "angry gentlemen must wait their turn."

Texas entered the Union in 1846 and Johnston was re-commissioned in the American forces. He held the rank of colonel when he led "Johnston's Army" into Utah. Five years later, as a major-general in the Confederate army, he was killed at Shiloh Church.

The Mormons regarded the advance of the troops under Johnston as a direct challenge to their oligarchy. Hatred of the government responsible for the invasion of Deseret is evidenced in every record of the time, and rebellion and opposition, as will be seen, was advocated from every Mormon pulpit.

Though subject to the central government at Washington, and living under the laws of a territorial organization in which Brigham Young held the office of governor, the Saints considered themselves a race—a nation, if you will,—entirely distinct from the rest of the people of the United States.

“I am a Mormon,” was the proud reply to any question as to either nationality or religion, and the records of the day show how clearly the line was drawn by the Gentiles who passed through their lands. From the crossing of the Green River to the Sierra Nevadas the country was recognized as Mormon territory and emigrants were counselled ever to be mindful of that combined temporal and spiritual authority. Even to this day the Indians of the Southwest differentiate between Mormons and “Americats,” a distinction taught and carefully fostered by the missionaries sent by the Saints to the various tribes.

A single illustration is sufficient to show the Mormon hostility towards federal interference.

“God Almighty will give the United States a pill that will puke them to death and that is worse than lobelia,” said Brigham in a sermon delivered on August 26th, 1849. “I am prophet enough to prophesy the downfall of the government that has driven us out. Woe to the United States! I see them going to death and destruction!”

News of the approach of Johnston’s force was received by the Church leaders on July 24th, 1857, when Abraham O. Smoot, Judson Stoddard, and Porter Rockwell, exhausted and travel-stained from a journey during which it is claimed they traveled more than five hundred miles in five days, galloped up Big Cottonwood Cañon in the Wasatch Mountains to electrify, with the news they bore, a picnic party that was being held to celebrate the tenth anniversary of the arrival of the Saints in the Salt Lake

Valley. Though somewhat aside from the present subject, the invitation to those festivities might prove of interest.

PIC-NIC PARTY
AT THE
HEADWATERS OF BIG COTTONWOOD

President Brigham Young respectfully invites and family to attend a Pic-Nic party at the lake in Big Cottonwood kanyon on Friday, 24th of July.

REGULATIONS

You will be required to start so as to pass the first mill, about four miles up the kanyon, before 12 o'clock on Thursday the 23rd, as no person will be allowed to pass that point after 2 o'clock on that day.

All persons are forbidden to smoke cigars or pipes, or kindle fires, at any place in the kanyon except on the camp ground. The Bishops are requested to accompany those invited from their respective wards and see that each person is well fitted for the trip, with good and substantial steady teams, wagons, harness, holdbacks and locks, capable of completing the journey without repair, and a good driver, so as not to endanger the life of any individual.

Bishops will, before passing the first mill, furnish a full and complete list of all persons accompanying them from their respective wards, and hand the same to the guard at the gate.

It was that Pic-nic that was interrupted by the arrival of the three messengers with news "as startling as a bolt of thunder from the clear sky above." Brigham apparently had several hours to consider his remarks on the subject, for it was not until that night, at prayer-meeting

in the bowery that had been erected for the religious services that were a part of every Mormon festivity, that he made a public statement.

“I said when we left the Missouri River to found our homes in these mountains,” he announced, “that if the mob would let us alone ten years we would ask no odds of them. The ten years are past today, and I say now, in the name of Israel’s God, we ask no odds of them . . . and let’s all Israel say ‘Amen!’ ”

The thunderous response, we are told, echoed and re-echoed from the granite cliffs of the glacial gorge until it seemed that the mountains themselves were giving testimony. There was no confusion, no fear, only a “perfect confidence in Brother Brigham . . . he was the leader of the people and the prophet of the Lord, and at once preparations were being made to act on the defense and when martial law was proclaimed, almost to a man all Utah said it was right.”

John R. Young, a nephew of Brigham, was fulfilling a mission to Hawaii at this time. According to his account “the papers from the United States were full of boastful predictions as to what the government was about to do with the Mormons.” John was a poet. His printed memoirs are liberally seasoned with the verse into which he broke on every occasion. On this one, deeply affected by the distorted news forwarded to Honolulu, he wrote:

Lo, the whelps of Missouri loudly boast,
And a “Harney” echoes from plain to hill,
While every ass that’s seeking a post
Is loudly braying for Mormons to kill!

But Brigham with a steady hand
Guides Zion's Ship of State aright,
And with Jehovah's helping hand,
She'll weather the seas on this stormy night.

Hatred of the government must not be thought a sudden flare-up caused solely by the approach of Johnston's force. Consider two statements made on Sunday, May 14th, 1854, at the Harmony headquarters of the Southern Indian Mission. During the religious services each brother was free to testify as the Spirit moved him.

"We suffered from damned sectarians in Missouri," proclaimed John Lott; "we have been driven, robbed, and murdered. I hope to see the day when the blood of martyrs will be avenged and these damnable rebels make restitution, or the children suffer for the wickedness of their fathers. We will do good, God being our helper."

Lott's statements found pious echo in David Lewis' unwitting prophecy.

"All the scenes Brother Lott has recounted, I shared in," said Lewis. "My brother Benjamin was killed in Missouri, and I am alive to avenge his blood when the Lord wills. . . . Be diligent, faithful, and patient, and the Lord will reward you when you have been proved. Ephraim (the Indians) is the battle-axe of the Lord. May we not have been sent to learn and know how to use this axe with skill?"

There is no need of going further into contemporaneous records. The attitude of Utah toward the interference of the Federal government can be best attested by two docu-

ments of record. The first was forwarded to the commanders of the various military districts of the territory on August 1st, 1857, a week after the receipt of the news of the approach of Johnston's command.

Headquarters, Nauvoo Legion,
Adjt. General's Office,
Great Salt Lake City,
Aug. 1, 1857.

SIR: —

Reports, tolerably well authenticated, have reached this office that an army from the Eastern States is now en route to invade this territory. The people of this territory have lived in strict obedience to the laws of the parent and home government and are ever zealous for the supremacy of the constitution and the rights guaranteed thereby. In such time, when anarchy takes the place of orderly government and mobocratic tyranny usurps the power of rulers, they have left the inalienable right to defend themselves against all aggression upon their constitutional privileges. It is enough that for successive years they have witnessed the desolation of their homes; the barbarous wrath poured upon their unoffending brethren and sisters; their leaders arrested, incarcerated and slain; and themselves driven to cull life from the desert and the savage. They are not willing to endure longer these unceasing outrages; but if an exterminating war be proposed against them and blood alone can cleanse pollution from the Nation's bulwarks, to the God of our Fathers let the appeal be made. You are instructed to hold your command in readiness to march at the shortest possible notice to any part of the Territory. See that the law is strictly enforced in regard to arms and ammunition and as far as practicable that each Ten (men) be provided with a good wagon and four horses or mules as well as the necessary clothing, etc., for a winter campaign. Particularly

let your influence be used for the protection of the grain. Avoid all excitement, but be ready.

DANIEL H. WELLS.

Lieutenant General Commanding

By:

James Ferguson
Adjutant General.

The Nauvoo Legion at that time numbered between six and seven thousand men, and it is rather surprising to learn that approximately 2,500 were actively in the field during the latter part of 1857, delaying by incessant guerilla tactics the entry into their territory of the federal troops.

The notice sent by General Wells to his military subordinates was followed by Brigham's famous declaration of martial law, truly the most remarkable document of its kind in the history of America. On September 15th, 1857, Brigham Young, holding a presidential commission as the governor of a territory of the United States, affixed his signature to the following proclamation:

CITIZENS OF UTAH:

We are invaded by a hostile force, who are evidently assailing us to accomplish our overthrow and destruction. For the last twenty-five years we have trusted officials of the government, from constables and justices to judges, governors, and presidents, only to be scorned, held in derision, insulted, and betrayed. Our houses have been plundered and burned, our fields laid waste, our principal men butchered while under the pledged faith of the government for their safety, and our families driven from their homes, to find that shelter in the

barren wilderness, and that protection among hostile savages, which were denied them in the boasted abodes of Christianity and civilization.

The constitution of our common country guarantees to us all that we do now, or have ever after claimed. If the constitutional rights which pertain to us, as American citizens, were extended to Utah, according to the spirit and meaning thereof, and fairly and impartially administered, it is all that we could ask; all that we have ever asked.

Our opponents have availed themselves of prejudices existing against us, because of our religious faith, to send out a formidable host to accomplish our destruction. We have had no privilege or opportunity of defending ourselves from the false, foul, and unjust aspersions against us before the nation. We are condemned unheard and forced to an issue with an armed mercenary mob, which has been sent against us at the instigation of anonymous letter writers, ashamed to father the base and slanderous falsehoods which they have given to the public; of corrupt officials, who have brought false accusations against us to screen themselves in their own infamy; and of hireling priests and howling editors who prostitute the truth for filthy lucre's sake.

The issue which has thus been forced upon us compels us to resort to the great first law of self-preservation, and stand in our own defense, a right guaranteed to us by the genius of the institutions of our country and upon which the government is based. Our duty to ourselves, to our families, require us not to tamely submit to be driven and slain without an attempt to preserve ourselves; our duty to our country, our holy religion, our God, to freedom and liberty, requires that we should not quietly stand still and see those fetters forging around us which are calculated to enslave and bring us to subjection of an unlawful military despotism, such as can only emanate, in a country of constitutional law, from usurpation, tyranny, and oppression.

Therefore I, Brigham Young, governor and superintendent of Indian affairs for the territory of Utah, forbid:

First: — All armed forces of every description from coming into this territory under any pretense whatever.

Second: — That all the force in said Territory hold themselves in readiness to march at a moment's notice to repel any and all such invasion.

Third: — Martial law is hereby declared to exist in this territory from and after the publication of this proclamation, and no person shall be allowed to pass or repass into or through or from this Territory without a permit from the proper officer.

Given under my hand and seal at Great Salt Lake City, Utah, this 15th day of September, A.D. eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, and of the independence of the United States the eighty-second.

BRIGHAM YOUNG.

Comment of an editorial nature on so singular a public document would be wholly superfluous. It defies comparison even with the various declarations of secession issued by the governors of the southern states as those commonwealths allied themselves with the cause of the Confederacy. Grammatically and otherwise, Brigham's proclamation speaks for itself.

So much for the temporal attitude of the Saints at that time. Wearisome though the recital may be, consideration must be given to the purely religious conditions prevailing as the Fancher party was crossing the plains and following the mountain trails toward the Great Salt Lake. It is not necessary that a detailed critical analysis be made of the conditions that led up to what has become known

as the Reformation period of the Mormon Church in 1856 and 1857. A Latter Day Saint, sometime historian of the South Sanpete Stake of Zion, has described it quite adequately as “a great spiritual movement similar in some respects to a religious revival, though not designed to make proselytes, but rather to call to repentance and a renewal of covenants such of the Saints as had become careless and sinful. Pride, covetousness, contention, physical and moral uncleanness, were the sins that the people were exhorted to put away. The First Presidency, the Apostles, Bishops, and leading elders all engaged in the reform movement, which swept like a mighty tidal wave throughout the church. . . . It was characterized by enthusiasm, and, of course, by some fanaticism, but was productive, no doubt, of much good. The people here (Manti) were as enthusiastic as their brethren in the north, and if there were any special blessings to be obtained they wanted them and they did not intend that many should be ahead of them in the race to obtain them, and they wanted to be as good as anybody else and perhaps a little better.”

The comparison of the Reformation with “a mighty tidal wave” is possibly an underestimate of spiritual conditions. One cannot adequately describe the fervor with which the Saints, in every section of Deseret, confessed their sins, expressed their repentance, embraced rebaptism, and renewed their covenants of faith and obedience to all those in ecclesiastical authority.

Such was Utah in 1857, and it was into that atmosphere

of still active prejudices, of flaring hatreds, of anticipation of a campaign of extermination, of religious fanaticism, that the Fancher party landed when, late in July, it pitched its tents in Emigration Square, the area now occupied by the county and municipal buildings in Salt Lake City.

And it came to pass that his High Priest murdered . . .

ETHER, 14:9.

*And on the morrow they fought again and when the night
came they had all fallen by the sword.*

ETHER, 15:23.



CHAPTER VIII

The Mountain Meadows Massacre — 2

THE prelude is ended. It is time that the villains in this frontier tragedy be permitted to appear on the stage. Although the names of nearly sixty men, pioneers of Dixie, members of the Iron County militia, and all guilty of active participation in the Mountain Meadows Massacre, can be gleaned from the various records of the fate of the Fancher party, only five will be mentioned here. Those are Isaac C. Haight, Philip Klingon Smith, John M. Higbee, John Doyle Lee, and William H. Dame.

Lee, the only man legally punished for his participation in the Mountain Meadows Massacre, is generally regarded as the arch-criminal of Utah. He was not. Justice to his many descendants demands that statement, although there is no thought in this sketch of whitewashing his memory or his record. His hands were deeply stained, but the evil plan for the slaughter of the Fancher party did not originate with him. He was, in today's idiom, the "fall guy." In paying the penalty demanded by Society he merely "took the rap" for others

far more guilty. Nearly seventy-five years have elapsed since the Fancher tragedy. Evidence can be dispassionately weighed, and it is very clear that Haight, Smith, and Higbee, in the order named, should have preceded Lee to the post he occupied so bravely before the firing squad.

Isaac C. Haight was president of the Parowan Stake of Zion and lieutenant-colonel of the Iron County militia. As stake president, he was the supreme ecclesiastical authority of the district, although in a military capacity he was subordinate to William H. Dame, the militia colonel. Haight was tall, gaunt, and sallow; his pallor accentuated by a square-cut spade beard that was almost blue-black. He was intensely avaricious, and there can be little doubt but that the wealth in cattle, cash, and equipment of the Fancher caravan was no small factor in the plan of slaughter. A word from Isaac C. Haight would have prevented the Mountain Meadows Massacre. That word was never given and there is no doubt but that the heaviest burden of guilt rests on his shoulders.

Philip Klingon Smith was bishop of Cedar City, where Haight, the stake president, also resided. In virtually everything that has ever been written on the affair at the Mountain Meadows, his name appears as Klingensmith, an error apparently brought about by the man's habit of signing his name in full. John Doyle Lee, in his autobiography, refers to him as Klingensmith and that spelling has been followed without further investigation. His correct name appears on the records of the Sanpete Stake — he was one of the pioneers of Manti — and his

signature, Philip Klingon Smith, can be found on various church documents and on a highly significant affidavit which is on record in Pioche, the county seat of Lincoln County, Nevada.

Remorseless, cruel, fanatical, Smith was an excellent subordinate for Isaac C. Haight. His wife found life with him far from happy. His name is mentioned in connection with one of the few instances of domestic infelicity found in the old records. On February 16th, 1854, there was an all-day session in the home of Jonathan Pugmire in Cedar City for the purpose of "hearing the recital by sister P. K. Smith of her husband's abuse at Nauvoo, Sanpete, and here. She was applying for counsel from I. C. Haight and Jonathan Pugmire." There is no subsequent entry to tell if the poor woman found any solution of her marital difficulties. Probably not. Utah's Dixie, in '54, was a man's world. Woman's place was one of almost Oriental subordination and a wife's complaint against her husband would probably gain her nothing beyond a stern reprimand pointed with a Scriptural quotation indicative of her duty to her home and its head.

John M. Higbee, third of the arch-conspirators, was first counselor to stake-president Haight and was a major in the Iron County militia. His name appears only rarely in contemporaneous records, and one can gain little information of the man. His guilt is as evident as the zeal with which he carried out the orders of his ecclesiastical and military superiors.

The name of William H. Dame is included only because

he was colonel of the militia forces and military head of the district. He lived in Parowan, eighteen miles north of Cedar City, and took no part in the preliminary plotting. He was not present at the massacre, arriving at the Mountain Meadows on the day after the atrocity, and the testimony indicates that he was horrified beyond measure at what had occurred. He was undoubtedly aware of the plan to waylay and rob the caravan and may be regarded as an accessory before the fact. Possibly he was not in favor of the schemes of Haight and his associates, but he dared not too actively oppose the stake president. Church authority superseded that of the military.

There remains only John Doyle Lee. Due to his own literary efforts, a far more vivid picture can be drawn of this man than of any other who participated in the tragedy of the Mountain Meadows. While in prison, awaiting execution, Lee wrote his autobiography. The evidence is strong — although entirely circumstantial in its nature — that certain portions of that narrative were skilfully altered after Lee's death so that the volume could be employed as a weapon against the Mormon Church. For that reason, if no other, it is of little value to the student of pioneer history who seeks only to approach, as closely as possible, the truth of the horror of the Mountain Meadows. For one who would study the man rather than his deeds, the book is a self-portrait that is at once damning and terribly pathetic. One is tempted to apply modern psychological methods and analyze John Doyle Lee, the man, stern, arrogant, and friendless; a

dominant egoist, as the inevitable result of his early life and family environment.

He was born on September 6th, 1812, in Kaskaskia, Randolph County, Illinois. His mother died when Lee was but a few years old, his father was a drunkard and gambler, and the child was reared in the household of a negro nurse. When he was eight, he was taken in charge by his aunt, a wealthy woman whose husband "drank and gambled and wasted her fortune and in return she gave him blixen all the time. . . . They would fight like cats and dogs. Between them I was treated worse than an African slave. I lived in the family eight years and can safely say I got a whipping every day I was there. My aunt was more like a savage than a civilized woman. . . . She would strike with anything she could obtain with which to work an injury. I have been knocked down and beaten by her until I was senseless, scores of times, and carry many ugly scars on my person, the result of hard usage by her."

Lee left his aunt's home when he was sixteen. He worked as a mail carrier, fought in the Black Hawk War, was a fireman on a Mississippi River steamer, a bartender, and a gambler. He married a few months prior to his twenty-first birthday and was converted to Mormonism four years later. He sold his home in Illinois and journeyed to the settlement of the Saints at Far West, Missouri, where he and his wife were baptized into the faith of the Latter Day Saints on June 17th, 1838. Until the day of his death, the Church had no more zealous son.

He lived in Missouri until the enforced exodus of the

Mormons from that state, was at Nauvoo, and after the death of Joseph Smith supported Brigham as inheritor of the mantle of the Prophet. He accompanied the Saints to Winter Quarters, made a trip to Santa Fé to collect the pay of members of the Mormon Battalion, and did not arrive in Utah until more than a year after the Pioneer Party. He was historian of the expedition that settled Parowan and Cedar City.

Lee's history within the church and in his associations with his brethren was one of constant turmoil and strife. Wherever he dwelt, there he made enemies. He has told of the difficulties at the settlement near Winter Quarters, where "anxiety to go to my eternal rest was strengthened by the bitter, malignant actions of men who acted like demons toward me and mine." He was sentenced to excommunication unless he openly confessed the error of his ways, but was spared both the sentence and the apology by Brigham, who blessed him and restored him to favor.

Bigoted, self-opinionated, autocratic, he fairly staggered through life under the burden of the chip that he bore on his shoulder. He brooked no interference and acknowledged but a single superior — Brigham Young.

Lee was president of the settlement which he established on the Santa Clara in 1852 and called Harmony. The actual ward records do not begin until December of 1861, but the Southern Indian Mission had a station there and occasional entries in the mission journal indicate that Lee was not a popular executive. The historian of the mission was Thomas D. Brown. As has already been re-

marked, he was a most dispassionate journalist. He allowed himself to become indignant only when some brother broke into his locked chest and stole his best pants, and was genuinely distressed when circumstances compelled him to set down a criticism of the president of the little colony.

"Though unpleasant," Brown wrote on March 18th, 1855, "I here deem it necessary to record a few facts which I think under his (Lee's) presidency militate against the harmony of Harmony: —

"Because a building committee set apart to superintend the erection of this fort interfered with him for filling the middle of the Fort wall with rubbish (and) broken, rotten adobes, he dismissed the committee, appointed another man boss, and himself the head of all to do as he pleased and not be interfered with. . . . He teaches that a President has no need of Counselors and practices it, for he has none; if he had, they might give their counsel but he would take his own course.

"Farther, he has abundance of dreams, visions, and revelations, from which he instructs, reprobates and governs, telling most of them in public meetings, saying his position as leader of this people demands that he should have such close association with the heavens, but some of the people say that they know his most important revelations are those he overhears listening as an eavesdropper. He listened behind a fence to Bros. P. Shirts and William Young who were talking of his immeasurable selfishness, and he repeated it next meeting as having read it from a sheet let down from the heavens before his eyes; this

caused much ill-feeling among the brethren, for he was seen listening by a third party. . . . Again, when another Bro. was exhorting to meekness, humility, and against theft, Bro. Lee followed and all but accused said brother of hypocrisy, blackness of heart, and evil speaking, and said he himself would not hesitate to steal from the Gentiles who had so often robbed the Saints."

Mention has already been made of the fact that the prospects of rich loot was no small factor in determining the fate of the Fancher party. John Doyle Lee "would not hesitate to steal from the Gentiles."

Brown's narrative also charges Lee with writing letters to Brigham Young "extolling his own course with the Indians and accusing the missionaries of deserting their posts," and his violent temper is clearly shown by the entry telling of his conduct on learning that Peter Shirts had been nominated by the Bishop to be a selectman. Lee, we are told, leaped to his feet and "taking off his hat dashed it to the ground, and threw a shoe on the floor, spoiling both, and cursing in his wrath. The bishop rose to defend himself, expecting to ward off a blow, and asked him why he was so mad. Lee said: 'I am not mad, but angry as was Moses with his people. I am always to be in hell and surrounded by devils!'

"He has so offended the Bishop by this that he has refused to act except as custodier of the Tithing and accounts. . . . Weekly there has been some difficulty between Lee and some of the settlers, his excessive greed, selfishness, and jealousy being the cause. The officers respect his office as President, but they abhor tyranny and

oppression. ‘ He ties up his own hands, and does not know it.’ ”

Small wonder that when Lee was cast out from the Church, there rose no man whom he could call friend.

The five that have been mentioned—Lee, Haight, Smith, Higbee, and Dame—were all residents of Dixie when the Fancher caravan emerged from Emigration Cañon and camped in Salt Lake City. It is doubtful if any of them had heard of the train or its personnel until it was camped in Cedar City, and every particle of evidence that can be found indicates that the plot against the emigrants was not formed until that time.

Curiously enough, there is no record of the arrival of the Fancher party in Great Salt Lake City, nor of its departure therefrom. The train reached the Mormon metropolis about the last of July or the first of August, 1857, but how long the emigrants tarried there cannot be determined. The *Deseret News*, the only paper published at that time between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific, did not mention the caravan’s arrival or its departure. That is peculiar, if not significant, in the light of what was to follow. The arrival of most trains as large as that headed by Fancher was considered worthy of mention in the local news columns. Frequently the names of the members of such trains were published, a small charge being made for the service. The emigrants would then buy copies of the paper and mail them to their friends in the “States.”

We do know that the party traveled south by easy stages. The emigrants’ horses and cattle were in poor

shape after the long trip across the plains and through the mountains. The Utah valleys represented a pleasant break in the journey, an opportunity to replenish supplies and rest the livestock before facing the final stage of the trip across waterless Nevada and the savage Mojave desert.

Jacob Hamblin, the scout and missionary, has reported that he met the party at Corn Creek, twelve miles south of Fillmore, "early in the autumn of 1857." The emigrants made inquiry about the trail to California and sought Hamblin's advice as to the best place to lay over for a few days to rest their teams before crossing the desert. He recommended the fertile valley known as the Mountain Meadows, in the north end of which he had located a ranch. Hamblin states that after he arrived in Salt Lake City he learned that the "company of emigrants on their way south had behaved badly, that they had robbed hen-roosts, and been guilty of other irregularities, and had used abusive language to those who had remonstrated with them. It was also reported that they threatened when the army came into the north end of the territory, to get a good outfit from the weaker settlements in the south."

It is odd that Hamblin made no mention of hearing those reports until after he reached Salt Lake City, for the Mormon defense of the participation of the Dixie settlers in the massacre is based almost entirely on those "irregularities." We are told that the southward progress of the Fancher caravan was marked by exceedingly disorderly conduct, hostility toward the Mormon popula-

tion, and what were apparently deliberate attempts to antagonize both Mormons and Indians. In passing through the villages, it is said, the teamsters amused themselves by decapitating chickens with the lashes of their long bull-whips. Dogs rushing out to bark at the passing teams were wantonly shot, henroosts were robbed, and fences destroyed to obtain firewood. The emigrants boasted that some of their number had participated in the assassination of Joseph and Hyrum Smith, that they possessed the pistol with which that deed had been done — it may be remarked as an aside that the Prophet and his brother were killed by rifle-fire — and that they planned to return from California and aid the federal troops in slaying “every damned Mormon in the mountains.”

The travelers, as will be recorded in more detail by quotations from contemporaneous records, are also accused of poisoning springs and of giving the carcass of a poisoned ox to the Indians, ten of whom died from eating the tainted meat.

Common sense compels one to reject virtually all of those stories as purely defensive propaganda. It is unbelievable that any group would adopt and continue a course of action so obviously calculated to arouse the hostility of the people through whose domain it was traveling. The Fancherites camped for some days in Salt Lake City. One can be assured that they came in contact with the excitement incident to the approach of Johnston's forces, that they learned of the mobilization order

issued to all commands of the Nauvoo Legion, that they heard the war-talk and the anti-Gentile threats. Their numbers may have included some who were hot-headed and defiant, but there can be no doubt that the leaders of the caravan, aware that the course for more than three hundred miles lay through Mormon territory, would repress any actions calculated to offend the excited Saints. Also, it has been clearly shown that when the unfortunate travelers made their last camp in the Mountain Meadows, the thought of attack was farthest from their minds. No attempt was made to arrange the wagons in a defensive position or to form the circular corral that experience had shown to be the formation best adapted to repelling an assault.

The story of the poisoned spring also collapses under investigation. The spring that the emigrants were accused of polluting was one of poor water and rarely used. Only a few rods distant was Corn Creek, a swift stream of water of excellent quality. Even if the Fancher train had included poison among its supplies — a rather questionable circumstance — a tremendous quantity would have been required to impregnate the stream's waters to the extent of making them fatal to cattle. Western cattle can drink some extremely foul mixtures and, apparently, thrive thereon.

It has been said that the settlers along the route, obeying the order from General Wells to conserve the grain, refused to sell foodstuffs and other necessities to the members of the caravan. "Rather than see their women

and children starve," we read, "they perhaps took by force such necessary provisions as they were not allowed to purchase."

Forney, the Indian agent who investigated the circumstances of the massacre for the federal government in 1859, refuted all the charges of misconduct by the caravan by stating bluntly that "the result of my inquiries enables me to say that the company conducted themselves with propriety."

And Bancroft, whose History of Utah is generally conceded to be free from any sectarian bias, observes that "there were 136 people in the party. Most of them were farmers by occupation. They were orderly, sober, thrifty, and among them was no lack of skill or capital. They belonged to the class of settlers of whom California was in need."

It is singular too that the histories of the various settlements through which the Fancher caravan traveled make no mention of the passage of the train. It should be stated that the Journal of History of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, together with the many State histories, is a collection of loose-leaf volumes. The material contained therein has been copied, and type-written on pages of uniform size, from much older manuscript records. To what extent those original records were edited, censored, or deleted, it is impossible to say. Church authorities state that no editing of any nature was attempted.

Cedar City is 260 miles south and slightly west of Salt Lake City. The present highway, as far as Cedar City,



Photo. by Hoffman Birney, 1930
THE SITE OF THE FANCHER CAMP IN THE SOUTHERN END OF THE MOUNTAIN
MEADOWS

follows very closely the course of the Old Spanish Trail. It was during the first week of September that the doomed caravan passed through Cedar City and took the western fork of the trail. They passed through the Iron Mountains, a low range of volcanic hills, to the Mountain Meadows, between forty and fifty miles from Cedar City.

Within a day or two of the train's passage, the regular Sunday meeting was held in Cedar City. Testimony as to what transpired was drawn, more or less reluctantly, from witnesses at the trial of John Doyle Lee. Those witnesses agreed that Lee was not present at the meeting, but that the proposal to massacre the Fancher party was advanced by Haight, ably seconded by Smith. The plan was to arouse the Indians — Paiutes of a group known locally as the Piedes — and have the redskins do the actual killing and take the blame therefor. The conduct of the emigrants and their alleged anti-Mormon utterances were held to be sufficient reasons for their slaughter.

A messenger was sent to Harmony, where John Doyle Lee was living, apparently to direct Lee to summon the Indians for the attack. Lee's own account is to the effect that Haight proposed the massacre to him several days prior to the meeting, that an entire night was spent in discussion and prayer, and that Haight convinced him that the death of the emigrants was necessary for the safety of the Church. Were they permitted to continue their journey to California, they would return at the head of an army similar to that which was even at that mo-

ment approaching from the north. Lee asserts that he and several others were ordered, as a holy duty, to inspire the Indians to the attack.

The account of John Doyle Lee must not be given too serious consideration. A man in the shadow of death, writing a "confession" that was to serve as a partial exoneration and to implicate others, may perhaps be pardoned for suppressing certain facts or distorting others so as to adapt them to his own advantage. There is every indication, however, that the plan to have the Indians perform the hideous task was well formulated before it was proposed to the colonists present at the Sunday meeting.

Not all of the settlers were in favor of the bloodthirsty suggestions of Haight and Smith, nor were all willing to accept the specious arguments offered to prove that the emigrants were a menace to the safety of the Church. A few dared to oppose the stake president and succeeded in forcing through a resolution that a courier should be sent to Salt Lake City and that any action hostile to the emigrants should be deferred until his return with the orders of Brigham Young. The messenger, James H. Haslam, departed from Cedar City immediately. He averaged more than seventy-five miles daily on his ride to the capital, and the speed with which he delivered his dispatches and set out with Brigham's reply is indicated by the entry in the *Journal of History* under date of September 10th.

"About 12 noon an express arrived from Iron County and left at 1 p. m."

The orders of Brigham were most explicit. The emigrants were to be permitted to pass in peace and Haslam was instructed to spare neither himself nor his mounts in returning to Cedar City. The head of the church evidently knew what manner of men were numbered among the priesthood of the Parowan Stake.

In the meantime, the Fancher party had continued to the south and had camped toward the southern end of the Mountain Meadows. This little valley was well-known as a camping-place on the California trail. In 1857 there was an excellent spring there, a stream of flowing water, and abundant grass for weary oxen and horses. Today, the low, rounded hills are barren, rocky, and desolate. The timber has disappeared, but something of the original verdancy has been restored by the cultivated fields which now cover the entire floor of the valley. Across those fields, like the scar of an old wound caked with dried blood, a black-lipped arroyo has gashed a deep, tortuous channel, its course following every twist and turn of the old trail that once ran down the middle of the valley. Until those fields were plowed, the scene of the massacre was bleak desert and anti-Mormon writers took keen delight in sententious observation that God's omnipotent Hand blighted the once fertile valley because of the dark deed that was committed there. Such conclusions are, of course, the veriest twaddle. True, the spring has disappeared; sagebrush and saltweed have replaced the succulent grasses — but merely because the Mountain Meadows, like thousands of other desirable bits of pasture land throughout the Southwest, was hope-

lessly over-stocked for many years. There is a rather cowardly evasion in attributing to the vengeance of God that which is chargeable only to the folly and wastefulness of man.

The valley of the Mountain Meadows is less than three miles long and scarcely a quarter of a mile across at its widest point. On east and west it is bounded by low hills, spurs of the Iron and Beaver Dam Mountains. It is some miles west of the main highway through southern Utah but can be reached by secondary roads from either St. George or Cedar City. Residents of the section—a ranch-house has been built almost on the exact spot where the women of the Fancher party were slain—are perfectly willing to point out the site of the last camp of the ill-fated caravan and to lead the traveler to the low cairn of rocks beneath which rest the remains of the slaughtered emigrants.

Various discrepancies exist as to the exact date on which Fancher and his people reached the Meadows. The Journal of History of the Latter Day Saints Church fixes the date of the massacre as September 11th. Josiah F. Gibbs, an apostate Mormon and author of several anti-Mormon publications, states in one account that the slaughter took place on the 16th, in another that it occurred on the 22nd. Those residents of the section who testified at Lee's trials were very uncertain as to the exact date of the massacre. The discrepancies are immaterial. Simply for the purpose of following a chronological sequence, this sketch will assume that the emigrants reached their last camping-place on September

11th and that the final act in the grim tragedy took place on the fourth day following.

The story of those four days will be told as briefly as possible. There is neither need nor excuse for lengthy descriptions and the resurrection of purely apocryphal incidents of gore and horror. This account is written with no thought of malice toward the Mormon Church or any of its communicants. Totally erroneous impressions prevail throughout the West as to the circumstances of the tragedy of Utah. The writer, in the course of his investigations, has been compelled to listen to accounts so extreme, so prejudiced, and so illogical as to approach closely to the ridiculous. The story of the Mountain Meadows will not down. The massacre is discussed today far more frequently, and with far greater fearlessness, than in 1857. The truth of what happened on that September day has been buried beneath a mass of sectarian propaganda, distortions, and errors so gross that they can be nothing less than deliberate falsehoods. It is to correct those erroneous impressions, to refute those falsehoods, that this account has been undertaken.

While the emigrants were camped at the Meadows, several men, John Doyle Lee among the number, incited the Indians of the region to attack the caravan. The ambassadors of bloodshed were acting on the direct orders of Isaac C. Haight and his ecclesiastical subordinates, orders which they asserted they dared not disobey. Lee's confession states that the Indians were assured that they could make the attack in safety, that none of them would be killed or injured.

The initial attack took place at dawn on September 12th — to follow the arbitrary chronological sequence that has been selected. Seven of the emigrants, we are told, were killed and sixteen wounded by the first volley. The remainder of the men, though surprised and frightened, seized their weapons and spiritedly returned the fire. The wagons were drawn into a defensive position, rifle-pits were dug, and the party made hasty but effective preparations to withstand a siege.

Several Indians — accounts differ as to the number — were killed or severely wounded by the return fire. Disappointed by the failure of the Divine protection of which they had been assured, the redskins promptly lost interest in the attack. The Indian idea of a battle is to stake all on a single swift sortie. A prolonged siege, particularly when the beleaguered party is well intrenched and prepared to defend itself, makes little appeal to the Indian. The Paiute is not a fighter. Compared to the Comanche, the Cheyenne, the Apache, and the Sioux, he is a decided pacifist. The disgusted Prides withdrew beyond the hill to the east of the encampment and from that place of safety sent runners to notify Lee that the attack had failed. Lee states that he was informed that if he did not return and lead the Indians to victory, aiding them to avenge their slain tribesmen, war would be declared upon the Mormon settlers of Dixie. It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader that Lee's confession abounds with zealous but futile efforts to clear his badly-stained skirts.

The Indians continued the siege but made no further

attack until late in the afternoon of the following day, September 13th, by which time Lee and a number of other white men had reached the scene of the battle. One of the most glaring inconsistencies in Lee's confession is his statement that he received several bullets through his clothing in checking the assault and that he sent an impassioned message to Haight, at Cedar City, begging for "help to protect and save these emigrants."

The Fancher party, however, believed that only Indians were involved in the attack. During the night of the 13th, three young men made their way through the Indian lines and set out for Cedar City to notify the settlers there of the caravan's predicament and to request assistance. That such an appeal was considered by the besieged party is a circumstantial indication that the emigrants knew nothing of the enmity of the Dixie colonists and has a decided tendency to disprove the stories of the disorderly conduct of the Fancher party.

Seventeen miles east and slightly north of the Meadows is a water-hole known locally as the Leachy spring. Camped there that night was a force of thirty-five men, all members of the Iron County militia, under the command of John M. Higbee, militia major. Philip Klingon Smith, bishop of Cedar City, was with the party.

It is logical to assume that the three men from the Fancher party saw the fires of the camp and hastened towards it. Doubtless they announced their identity and the reason for the midnight visit. One does not approach a camp at night without warning and those men were eager to obtain aid for the men, women and children

they had left behind. They were fired upon by the guards that had been posted about the militia camp. One—his name is given variously as Aden, Aiken, Eden, and Eaton—was killed; another was wounded.

The wounded man and his uninjured companion made their way back to the Mountain Meadows and rejoined the train. They brought no aid; they bore only the news that whites as well as Indians were opposing the besieged caravan.

The Indians made another desultory attack on September 14th, but it consisted merely of long-range volley fire from behind the shelter of the ridge. The shots were returned and the better marksmanship of the emigrants resulted in the death or wounding of several more Paiutes.

By this time all of the Mormons actively concerned in the affair had assembled at the Meadows. They camped apart from the Indians and well out of sight of the besieged emigrants. Testimony given at the trial of John Doyle Lee was to the effect that several meetings were held and that Higbee, Smith, and Lee asserted that the death of all the members of the Fancher train was "the will of God." Lee states that Higbee delivered to him written orders from Haight, orders at which his "entire being revolted." He destroyed the memorandum, but presumably those were the orders, so often quoted, to "kill all old enough to tell tales."

Nothing had been accomplished by the Indian attack. Some of the tribesmen, disgusted, had left the scene and set out for their homes. The remainder could not be inspired to make another charge against the emigrants'

breastworks. Force had failed, but treachery was to prove triumphant.

The plan was apparently worked out in all its details before any effort was made to put it into operation. Lee — here again we see the man's dominant egoism, his determination to boss every affair in which he participated — entered the emigrant camp under the protection of a flag of truce. He was followed after a few minutes by several others from the Mormon force and the unfortunate, suspicious Fancherites were told that the Paiutes had been induced to withdraw. The Indians were still very angry, Lee told the emigrants, but had agreed to permit a retreat to Cedar City if certain terms were observed. All arms and ammunition must be stacked in one of the wagons; women and children, together with any wounded men, must ride in other vehicles; the men of the party, unarmed, were to follow after a certain interval, marching in column under escort of the Mormon militia.

"Men, women, and children crowded around me," wrote Lee in his account of his treachery. "Some felt that the time of their deliverance had come; others . . . looked upon me with doubt, distrust, and terror."

There can be little doubt but that the concluding phrase is the absolute truth. Lee admits that the emigrants accepted the outrageous terms only because their ammunition was virtually exhausted.

One of the Mormon militia-men galloped over the ridge with a message urging that haste be made. There was no time, he said, for deliberation. The Indians were becoming impatient and would attack at any minute if their

terms were not met. The youngest of the children were placed in one of the lead wagons, then followed other wagons bearing wounded and women who were unable to walk. Some of the women, on foot, followed closely behind the wagons. Then came the men of the emigrant party, marching in single file.

The members of the Mormon militia, every man armed, took post on the right flank of the column. Major John M. Higbee, mounted, was in command, and the order for the slaughter came from his lips.

“Do your duty to God!” he shouted.

In less than three minutes the Mountain Meadows Massacre was history. More than one hundred and twenty men, women, and children lay dead or dying on the ground. The Indians, who had been hiding beyond the ridge, returned to join the militia-men in completing the gory task, in killing the wounded, in stripping the bodies, in looting the wagons, and in rounding up the several hundred head of cattle and horses.

Seventeen children, only one of them older than ten years, were spared. They were considered “too young to tell tales.”

And many of them saw and heard unspeakable things . . .

III NEPHI, 26:18.

Behold, will they not testify that ye are murderers; yea, and also that ye are guilty of all manner of wickedness.

ALMA, 5:23.



CHAPTER IX

The Mountain Meadows Massacre — 3

ISAAC C. HAIGHT did not arrive on the scene until the day after the massacre. He rode over from Cedar City, accompanied by William H. Dame, and the field whereon the dead still lay unburied was the scene of a violent quarrel between the two men, the one commanding officer of the militia, the other his military subordinate but the ecclesiastical head of the entire district. Dame clearly showed a guilty foreknowledge of the fate of the emigrants by exclaiming, over and over again, "Before God, I did not know there were so many of them!"

Haight was of sterner stuff. His grim fanaticism, his greed for a share of the wealth possessed by the Fancher party, easily prevailed over any horror at the sight of the carnage or remorse for the slaughter for which he was primarily responsible. He quieted Dame's protests by assuring him that Brigham would be informed of the affair, and cannily impressed Lee, Higbee, Smith, and

every other man who had participated in the massacre with a sense of their guilt. He emphasized the necessity for silence as to the details of the atrocity, and the testimony given at the trial of John Doyle Lee is unanimous in declaring that a solemn oath of secrecy was taken by the slayers before they left the Meadows. It was agreed that the entire blame for the outrage should be laid upon the Indians, and reports to that effect were industriously circulated in every quarter of Deseret.

There is a very general impression that some years elapsed before suspicion was directed toward the Mormon colonists of Cedar City and the nearby hamlets, but documentary records indicate that almost as soon as the news of the massacre was broadcast there was a very active rumor that the Indians had been aided by the whites of the region. It took two weeks for the story to reach California, the evil tidings being borne to the colonists at San Bernardino by "Bros. William Matthews, Sidney Tanner, and others."

"They reported," we read in the entry for October 1st, 1857, in the mission history, "a dreadful massacre by the Indians of about 118 emigrants at Mountain Meadows. The party was from the states en route to California. The brethren were afraid that it would create an influence against the Saints as the massacre would be attributed to them."

That the fears were well-founded — or that Matthews and Williams told more than the historian set down — is indicated by the succeeding entries. The San Bernardino settlement was a far outpost of Zion. There was a

large non-Mormon population in the region and clashes between Saint and Gentile, due to religious factionalism, were frequent.

“October 3rd, 1857: The news of the Mountain Meadows Massacre created considerable enmity among the Anti-Mormons in San Bernardino.

“October 5th: The apostates and other enemies here are strongly at work to stir up an excitement against us on account of the massacre on the Salt Lake Road. They are holding public meetings and trying to get volunteers to go back on the road to learn the particulars of the massacre, but the real object is to try and find out their strength and see if they can drive us away from here.

“October 20th: San Bernardino was in a state of great excitement on account of the recent Indian difficulties and their being attributed to the Mormons.”

Other historians among the Saints are less candid in admitting the possibility that their brethren had participated in the atrocity. John R. Young, a nephew of Brigham, tells of reaching the Vegas Springs (Las Vegas, Nevada) in May of 1858 and there meeting “that renowned Indian peacemaker, Jacob Hamblin, and learning from him the history of the Mountain Meadows Massacre. He said the Indians were still hostile and thirsting for more blood.” Under date of May 14th, Young speaks of encountering “forty Indian warriors, their faces all blacked . . . many of them had on good broadcloth clothes, which I suppose they had taken from the people they had murdered at the Mountain Meadows.”

Hamblin himself, in his autobiography as taken down

by James A. Little and published in 1881, dismisses the tragedy in a paragraph. He states that "we heard that the Arkansas company of emigrants had been destroyed at the Mountain Meadows by the Indians. John D. Lee . . . told us that the Indians attacked the company and that he and some other white men joined them in the perpetration of the deed. The deplorable affair caused a sensation of horror and deep regret throughout the entire community, by whom it was unqualifiedly condemned."

Whatever horror and regret existed was in the main a cloak for a very guilty knowledge. It is safe to assert that there was no individual or family in southwestern Utah that did not have excellent reasons for suppressing the truth of the Mountain Meadows Massacre. Aside from church discipline, aside from the desire to obey the strict orders issued by the priesthood, every man, woman, and child in Dixie possessed relations or friends who had been present at that scene of horror.

In their zeal for secrecy, the residents of the section passed beyond the limits of common sense. If the massacre had been an Indian outrage, surely it was news, an incident well worthy of note and detailed explanations—with appropriate expressions of horror—in the stake histories and ward records, but it has already been remarked that one searches those records in vain for any mention of the atrocity.

The histories of Parowan Stake, of Cedar City, and other colonies in southern Utah, in their present form, contain only trivial entries for the dates covered by the siege and massacre. In the Journal of History of the

Church, however, there is a detailed account. It is a distorted version, but apparently the one which was agreed upon as best calculated to shield the guilty.

That entry and several subsequent to it are of intense interest to the historian. From them can be clearly traced the development of that policy of silence, of protecting Haight and his fellows, that brought about an outburst of antagonism toward Mormonism and its followers that has not died away to this day. Virtually the entire account is inserted under date of September 11th, 1857, with an introductory note to the effect that it "was written by George A. Smith and James McKnight at Cedar City, August 6th, 1858, from what they considered the most authentic sources."

"On Tuesday, September 22nd, rumor reached Cedar by Indians that an emigrant train had been attacked in camp by the Indians on Monday, 21st, at daybreak, at Mountain Meadows, some 45 miles from Cedar; that several of the emigrants had been killed and that some of the Indians had been killed and wounded, and that the Indians were gathering in from various parts in considerable numbers with a determination to exterminate the emigrants.

"Immediately upon the arrival of such intelligence, efforts were made to raise men to go and, if possible, conciliate the Indians, which party, with interpreters, left Cedar on Tuesday night about 9 o'clock. When they arrived the next morning they found the Indians in a great state of excitement in consequence of the killing and wounding of some of their men, and when Nephi John-

son, an interpreter, sought to conciliate them they threatened him and his party with instant death if they did not either leave immediately or turn in and help them, accusing them of being friendly to the emigrants or 'Ameri-cats,' as they called them. The Indians said that, if they attempted to go to the emigrants' camp, they would kill every man of them. Finding their services could avail the emigrants nothing, they returned to Cedar and reported the condition of the camp.

"On Friday evening, William H. Dame, Isaac C. Haight, and a party of men set out for the scene of hostilities to endeavor to put a stop to the fight, arriving there about daylight on Saturday morning. The Indians had killed the entire company, with the exception of a few small children which were, with difficulty, obtained from them. The Indians were pillaging and destroying the property and driving off the cattle in every direction, without respect to each other's rights, each one endeavoring to get to himself the most plunder.

"They found the bodies of the slain stripped of their clothing and scattered along the road about half a mile. They obtained a few spades at Hamblin's ranch, and buried the dead as well as they could under the circumstances. The ground was hard and, being destitute of picks and having but a limited number of spades, the pits could not be dug to very great depth.

"From the appearance of the camp ground, the wagons were scattered promiscuously, but upon being attacked, they had gathered most of them into a close circle and dug inside two rifle pits.

"It appears that on the fifth day, the Indians withdrew from their siege and that towards evening the emigrants left their camp and started back toward Hamblin's ranch, and after proceeding about a mile and a half were again attacked and all slain except the children above mentioned.

"It was supposed that there must have been some 200 Indians engaged in this fight. A large number of the dead were killed with arrows; the residue with bullets, the Indians being armed with guns and bows.

"The Indians had also killed a large number of horses, mules, and cattle, which were lying scattered over the plain, which was done in accordance with their tradition requiring a sacrifice to be sent along with their departed warriors."

A supplementary note by George A. Smith observes that "the above statement is doubtless incorrect as to the dates, as the massacre must have occurred earlier in the month, say about 15 days." Possibly Smith meant the 15th of the month, as none of the various accounts fixes a date earlier than the 11th.

Less than two weeks after preparing the foregoing report, Smith obtained additional information which he included in a letter addressed to Brigham Young from Parowan on August 17th, 1858. The communication is of striking significance. It is the earliest dated record to tell the story of the outrageous conduct of the emigrants and it is the first official document of any kind to hint at the participation of white men in the atrocity. Smith "put the finger" on John D. Lee and then stepped aside

to let Brigham do as he wished with the information. The president of the church, already definitely committed to the Indian story, did nothing. The essential portions of the letter are here quoted:

“ I have gathered some information in relation to the difficulties which terminated in the horrible massacre at the Mountain Meadows, and learn that the emigrants conducted themselves in a hostile manner toward the Indians as well as the citizens. . . . At Fillmore they threatened the destruction of the town, and boasted of their participation in the murders and other outrages that were inflicted upon the Mormons in Missouri and Illinois. . . . At the sink of Corn Creek, they poisoned the springs and the body of an ox which had died . . . ten Indians died from the poisoned meat and considerable number of cattle died from the poisoning of the water. . . . Some of these cattle were fat and the owners ‘tried them up’ to save the tallow. A son of Mr. Robinson of Fillmore was poisoned from the handling of the meat and died. Mrs. (John A.) Ray was so poisoned as to endanger her life and permanently injure her hand.

“ While passing through the lower settlements, the emigrants boasted of their participation in the expulsion of the Mormons from Missouri and threatened to stop at some convenient point and fatten their stock, that when the U. S. troops should arrive there would be plenty of beef to feed them with and the emigrants would then help to kill every God damned Mormon there was in the mountains. . . .

“ Their conduct, coupled with the report which they

spread that some four or five hundred dragoons were expected through on the Frémont trail, caused them to be regarded by the settlers with a feeling of distrust. At this time another party of emigrants fired upon a party of Pahvants (Paiutes) in the neighborhood of Beaver . . . and their extermination was only prevented by a detachment of militia sent from Parowan by Colonel Dame who effected a compromise with the Indians and guarded that company safely from that place to the Vegas (Las Vegas, Nev.) some three hundred miles.

"No news of the attack at the Mountain Meadows had reached Parowan until it was too late for Colonel Dame to take any measures to relieve the company which was some sixty miles distant."

The letter then repeats the account previously quoted of Haight's discovery of the massacre, and continues:

"It is reported that John D. Lee and a few other white men were on the ground during a portion of the combat, but for what purpose or how they conducted or whether indeed they were there at all I have not learned. . . . The prejudice that these emigrants had themselves excited during their passage through the territory contributed not a little to inspire in the minds of the people an indifference as to what the Indians might do, but nobody dreamed of or anticipated so dreadful a result. There were not a dozen white men living within thirty miles of the spot where the transaction occurred, and they were scattered two or three in a place, herding cattle."

Apostle Smith's account is both ingenuous and ingen-



GENERAL PANORAMA OF THE MOUNTAIN MEADOWS
THE MASSACRE OCCURRED BETWEEN THE LOW HILL IN LEFT CENTER AND THE
TREES IN MIDDLE DISTANCE



Photos, by Charles Kelly, Salt Lake City, 1930
THE CAMP SITE IS AT THE RIGHT. THE DEEP ARROYO MARKS THE COURSE OF
THE OLD ROAD

ious. A goodly portion of the truth lies in and between the lines; certainly as much of the truth as the leaders of the priesthood in Dixie desired to have known. It is impossible to believe that Smith's tongue was not tucked firmly in his cheek as he wrote. The facts of what happened at the Mountain Meadows, the names of those actively involved in the conspiracy and the slaying, were common gossip throughout all of Utah within a few weeks of the tragedy. Both Smith and Brigham Young knew those facts long before Smith wrote his letter from Parowan in 1858, but by that time the Mormon leaders had committed themselves to the Indian story. They lacked courage to retreat from the stand they had so definitely taken.

Yet another entry from the *Journal of History* should be quoted to make the tale complete. It will be recalled that Isaac C. Haight assured William H. Dame that Brigham Young would be informed of what had occurred at the Meadows. John Doyle Lee was the man selected for that mission, to tell Brigham of what had transpired and to advise him that his orders to spare the emigrants had arrived too late. Lee set out immediately, reaching Salt Lake City on September 29th, 1857, and the entry in the *Journal of History* for that date tells that he related "an awful tale of blood."

"He said," the record continues, "that a company of California emigrants of about 150 men, women, and children, many of them belonging to the mob in Missouri and Illinois, and having many cattle and horses . . . were damning Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, and the

heads of the church, saying that Joe Smith ought to have been shot a long time before he was. . . . The Indians fought them five days until they killed all their men, about 60 in number. They then rushed into their corral and cut the throats of their women and children except some eight or ten children whom they sold to the whites. They stripped the women and children naked and left them stinking in the boiling sun. When Lee found it out he took some men and went and buried their bodies. It was a horrid, awful job; the whole air was filled with an awful stench, many of the men and women were rotten with the bad disorder before they were hurt by the Indians.

"There was another large company of emigrants who had 1,000 head of cattle who were also damning both Indians and Mormons. They were afraid of sharing the same fate and Lee had to send interpreters with them to the Indians to try and save their lives while at the same time they were trying to kill the settlers.

"Governor Brigham Young, while speaking of the cutting of the throats of women and children, as the Indians had done south, said it was heart-rending."

Lee's own account of his meeting with Brigham Young asserts that he told the head of the church the entire story, concealing nothing, and giving Brigham a list of the names of the men who participated. Brigham admitted the gravity of the affair and himself urged that the entire blame for the atrocity be laid upon the Indians. Lee, as Indian farmer and sub-agent for the section in

which he lived, was instructed to write a letter reporting the massacre and attributing it to the Paiutes.

The Mormon version is that Brigham refused to listen to the tale of horror, that Lee lied to the head of the church, and that the Mormon leader did not learn of the conspiracy and the part played by the Iron County militia until long after Lee's visit. That version received rather unexpected confirmation in a statement made to the writer by an elderly gentleman of Salt Lake City, a man who was born a Mormon but who renounced the faith of the Saints many years ago. He advanced excellent reasons why his name should not be used. The story came to him from his father, who accompanied Brigham to Dixie two years after the massacre. The church president, walking at the head of his party, met John Doyle Lee on the street of Cedar City and Brigham called Lee to him.

"Brother John," he demanded sternly, "why did you lie to me about that Mountain Meadows business?"

The others in the party heard no more, for the two men stepped out of earshot of the rest of the group. They talked for some time, and it was very evident that the angry Brigham was administering a scorching reprimand to Lee. The story is given for what it is worth, which, historically, is very little.

The charge that John Doyle Lee lied to Brigham Young is made the principal point in a pamphlet on the Mountain Meadows Massacre written by Elder Charles W. Penrose. Virtually all of the Penrose pamphlet is de-

voted to a pathetically weak attempt to absolve Brigham from any foreknowledge of the Mountain Meadows Massacre and to clear the head of the church and his apostles of the charge that the extermination of the Fancher party was ordered by them. The document never had a large circulation, but why publication was permitted at all is difficult to understand. It is so weak a defense of the apostolic heads of the church, so contradictory in its various arguments, that it could convince no one. It evades completely the main issue, the conspiracy by and the participation of the Dixie priesthood, and defends Brigham on a point where defense was entirely unnecessary.

The most sketchy study of the life of the Mormon leader is sufficient to convince anyone that Brigham Young could not have been guilty of so incalculable a folly as ordering the massacre of the Fancher party. Brigham had his moments of weakness, true; his sermons and discourses abound with statements and denunciations that permit of a most damning interpretation. But it must be remembered that those outbursts were intended solely for home consumption. Brigham was a master showman, and his one desire was to impress the thousands of followers to whom it was necessary to speak in words of one syllable. In matters political, no shrewder, more far-thinking individual ever lived. He thundered denunciations of Johnston's army, he threatened to burn Salt Lake City to the ground before he would permit its streets to echo to the tread of the armed minions of the mobocrats, but when the federal troops did

enter Utah, in 1858, there was neither bloodshed nor burning and the Mormon tradesmen fairly tumbled over one another in the scramble to obtain contracts to build the barracks and to supply wood, forage, and foodstuffs.

McClure has spoken of Brigham Young's "never-failing sagacity." There is little exaggeration in the phrase. Even if every charge made against the Fancher party were true, even if its members had included the actual assassins of Joseph and Hyrum Smith and Parley Pratt, Brigham Young would never have ordered the slaughter of the entire caravan. If the thought of such a vengeance had suggested itself to him, or been suggested by another, Brigham would have weighed the consequences of such an act and would have permitted the emigrants to pass on to California without molestation. Brigham regarded himself as the vicegerent of God on earth, he would brook no dispute of his decrees temporal or spiritual, but he was not a fool.

On the other hand, the most profound admirers of the Mormon leader and his associates can offer no defense for their failure to punish the guilty men after their identity was made known. It is ridiculous to say that the church authorities in Salt Lake City did not know of the participation of Haight, Higbee, Smith, and their followers. It is unnecessary to mention the highly efficient secret service which served Brigham in all things and bore to him news of the most trivial happenings within his realm. The names of the conspirators, the extent of their guilt, were common knowledge through Utah while the bodies of the slain emigrants were yet

unburied. Brigham could not have avoided learning of the guilt of the Dixie priesthood.

Expiation of the crime, however, was another matter. To have punished Haight, Smith, Higbee, and Lee and their associates would have wrecked the church organization in southern Utah, would have broken up the colonization schemes in Dixie, and would have dealt a staggering blow to Mormonism in every section of the West and in every land where missionaries of the Saints preached the gospels of Joseph Smith. Brigham had accepted the story that the Indians were guilty of the atrocity. His own stiff-necked pride would not permit him to retract statements he had made and he undoubtedly connived at blocking the various investigations that were instituted within a few years of the massacre.

It will be recalled that George A. Smith's account states that the bodies of the slain emigrants were buried by Isaac C. Haight. John Doyle Lee, according to the Journal of History entry for September 29th, 1857, asserted that he supervised the interment of the victims. Jacob Hamblin, whose ranch was at the extreme northern end of the valley of the Mountain Meadows, also claimed credit for burying the unfortunate Fancherites. As a matter of fact, the bodies remained about where they had fallen until May of 1859, when they were collected and buried by a detail of troops from Camp Floyd under the command of Major J. H. Carleton of the First Dragoons. The rifle-pit from which the emigrants had repulsed the Indian attack was used as the sepulchre.

“Over the last resting place of the victims,” says

Bancroft, "was built a cone-shaped cairn, some twelve feet in height, and leaning against its northern base was placed a rough slab of granite with the inscription 'Here 120 men, women, and children were massacred in cold blood early in September 1857. They were from Arkansas.' The cairn was surmounted by a cross of cedar, on which were inscribed the words: 'Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.'"

The cross and the inscribed slab were deliberately destroyed within a short time of their erection. The rocks which composed the twelve-foot cone have weathered and fallen away during the seventy-two years that have passed since the troopers placed them in position. The banks of the deep arroyo into which the old emigrant trail has been transformed are now less than a dozen feet from the monument. Several old-timers who remember the cairn as it appeared half a century ago have said that more than half of the original mound of rocks—and presumably a considerable portion of the bones which were interred beneath it—has been carried away by the floods.

From time to time there has been talk of erecting an ossuary and a suitably-inscribed obelisk or other monument on the spot. The writer was told that an individual described vaguely as "a Government man" had taken an option on ten acres of the valley floor immediately surrounding the three-foot mound that is all that remains today of the original cairn. The area included in the option is to be made, it was said, a National Monument.

It is to be hoped that wiser counsels will prevail and

that such a gesture will never be made. To exhume the unknown dead of the Fancher caravan would be to resurrect the old hatreds and the misguided fanaticism that brought them to that last resting-place. Better that the few remaining bones remain where they are, with only the grim pile of basalt boulders to mark where the emigrants sleep.

There are those who say that the dead of the Mountain Meadows do not sleep undisturbed. It would be curious indeed if local legend had not made the site of the tragedy a haunted spot. There are stories of unseen wagons that creak slowly along the arroyo where once was the emigrant road, of the roll of ghostly gunfire echoing from the rocky hills, of moonless nights made hideous by the screams of women and children.

Those who dwell in the valley, those whose plows turn the once-red soil, shake their heads in negation when asked about such unearthly manifestations.

“No, I’ve never seen any ghosts,” said one, “nor I never heard any shooting or screaming exceptin’ that of a kiyote out in the hills. But — ” he paused for a moment of careful scrutiny of his questioner — “but sometimes we find barefoot tracks in the fresh-plowed ground.”

And thus ended the twentieth year . . .

. . . for he that murdered was punished with death.

ALMA, 50:16, 1:18.



CHAPTER X

The Mountain Meadows Massacre — 4

OFFICIAL investigation of the tragedy at the Mountain Meadows was initiated within a comparatively short time. We are told that the first suspicion that the Mormons of Dixie had participated in the atrocity was aroused through the fact that certain of the more youthful members of the emigrant party had been spared. That alone was sufficient to create doubt of the story that the massacre had been conceived and executed wholly by Indians. The Paiutes had never been known to display such compunction.

Forney, the Indian agent, conducted one investigation. A second was under the direction of Major J. H. Carleton of the First Dragoons. The soldiers buried the dead. Dr. Forney collected the children, ten girls and seven boys, who had been orphaned by the tragedy, took them to Salt Lake City, and arranged for their return to relatives in Arkansas and Missouri.

The children ranged in age from three to nine years.

Josiah F. Gibbs, the anti-Mormon writer, states that Charley Fancher, son of the captain of the train, was eleven and retained quite a vivid recollection of the details of the massacre. There is an active tradition that young Fancher returned to the West, turned outlaw, and under the sobriquet of Idaho Bill was killed in a gun-fight. That story probably has as little foundation in fact as the other legend that he came back to Utah to avenge his father's death, was converted to Mormonism, married a Mormon girl, and died in the faith of the Saints. Both tales have been given wide circulation.

Major Carleton was accompanied by Lieutenant Kearney as second-in-command and by one John Cradlebaugh, Associate Justice of the United States Court for the territory. From the history of the Utah Stake we learn that the jurist "looked like an ox-driver. He had only one eye, but that was a good one."

It must have been a good eye, and the judge used it and his ears to such effect that to him more than any other single medium can be attributed whatever punishment was administered to those most guilty of the plot and the massacre. For years Cradlebaugh directed his every activity toward bringing Haight and his associates before the bar of justice.

The facts of the Mountain Meadows Massacre, the names of the guilty participants, were in the hands of the federal authorities in Washington in 1859. Those who express surprise that twenty years passed before any decisive action was taken make their criticisms with but little thought of the condition of national affairs at that

time. Utah and the Mormon problem, the atrocity at the Mountain Meadows, were very minor matters in comparison with the abolitionist debates, the secession talk in the slave states, the rising tide of intersectional hatred, four years of civil war, and the long and terrible period of reconstruction. All federal troops were withdrawn from Utah. Camp Floyd was abandoned and Camp Douglas, on the outskirts of Salt Lake City, was established and manned by detachments from the 3rd Infantry and 2nd Cavalry, California Volunteers, under Colonel P. Edward Connor. The Californians' duties were to protect the overland mail and the telegraph lines and to guard the settlers from Indian attacks. The services of the Utah militia—the Nauvoo Legion—had been offered for those purposes and declined by the federal government.

Throughout the period of the Civil War and the decade following Appomattox there was an almost incessant attack upon the principles of Mormonism and the oligarchy which Brigham Young had established in Utah. Various tenets of the faith of the Saints were bitterly denounced and the Mountain Meadows Massacre was cited again and again as an example of the vengeance of Mormonism upon its enemies. Judge Cradlebaugh, the ox-driver with one good eye, paid little attention to the thunder from hostile pulpit and platform. He worked toward the punishment of the guilty men.

He noted regretfully that "the whole community presents a united and organized opposition to the proper administration of justice," and it was due to the picture

he drew of conditions within the territory that Congress, in 1874, passed the Poland Bill "in relation to courts and judicial officers in the territory of Utah." The first grand jury impanelled under the provisions of that law was specifically instructed to investigate the Mountain Meadow Massacre and to indict the individuals implicated. True bills of indictment were returned against Haight, Lee, Smith, Higbee, Dame, and others.

That action, however, was not taken until 1874, and it would be well to pause for a moment and survey the situation in Dixie and see what had happened to Lee and his associates during the seventeen years that had elapsed since that bloody Thursday in September of 1857.

A grim picture of John Doyle Lee was drawn by J. H. Beadle, who published his "Life in Utah" (violently anti-Mormon), in 1870.

"John Doyle Lee," said Beadle, "still resides in Harmony, no longer a bishop. . . . He is shunned and hated even by his Mormon neighbors, he seldom ventures beyond the square upon which he lives, his mind is distracted by an unceasing dread of vengeance, and his intelligence disordered. . . . He anticipates the hell his crimes deserve."

It is in such words that Lee is generally described, and no portrait could be more grossly overdrawn. The life of John Doyle Lee from 1857 to the time of his arrest late in 1874 was virtually identical with the lives of his neighbors in the struggling little settlements of Dixie. Lee was the most prominent citizen of Harmony, the colony he established in 1852 and which became a permanent

settlement in 1854. The ward records of Harmony do not begin until December 22nd, 1861, but almost the first incident recorded in the ward history is the election of John Doyle Lee as president and presiding bishop. At the time of the election Lee stated bluntly that "he did not want the presidency unless he was the unanimous choice of the Saints and they could feel to sustain him by their faith and prayers."

In their avowed enmity for the church, the anti-Mormon historians have uniformly ignored the records which are available to anyone. Lee, Haight, and others who had been active in the Mountain Meadows Massacre continued in public and ecclesiastical office long after the atrocity. They were elected to those offices by the vote of their neighbors, and every office in the church, from that of ward bishop to the First Presidency, is dependent upon popular vote. In the case of the First Presidency, the vote to sustain has become a mere formality, but the recall has been exercised again and again upon those in less exalted positions. No man "shunned and hated by his Mormon neighbors" would be continued in office beyond the first Conference with power to depose him.

While there can be no doubt that many men disliked John Doyle Lee on personal grounds, and that his domineering egoism made him many enemies among his own neighbors, it is certain that no malice was felt on account of his leading rôle in the Mountain Meadows Massacre. He was respected for his proven ability as an active and zealous leader. He was unanimously elected to the office

he did not want and served as president of the colony of Harmony, presiding elder, and ward bishop until March 5th, 1864, when he presented his resignation, "his course not having proved satisfactory to the people." No clue to the cause of that dissatisfaction can be found in available records, but that Lee retained considerable prestige in the community is indicated by his election, on June 20th, 1869, as a director in Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution when a branch of that organization was established in Harmony.

He could not have served long in that capacity, for in 1870, as nearly as can be determined, he left Harmony to take up residence at the ferry across the Colorado River at the mouth of the Paria. The ferry-site is about eight miles up the stream from the highway bridge that was opened in 1929. Few refer to that splendid span by any other name than "The Lee's Ferry Bridge," although it is known officially as "The Grand Cañon Bridge."

It has been said that Lee took up his residence at the Paria crossing of the Colorado to hide from the marshals who were seeking to arrest him. Tradition states that Brigham Young advised him to move from Harmony and bury himself at the lonely ford, pointing out that it was in Arizona, that a Utah warrant would be of no value there, and that it was scarcely probable that an Arizona sheriff would make the long trip of nearly three hundred miles from Prescott to the Colorado River.

That Brigham Young inspired Lee's move is probably as imaginative a story as those others which would describe the ferryman's explorations of the then almost un-

known country along the south rim of the Grand Cañon. Lee is credited with having penetrated to the home of the Havasupai Indians, in Cataract Cañon, two hundred miles southwest of Lee's Ferry. A branch of Cataract Cañon bears his name and he is said to have taught the Supais the principles of irrigation, and to plant fruit, melons and other crops to supplement the maize they had cultivated for generations.

Nothing can be found to substantiate such tales. The indications are that Lee spent most of his time at the ferry and attended to business. His location there was far more likely dictated by Lee's own shrewdness, his recognition of the fact that there was money to be made at the mouth of the Paria, than by any recommendation of Brigham's. The ford at the Paria represented the only crossing of the Colorado for hundreds of miles in either direction, unless one wished to make the weary journey to the Crossing of the Fathers and hazard the terrible trails beyond that ford. Wagons could not pass over those trails. They could be floated or ferried across the river at the Paria mouth and, after a tough pull up the eastern cliffs, make their way with comparatively little trouble to Moencopie and the more settled portions of Arizona.

Lee made a charge of \$1 for each head of stock and \$2 for each wagon using the ferry. The volume of travel was not so great that he could look forward to retiring a wealthy man, but it represented a fairly steady income and actual cash was rare in the Utah of the '70s. Lee took cash when it was offered, but is frequently reported

Photo. by C. R. Savage

LEE's FERRY. VIEW UP THE COLORADO RIVER FROM THE MOUTH OF THE PARIA



as asking that payment for the crossing be made in provisions. He was a long way from his base of supplies.

Further refutation of the statements of Beadle and his fellows is found in a letter written by Elder Andrew Amundsen of South Jordan. The elder was a member of one of the first parties to penetrate the valley of the Little Colorado. He wrote that he was rather eager to meet Lee. He had heard many stories of the man and knew of the part he had taken in the Mountain Meadows Massacre. Amundsen reached Lee's ferry on April 23, 1873, and seemed rather surprised to discover that "Lee was a very jocular man, full of fun and good cheer."

Very similar is a letter written by J. E. Smith to the *Deseret News* on February 5th, 1874. His communication was first copied in the *Record* of Pioche, Nevada, and deals principally with the activities of Jacob Hamblin.

"I should have mentioned," said Smith, "that this (the ferry) is the residence of John D. Lee, against whom I was deeply prejudiced on account of his presumed connection with the terrible Mountain Meadow Massacre, an imputation, however, he utterly denies. I found him, on acquaintance, to be a very agreeable gentleman."

Smith was a Gentile, and it may have been that Lee's denial of any guilt in the atrocity was due to a lack of confidence in one of a faith other than his. To his fellows in the church, the ferryman was far more frank, although subsequent events were to prove that he had few genuine friends among the Mormons of southern Utah. True, so long as he was a member in good standing of the Latter Day Saints Church, none made the slightest move to

betray him. He was shielded, as were Haight, Higbee, and Smith. Therein lies the only cause for censure that can be directed toward Brigham and the church leaders. Until it was clear that public policy demanded the punishment of some of the guilty men, the high authorities protected Haight and his accomplices in every possible way and stubbornly maintained that "not one drop of innocent blood had been shed at the Mountain Meadows."

Brigham's defense of himself for his failure to bring charges against the leaders in the conspiracy was pathetically weak. He took no action, he said, "because another governor had been appointed by the President of the United States and was then on his way here to take my place and I did not know how soon he might arrive. Soon after Governor Cumming arrived I asked him to take Judge Cradlebaugh, who belonged to the southern district, with him and I would accompany them with sufficient aid to investigate the matter and bring the offenders to justice."

Judge Cradlebaugh's memoirs demonstrate the evasion in the statement of the Mormon president. Brigham's power was such that had he given the word every man who had participated in the massacre would have been delivered to the door of the jail in Salt Lake City within ten days. Such orders were never issued. Every Saint in Utah united in obstructing any moves of the investigating authorities, and long before a grand jury could be found that would find indictments against Haight and his associates those worthies had been warned and had

departed for other sections of the country. Haight found a refuge among the Mormon settlers at Moencopie and other colonies in the Little Colorado valley. John Doyle Lee remained at the mouth of the Paria. He named the spot, most approriately, "Lonely Dell," and he rarely appeared to attend the ferry until his wife or some of his stalwart sons had talked with the casual travelers and determined that they were not marshals with a warrant for Lee's arrest. Higbee is also said to have hidden in Arizona, and one story asserts that he and Haight went together to Mexico. Philip Klingon Smith escaped the Utah marshals by crossing the line into Nevada. Many individuals in Utah say that the former bishop of Cedar City spent the rest of his life in Nevada and was found dead at the bottom of a prospect hole he was digging on a mining claim northwest of Las Vegas. The San Francisco *Call*, on July 30th, 1881, carried a brief item to the effect that "Klingensmith" had been murdered in Mexico. There is no official record of the final fate of any of the leading conspirators with the exception of Lee. With their excommunication they vanish utterly from the stake histories and ward records.

It is certain that Smith was resident in Nevada in 1871, for on April 10th of that year he swore to a highly significant affidavit before an attorney in Pioche, Lincoln County, a few miles west of the Utah line. In that document of record, Smith took oath to the truth of a statement that "Isaac C. Haight, two days after the company (the Fancher party) had left Cedar, expressed a desire that they might be permitted to pass in peace; but after-

ward he told me that he had orders from headquarters to kill all of said company of emigrants except the little children. I do not know whether said headquarters meant the regimental headquarters at Parowan or the headquarters of the Commander-in-chief at Great Salt Lake City. . . . I have made the above statement before the above-entitled court for the reason that I believe I would be assassinated should I attempt to make the same before any court in the territory of Utah."

Smith's affidavit was taken during the federal investigations that resulted in the indictment of the leading conspirators. By that time the church authorities realized that the government officers would not rest until organized society had exacted some vengeance for the emigrants slaughtered at the Mountain Meadows. A sacrifice had to be made, some one found to "take the rap." John Doyle Lee had never denied his participation in the atrocity, in spite of Smith's letter asserting the contrary. Lee was not popular. He had made many enemies within the church, and the report was permitted to circulate that he was the most guilty of the men involved. This in spite of the Forney report which named three other men as being equally guilty with Haight, Smith, Lee, and Higbee.

Lee was arrested on November 7th, 1874, at a home he maintained in Panguitch. Marshal William Stokes, who made the arrest, has told of its circumstances. He held warrants for the arrest of Haight, Higbee, Smith, Lee, and four others but regarded Lee as the most important of those indicted. Stokes had expected to go to Lee's

Ferry, but learned that his man had left "Lonely Dell" and was purchasing provisions in the Dixie section. He followed several false trails, but finally obtained information which satisfied him that Lee was at Panguitch. He sent his deputies, Thomas Winn and Franklin R. Fish, ahead of him. They posed as cattle-buyers, made an investigation, and reported to Stokes that Lee had not left the village. The marshal determined to lose no time. He augmented his posse by deputizing Thomas LaFever, Samuel G. Rodgers, and David Evans, and set out for Panguitch.

"We mounted our horses and dashed into town at full speed," he wrote. "We found Evans, and learned that Fish had not been able to locate Lee, but knew that he was in town. I then ordered my men to go to different parts of the town and not to let any wagon go out until they had searched the wagon. I inquired of the citizens about Lee, but could learn nothing. Some said they never knew him, others that they had never heard of such a man, had not even heard the name.

"The citizens soon came crowding around in disagreeable numbers. I saw I must resort to strategy, or I and my friends were in danger, so in order to disperse the crowd I took out my book and pencil and took down the names of those around me. I then summoned them to assist me in finding and arresting Lee. They each and all had some excuse but I refused to excuse any of them and ordered them to go and get their arms and come back and aid me. This worked well, for in less than five minutes there was not a Mormon to be seen on the streets

of Panguitch. About this time I rode near Thomas Winn, when he said:

“I believe I have Lee spotted. I asked a little boy where Lee’s wife lived and he showed me the house.”

“This was something to work on. I rode around to the house and as I turned the street corner I saw a woman looking into a log pen. When she saw me she turned back towards the house, then turned and walked back to the pen and appeared to be talking to someone in the pen. She seemed to be very much excited. I rode by the house and around the lot and while doing so I saw a little girl go out and look into the pen for a little while. She then took up a handful of straw and went back into the house. I, like Winn, was then satisfied that Lee was in that pen.”

Stokes then met Samuel and Alma Lee, sons of the man for whom he was seeking, and kept them with him while he made a thorough search of the house. When the marshal proposed searching the corral and outbuildings, Samuel Lee became very much excited. Henry Darrow, a son-in-law of the elder Lee, followed the marshal and Lee’s son to the corral.

“I took a circle around the corral,” Stokes’ account continues, “and then walked up to the log pen. This pen was about seven feet wide, nine feet long, and four feet high in the clear. There was a hole close to the ground, just about large enough for a man to crawl through. I went to this hole and looked through, but could see nothing but some loose straw in the back end of the pen. I then discovered a little hole between the top logs, near the back end, where the straw covering was

off. I went to this hole and put my eye down to it, and then I saw one side of Lee's face as he lay on his right side. His face was partly covered with loose straw. I waited a few seconds, until Winn came near enough for him to hear me without my speaking over a whisper. I then said:

“‘There is someone in that pen.’

“‘I guess not,’ said Darrow.

“‘I am certain there is a person in there.’

“‘Well, if there is, it is likely one of the children,’ said Darrow.

“By this time Winn was in position and holding his Henry rifle ready for instant use. Winn and myself were alone. All my other men were in other parts of the town. Just then I saw Fish coming. I then said:

“‘Lee, come out and surrender yourself. I have come to arrest you.’

“He did not move. I looked around to see if any of my men were coming. I saw Fish sitting on his horse in front of the door, his gun in his hand. I motioned for him to come to me, but he remained still and kept watch of the house, as if he was going to shoot or expected danger from that quarter. His action surprised me, for he was a brave man and quick to obey orders. I then looked at the house to see what was attracting his attention and I soon saw there was enough there to claim his full time. I saw two guns pointed through the logs of the side of the house and aimed directly at me, and Fish was watching the people who held those guns. That looked like business. I instantly drew two pistols from my overcoat pocket,

taking one in each hand. I put one pistol through the crack in the roof of the pen, with the muzzle within eighteen inches of Lee's head. I then said to Winn:

“You go in there and disarm Lee, and I promise you that if a single straw moves I will blow his head off. My pistol is not a foot from his head.”

“Winn was going into the pen. Darrow then commenced to beg me not to shoot. Lee also spoke and said:

“Hold on, boys, don't shoot. I will come out.”

“He then commenced to turn over to get out of the pen, at the same time putting his pistol (which he had all the time held in his hand and lying across his breast) into the scabbard. I said to Winn:

“Stand back and look out, for there is danger from the house.”

“Darrow continued to beg us not to shoot. I told Darrow that I would not hurt a hair of Lee's head if he surrendered peaceably, but that I was not going to die like a dog nor would I permit Lee to get away alive. Lee came out of the pen, and after straightening up he asked very coolly:

“Well, boys, what do you want of me?”

“I have a warrant for your arrest and must take you to Beaver with me,” I said.

“We then went to the house. The women seemed wild, some of them crying and all unreasonable in their language. Lee told his family to be quiet, and did all that he could to pacify them. A large number of people had gathered around the house. I think fully one hundred

and fifty Mormons were there. Lee's sons gathered around him and told him that if he did not want to go to Beaver, to say so, and they would see that he didn't go. He took me to one side and told me what his friends proposed and wanted to know what answer he should give them. I thought he did this to see if there was any chance to frighten me. I told him to tell the boys to turn themselves loose; that I knew I had no friends in that place except those who came with me, but that we were well armed and when trouble commenced we would shoot those nearest to us, and make sure of them, and then keep it lively while we lasted. Lee said he did not want anything of that kind to happen, and would see that the boys behaved themselves.

"It was about 11 A.M. on Monday, the 7th day of November, 1874, when we left Panguitch with Lee as a prisoner. We reached Frémont Springs that night at 11 o'clock and camped there until daylight. When we reached Beaver the people were thunderstruck to know that Lee had been arrested. Lee was in my custody the greater portion of the time that he was in prison. He never gave any trouble to me or his guards. He never tried to escape, but at all times assisted the guards to carry out the instructions received from the officers."

Lee was not summoned for trial until July 23rd, 1875. Although under indictment for murder, he was still a member in good standing of the Mormon Church. Eight Saints were drawn on the trial jury, and such was their loyalty to their co-religionist that they voted as a unit

for his acquittal. The result was a hung jury, the four Gentile members being equally staunch for conviction. The jury was dismissed and Lee returned to prison.

The protests that followed that mistrial frightened the church authorities into action. As a reply to scores of charges—the most mild of which was that the church was deliberately shielding the guilty men—Brigham and his associates admitted the participation in the massacre of “certain lawless residents of southern Utah” and excommunicated Lee, Haight, Higbee, and Smith.

Lee was tried for the second time in September of 1876. The trial continued for a week, and the prosecution discovered that the excommunication order had served to unlock the tongues of those witnesses who had been the most reluctant in their testimony at the first trial. Many of the men summoned as witnesses had themselves taken part in the massacre, and there are two instances of witnesses refusing to answer questions, stating that a reply would incriminate them.

The guilt of the four men who had been excommunicated was freely admitted, and although the testimony was virtually identical with that given at the first trial, it was apparently far more convincing to the jury. After a brief deliberation, the talesmen returned with the verdict that John Doyle Lee was guilty. He was sentenced to be shot, and William Nelson, a United States Marshal, conceived the plan of executing the sentence on the scene of the crime. Various reasons have been assigned for that dramatic but highly irregular decision. The only logical one is that Nelson, an avowed enemy

of Mormonism, hoped that the realization that he himself faced death on the ground where he had aided in the killing of the emigrants would break Lee and that he would make an ante-mortem confession that would definitely link Brigham Young with the crime.

Nelson's plan failed. The old man—Lee was 65—faced death stoically and courageously. Lee felt no shame, no actual guilt, for the crime in which he had participated twenty years before. His confession, written while he was in prison and published after his death, admits sorrow and horror, but maintains that he believed he was following the only course possible to a loyal Saint in carrying out the orders given him by his bishop and the president of the stake. He was resigned to death. To the last he hoped that Brigham Young, whom he had revered and obeyed for more than forty years, would aid him. Not until the order came for him to leave the jail for the trip to the Meadows did he realize that Brigham had cast him off. He gave up hope, recording the depths of his despair in virtually the last words he wrote: "There is none to help the widow's son."

In Salt Lake City today there is a man who was an eye-witness of the execution of John Doyle Lee. Anthony W. Ivins' account is far more vivid than those that have been published, and Lee's last words, as quoted by Mr. Ivins, probably approximate the condemned man's actual speech far more closely than the grandiloquent oration which is put into his mouth by other chroniclers. Mr. Ivins is first counselor to President Heber J. Grant of the Mormon Church, but as he tells the story of the

death of John Doyle Lee there is no censure, only an abiding pity, for the man whose misguided zealotry brought everlasting shame upon the faith of the Saints.

"Two other young fellows and I heard that Lee had been taken from Beaver and was to be executed at the Mountain Meadows," said Mr. Ivins. "We rode out there, but my companions remained on top of the hill. We were all Mormons, of course, and there was lots of talk that the soldiers would shoot any Mormon who came anywhere near. I wanted to see what was going on, and I went down to where the wagons were halted. There were lots of soldiers and other men around, but none of them made any move to interfere with me.

"A coffin made of rough planks was loaded on one of the wagons. Some of the men put it on the ground and Marshal Nelson and Lee walked around over the Mountain Meadows. The marshal was trying to get Lee to point out to him where the emigrants had been camped, where the massacre had taken place, and other particulars, but the old man said that the scene had changed so much since he had been there, what with the washes cutting down through the soil and such changes, that he could not recognize many landmarks.

"When they came back, Lee sat down on the end of his coffin while a photographer took a picture of him. Marshal Nelson asked him if he had anything to say, as the time was growing short.

"'Only this,' said Lee. 'All my life I have tried to be a good member of the Mormon Church from which I have been expelled. This is what it gets me.'



Photo, by Frank Beckwith, Delta, Utah, 1930

"HERE 120 MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN WERE MASSACRED IN COLD BLOOD."

"The marshal stepped up with a handkerchief to bandage Lee's eyes. The old man waved the bandage aside. He said that he was not afraid to face the guns and he asked that his arms be left free. They did not tie his arms, but the marshal fastened the handkerchief over his eyes. Lee folded his arms over his head. He stood facing one of the wagons and the canvas cover had been let down so that it touched the ground all the way around. There were slits cut in the cover and the men of the firing squad were on the ground underneath the wagon.

"As Lee raised his hands over his head he called out to the hidden men to aim for his heart and not to mutilate his body or his face. Just as he finished, Marshal Nelson called out: 'Ready. Aim. Fire!'

"The soldiers fired instantly and Lee fell over sideways. He did not make a sound nor did he jerk or twitch. I saw the fingers of one hand slowly open and then, a moment later, a thin trickle of blood appear from under his body. That was all."

That was all. So far as Society was concerned, the dead emigrants who slept under the rock cairn a few yards away had been avenged. The body of John Doyle Lee was taken to Harmony and turned over to his family for burial and the man himself passed to a place in Utah's history as the state's blackest criminal.

Thus ended the last scene in the tragedy that had taken place twenty years before. Every man concerned in the slaughter of the emigrants had been a Mormon, and the horror of the Mountain Meadows Massacre is

that every communicant of that church is made to feel the shame of the crime. The guilty men were Mormons, but they perverted their religion and their priesthood for greed and an almost incomprehensible fanaticism.

No organized body on earth is sufficiently strong to guard against the deeds of fanatics within its ranks. Fanatics burned the priceless codices of Yucatan and sent the gentle, hospitable Mayan chieftains to the torture stake. Fanatics hanged and burned old women as witches in both the Old and New Worlds, hanging or burning their cats with them lest the animals assume human form and continue the evil practices of their mistresses. Fanatical brooding over imagined slights made a traitor of Benedict Arnold, forever sullying a splendid military reputation and a stainless name. A fanatic fired a shot in a Washington theater and a Lincoln died.

Should not the fruits of fanaticism be judged by the fanatics themselves rather than by the particular religious doctrine to which they pledged allegiance?

*Simple-hearted, affable, and unsophisticated, with bigot
faith in their creed, studious observance of its requirements,
and constant reliance upon it for assistance in difficulty, the
Mormons afforded in all their actions a singular contrast to
the unregenerate Gentiles.*

NATHANIEL P. LANGFORD.



CHAPTER XI

On the River of Flax

“YOUR people will come from the north and settle along this stream!”

So the soothsayers of the Hopis told Jacob Hamblin when that great apostle to the Lamanites visited them in their mesa-top villages in northern Arizona. As the old Indians spoke they pointed skinny brown fingers to the westward where, many leagues away, like a vicious, crooked snake sprawling across the desert, lay the stream that Espejo and Cárdenas and Tovar had called El Rio de Lino, the River of Flax, and that men know today as the Little Colorado.

“I did not believe them,” Hamblin in later years wrote of the Indians, “but time has proved that they were telling truth.”

The prophets of the Hopis apparently knew what they were talking about, but there were to be long years of struggle and failure before Mormon colonization finally obtained a firm foothold south of the formidable barrier of the Grand Cañon. Today only faint traces of walls,

less perceptible in many instances than prehistoric mesa-ruins centuries older, remain to indicate where the first settlements of the Saints were placed.

Although Hamblin and other missionaries had crossed the Grand Cañon many times to carry the gospel to the Indians of northern Arizona, it was not until 1873 that Brigham Young sent Horton D. Haight, at the head of a fair-sized party, to make a general survey of the Little Colorado and its tributaries. The explorers returned to Utah in July, reporting the region to be wholly unsuitable for settlement. There was but little arable land along the river, they said, the water was scarce and bitterly alkaline, and on the upper stretches of the stream the White Mountain Apaches presented an ever-present menace.

"It is a barren and forbidding country," wrote Henry Holmes, a member of the first party, in his diary, "although doubtless the Lord had a purpose in view when He made it so. Few of the creeks run more than a half mile from their heads. The country is rent with deep chasms, made still deeper by vast torrents that pour down them during the time of heavy rains."

Holmes commented at some length on the extreme aridity of the region and the lack of suitable agricultural sites, concluding with the pious observation: "However, I do not know whether it makes any difference whether the country is barren or fruitful, if the Lord has a work to do in it."

It required more than adverse reports and negative recommendations to change the mind of Brigham Young.

He was determined that the great territory to the south should be penetrated and colonized by his people, and even before he received Haight's report he forwarded a message directing him and his party to remain in Arizona. The courier met the explorers on the west bank of the Colorado, already well on their way home to Utah.

A mission had already been established at Moencopie, most western of the Hopi Indian villages, and the following year Brigham directed John L. Blythe, who had remained at the mission after the return of the Haight party to Utah, to head another expedition up the Little Colorado. Sixteen men were "called" from Kanab and other Dixie settlements and sent to Moencopie to report to Blythe.

They got no further than the mission town. The Navajo Indians were passing through one of their periodic outbursts of resentment toward white invasion and surlily informed the Mormons that any new settlements would have short lives and decidedly rough ones. The Saints had learned by this time that the Navajos usually made good on any promises of that nature, and that they were amenable neither to conciliatory speeches nor bribery in the form of new pants. The colonization scheme failed. The members of the party remained at Moencopie for a few weeks and then, one at a time, drifted back to Utah.

Not until October of 1875 did Brigham find a man who could, and would, make the desired survey. That leader was James S. Brown, a veteran of the Mormon Battalion, who had fulfilled many missions in various

parts of the country. After his discharge from the Battalion, he had found work at Sutter's Fort and had been one of the six Mormons working at the saw mill, forty-five miles from the fort, when the first discovery of placer gold in California was made in the tail race from the mill. Since his California adventures, Brown had lost a leg, amputation having been necessary after an accident on a hunting trip. His exploit in traveling 1,300 miles, by wagon and on horseback, in eleven weeks, is even more noteworthy when that physical handicap is considered.

The crippled veteran, with twelve companions, left Salt Lake City on October 30th, crossed the Colorado at Lee's Ferry, and made his headquarters at the Moencopie mission. From there he struck south to what was known as the Beale Road, a trail that followed approximately the route of the present U. S. Highway No. 66, and which was an extension of the Beale Survey of 1858, an expedition noteworthy in that camels were used for transportation across the deserts. Brown followed the Beale Road westward almost to where the town of Williams now stands, turned back to the Little Colorado, and explored many miles further up that stream than any who had preceded him. It was Christmas Day when he returned to Moencopie, and his journal tells of a narrow escape from death when he and his two companions were driven from their course and all but buried in a blizzard that came whirling down from the lofty San Francisco peaks.

Brown set out immediately for Salt Lake City and

reached there on January 14th. His report was the one for which Brigham had been waiting. The Little Colorado valley, said Brown, was an excellent field for settlement. Already a road had been surveyed from Fort Defiance, on the New Mexican border, to Fort Whipple (Prescott), and on to Fort Yuma. Colonies of the Saints would be on an important overland trail from Santa Fé to California, and if the Mormons did not take advantage of the opportunities presented it would be only a matter of time before the Gentiles would acquire all the desirable locations.

Brigham lost no time. The call that was issued was nothing short of a command, and some two hundred men, with their families, were ordered to assemble at Kanab. Almost as soon as they arrived at that most southern of Utah towns they were sent southward, and the pioneer party arrived on March 23rd, 1876, at the Sunset Crossing of the Little Colorado, a ford located only a few rods north of the present highway and railroad bridges east of Winslow.

“William C. Allen located about twenty-five miles southeast of the crossing,” wrote the historian of the expedition, “and called his place Allen. George Lake and his company located on the opposite side of the river, between two and three miles southwest, and named their settlement Obed. President Lot Smith settled three miles below and northwest of the Sunset Crossing and named the camp Sunset. By April sixth, thirty-five acres of wheat had been sown.”

Under a date a few weeks later we find the notation:

Photo. by C. R. Savage
SALT LAKE CITY IN 1875, SHOWING TABERNACLE AS IT IS TODAY AND TEMPLE IN
COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION



"It is all United Order here and no beating about the bush, for it is the intention to go into it in the full meaning of the term. We have built a long shantie with a long table in it and all have their meals together. . . . It is a good country to start the United Order in. A man cannot do much alone, what with the water being hard to get out and one thing and another. In a few years the trials will be overcome and this will become the home of thousands."

All of which merits some elaboration and explanation. A few years did not see the difficulties conquered, very few thousands dwell in the valley of the Little Colorado, and the dream of a perfect communism according to the rules of the United Order of Enoch has virtually vanished from the memory of man along with many other Utopian ideals of the saintly visionaries.

The United Order was established at Brigham City, north of Salt Lake City, in 1864. Lorenzo Snow, whose career in the Mormon Church was to culminate in his being chosen its president, is generally credited with fathering the thought of a communal system that would benefit both the individual and the community of which he was a member. Agriculture, manufacturing, lumbering, stock-raising — every industry and activity was reduced to the common denominator of "all for one and one for all." Each worker had his own home, but all the families ate in a common mess-hall, where the food was prepared by the best cooks of the settlement. The men pooled their labor in the fields or on the dams and ditches, and each family shared according to its numbers in the

harvest. Where wages or cash payments were necessary, they were made in script.

There can be no doubt but that Snow's plan of the United Order presented, in concrete form, the ideal state of which Brigham Young had often dreamed. The Mormon leader strongly endorsed the Order, and its provisions were given a trial, at one time or another, in many of the smaller settlements. Rarely did it survive more than a few months. The idealism of common labor for the common good was not proof against individual jealousy, indolence, selfishness, and greed. Government according to the rules of the Order survived for nine years in Kane County, in a cañon of the upper Virgen known as Long Valley. The towns of Mt. Carmel and Glendale were established there in March of 1871, and in 1875 a group of zealots who desired to practice the principles of the Order without compromise founded a settlement midway between Mt. Carmel and Glendale and called their new home Orderville. They built a community bakery, kitchen, and dining-room, arranging their simple cabin homes in a square convenient to those buildings and the church and amusement hall. The men tilled community-owned fields and the wheat was ground to flour in a mill which the people built and operated. Not until late in 1883 was the communistic scheme of things in Orderville abandoned, "there having arisen a spirit of competition and of individual ambitions."

Every tourist who drives from Zion National Park to Bryce Cañon over the magnificent Carmel Highway passes through Orderville, but only the old flour mill is

standing today as a monument to the nearest approach to communism that America has ever known.

On the Little Colorado, the United Order lasted as long as most of the settlements in which it was installed. The history of all the colonies along the lower course of that treacherous stream is a tale of unceasing struggle against the river and the devouring floods that, almost without warning, swept down from the Mogollon and the White Mountains and carried away field and crop, house and stored grain.

The settlers were told of the risk they were taking in building their homes so close to the banks of the Little Colorado. The Hopi Indians had been living in those parts for quite some time. A very similar tribe, if not the Hopi's direct ancestors, had built Wupatki and the other prehistoric houses that run for miles along either bank of the river. The little people of the mesa tops knew the Colorado Chiquito, and when they saw where the Mormons were placing their homes were quick to tell the newcomers of the dangers that threatened.

"The Indians tell us that if we intend to live where we are encamped, we had better fix some scaffolding in the trees for the river gets very high sometimes," says a letter forwarded to Salt Lake City on April 28th, 1876. With the sublime self-confidence of the Anglo-Saxon and his stubborn refusal to learn from the savage, the writer continued: "But if I am any judge, the supply of water is not abundant. Whether we shall have the faith to increase it, as our fathers did in Utah, will remain to be seen. We have succeeded in damming the river, our

dam being over 200 yards long, our ditch near three miles. Some declare that the water will have to run up hill."

The river at that point runs through a wide alluvial plain. It was difficult to obtain sufficient drop for the water to reach the fields, and many of the settlers announced that the ditch was a failure and that the water would never reach the plowed ground. The ditch-builders were more confident, and to convince the doubters the water was permitted to run from the ditch directly to the camp ground. The drastic object lesson proved that the course of the ditch was downhill, but we learn that "it did not have the effect of cooling the sisters when they had to wade to get out of the wagons."

It was those pioneers of Sunset who discovered for the white man the ancient ruin of Wupatki, a prehistoric village of the Little Colorado culture. The discovery was considered worthy of an item in the *Deseret News*, for an article printed on May 24th, 1876, states that "one of the Arizona settlers states that while he and a couple of others were exploring recently they discovered an ancient fort, the walls of which are two stories high and well and compactly built, the mason work being far superior to anything done in that line by the present native inhabitants of the country. The fort is situated on a wash in such a position as to be almost impregnable. It is a large building and the walls are perforated on every side by portholes. Adjacent to the fort are standing the walls of what has been a considerable village. All those buildings appear to be very old, many hundreds of years,

all of the timber having decayed, mouldered, and disappeared with age. This curious relic is about halfway between the Little Colorado River and the San Francisco Mountains."

Not all of the wood had moldered away, nor was all of it burned in the fires of pot-hunters who afterwards camped at the site. Some of the beams were buried beneath the rubbish of fallen walls and collapsed floors. They have been excavated, and by studying their growth-rings, Dr. A. E. Douglass of the University of Arizona has determined that the oldest beam from the Wupatki ruin was cut in the year 1087 A.D., and that the most recent log was cut 110 years after that date. It is scarcely necessary to mention that the "portholes" which so impressed the discoverers were the holes through which those beams penetrated the stone walls.

The dam and the three-mile ditch of which the Sunset colonists were so proud did not long endure. Those irrigation projects had cost the settlers more than \$5,000 and many weary days of toil, and they lasted until the first flood. The dam—a mere mud dike across the stream—could not withstand the pressure of twelve feet of water behind it and it "went out" in a whirl of released water and a rush of yellow mud in July of 1876. The brethren, laboring under the rules of the United Order, built another dam further up the stream the following year. When this was carried away, United Order labor constructed a third control barrier at the LeRoux Wash, just west of the present city of Holbrook.

Even as early as 1878, Lot Smith, president of the Lit-

tle Colorado Mission, seemed to feel some doubt as to whether the United Order would prove satisfactory or permanent in the primitive community over which he presided. There is a pharisaical strain in the news letter which he forwarded to Salt Lake City in February of that year.

“This mission has had a strange history so far,” he admitted; “most of those who came having got weak in the back or knees and gone home. Some, I believe, have felt somewhat exercised about the way we are getting along and the mode in which we are conducting our culinary affairs. Now, I have always had a preference for eating with my family, but have striven to show that I was willing to enlarge as often as circumstances require. . . . We have enlarged ourselves to the amount of forty in one day. We have noticed that most people who pass are willing to stop and board with us for a week or two, notwithstanding our poor provisions and the queer style they were served up.”

The enlargements of which Smith wrote consisted mainly of emigrants from the East; homeseekers who in ever-increasing numbers were using the Santa Fé Trail and the Beale Road as a means of access to southern California. Among those emigrants were the “Boston men,” the term applied by the Mormons to a group of more than a hundred men from Massachusetts. Inspired by lectures delivered by Judge Samuel W. Cozzens, the New Englanders organized the American Colonization Company and set out to establish a settlement at a spot in

northeastern Arizona which had been described by Cozzens as a veritable oasis.

The Bostonians never reached their valley. The lecturer's imagination was far more fertile than the lands he pictured and which he was never able definitely to locate. The colonists eventually landed in the vicinity of Prescott, abandoning their project and seeking work in the mines of the Lynx Creek, Hassayampa, and Big Bug districts, but on their way to the placers they had some interesting encounters with the Mormon settlers of the Little Colorado basin. The Saints were totally unable to understand the "Boston men," and said so frankly in letters to their friends in Salt Lake City. Possibly they would have been even more bewildered had they realized the reasons for the emigrants' diffidence and their reluctance to accept the meager hospitality which the Saints so freely offered.

Long before they left New England, the members of the American Colonization Company had been told that the Mormons were scarcely less savage than the Apaches and Kiowas. To slay a Gentile, they were informed, represented the height of saintly ambition. Surely it must have been difficult for them to adjust such preconceived notions to the sight of peaceful agricultural communities, where men labored at the planting while their families were still living in the wagons which had brought them to their new homes. It is something of a let-down to find that a wild-eyed fanatic, thirsting for Gentile blood, proves on intimate acquaintance to be a kindly,

bearded farmer, meeting twice daily with his fellows for prayer and thanksgiving, and joining with them in singing lustily:

The Mormon man delights to see
His Mormon family all agree;
His prattling infant on his knee,
Crying, "Daddy, I'm a Mormon."

Hey, the happy! Ho, the happy!
Hi, the happy Mormon!
I've never known what sorrow is
Since I became a Mormon!

Naturally, the Bostonians passed on without payment of blood-toll and the Saints continued their agriculture and their unceasing struggle to harness the Little Colorado. It were mere and wearisome repetition to give the date of construction of each dam that was placed between Sunset and St. Johns, following with the date that the barrier was swept away. The whole story — the patience and fortitude of the colonists, their labor, and their uncomplaining fatalism — may be found in the brief prayer with which the citizens of St. Joseph, in March of 1894, dedicated their eighth dam across the River of Flax.

"Oh, Lord," implored the stake president, "we pray Thee that this dam may stand, if it be Thy will. If not, let Thy will be done."

By the time that eighth dam was built the people of St. Joseph — fifteen families — had seen more than fifty thousand of their hard-earned dollars, expended on the barrier's seven predecessors, sweep away toward the Grand

Cañon on the crest of the whirling black floods of the Little Colorado.

"The settlement," noted Andrew Jensen, church historian, "is the leading community in pain, determination, and unflinching courage in dealing with the elements around them."

St. Joseph is the only settlement that survives of those founded on the lower course of the river. It is now called Joseph City, and the tall cottonwoods along its quiet streets cast the only shade that the traveler finds between Holbrook and Winslow. The original name of St. Joseph was given in honor of the Prophet, Joseph Smith. All of the "Saint" prefixes found on the list of Mormon settlements indicate a tribute to a revered individual within the church or the colony, not to a biblical character.

Failures though those early Arizona settlements were doomed to be, they paved the way for the more prosperous colonies to the southward; for Snowflake—named for William J. Flake and Erastus Snow—for Woodruff and Pinedale and St. Johns. Holbrook, named for an engineer engaged in the survey for the Atlantic & Pacific Railway, was first settled by the Mormon John W. Young and his family. The location was known as the Horsehead Crossing of the Little Colorado, and the Mormon colonists found there a roadside store owned by a Mexican whose name was apparently Berado or something very similar. A different spelling is employed by everyone who found occasion to mention the innkeeper, but his name is of little importance. The tiny hostel he ran is of interest only because of the sign that was placed

above the door. An American painted the original legend: "If you have the money, you can eat." The proprietor, with more Castilian notions of hospitality, added the encouraging postscript: "No got money, eat anyway."

Sixty miles southeast of Holbrook is St. Johns, county-seat of Apache County, and possessed of a far more hectic, colorful history than almost any other of the settlements of the Saints in Arizona. Incidentally, it is the only Arizona town which does not owe the "Saint" in its name to Spanish or Mormon influence. The present title is an Anglicization of San Juan, in honor of the first woman resident, Señora Maria San Juan Baca de Padilla.

The Mormon Church claims Solomon Barth, the original settler of St. Johns, as one of its members. Possibly he was, for his uncle was a convert to the faith of the Saints and Barth was a boy of thirteen when he accompanied his uncle as members of a push-cart caravan crossing the plains to Salt Lake City. A chapter could be written on the adventures and the commercial pioneering of this Prussian Jew, Solomon Barth. He was at San Bernardino until that California outpost of Zion was abandoned in 1857 when he crossed the Colorado desert to Fort Yuma. He was at the now dead city of La Paz during the boom days of the placer mines in La Paz and Goodman Arroyos. He was a mail carrier between Yuma and the distant seat of territorial government at Prescott, was one of the first white men to build up trade relations with the pueblo of Zuñi in western New Mexico, was

captured by Apaches and reduced to a diet of dog in crossing the desert after his liberation, and was the first post trader at Camp Ord, the army outpost that afterwards grew into Fort Apache. With a few trade articles on a pack-horse, he penetrated into every part of the wild, unsettled land of northern Arizona, continuing his wanderings until 1873, when the luck of a card game determined his permanent residence and the establishment of the hamlet of St. Johns. The game was played at El Vadito, the Little Ford, a crossing of the Colorado Chiquito. Perhaps that Señor de Padilla for whose wife the town was named was a player, for tradition states that the adversaries of the Prussian Jew were New Mexicans and both Baca and Padilla are historic names in that state.

The cards ran steadily in Barth's favor, and when the game came to an end the trader was wealthier by several thousand dollars and nearly three thousand sheep. The sheep were grazing near the ford and Barth settled on the pasture, the turn of the cards changing him from a roving trader to a stockman and, later, a speculator in real estate. He claimed 1,200 acres along the river and, aided by his brothers, Morris and Nathan, at once began work on the construction of a dam and the digging of irrigation ditches to carry the water to the fields he determined to cultivate. His interests were purchased six years later by Ammon M. Tenney on behalf of the Mormon Church. The machinery of Mormon colonization was immediately set in operation and by March 27th, 1880, nearly two hundred Saints were dwelling about the scene of the gambling.

Two years later, on June 24th, 1882, Nathan C. Tenney, the father of Ammon and patriarch of the little settlement, was instantly killed by a bullet intended for one of two rough characters whom he and the sheriff were escorting to jail. The pair, Nat and Harris Greer, were threatened with lynching but were saved by the sheriff. They were taken to Prescott for trial, but the stake history tells that they "escaped with light punishment."

The death of Nathan Tenney, the summary execution of two roughs who sought to emulate the Greers in terrorizing the town, and several near-battles that arose from disputes over land titles and the jumping of desirable tracts, made ardent pacifists of the good Mormon burghers of St. Johns. It was they who forced a temporary truce upon the warring factions in the famous Tonto Basin feud when, in 1888, Thomas Graham was tried for murder in their town. The little hamlet was invaded by the hard-faced badmen from the Tonto Basin — the killers, professional and amateur, who followed the aegis of the Grahams and their sworn enemies, the Tewksburys. Members of the opposing factions passed each other each day on the shaded streets or sat elbow to elbow in the crowded courtroom, listening to the evidence that strove to link Thomas Graham with the killing of an Indian sheepherder. Anything — a chance remark, an unintentionally overt act — would precipitate a clash and a clash would mean only dead men.

The heavy guns that hung at every man's thigh were never drawn. One man — it could have been none other than David K. Udall, Bishop of St. Johns and afterwards

stake president — called on the leaders of the two factions.

“We are a peaceful people here,” was the tenor of his remarks. “We will have peace even if we must fight for it. If the feud between the Tewksburys and the Grahams is opened up here in St. Johns, we will take a hand in it. Every man in this town is armed, and if we are compelled to draw our guns we will not replace them until the last feudist is dead.”

It is a matter of history that hostilities were postponed until the two groups of enemies returned — after the acquittal of Graham — to their homes in the Tonto Basin, many miles from Bishop Udall and his peaceful followers.

It was incidental to that same Graham-Tewksbury feud that Holbrook, the former Horsehead Crossing, was the scene of one of the most remarkable exhibitions of cold nerve and dauntless courage in the history of the entire West. A writer of the most blood-and-thunder fiction would scarcely dare place his hero in the position occupied by Commodore Perry Owens, sheriff of Apache County, when, standing alone in the open, his back to his dead horse, he faced four desperate men, heavily armed, intrenched in a log cabin. Local tradition states that the rifle with which Owens was armed was never raised above the level of his waist. He shot from the hip, the old-timers of Holbrook will tell you, and when the smoke had settled three of his antagonists were dead, the fourth crippled for life. The sheriff was unharmed.

The Saints were the only group that succeeded in re-

maining neutral during the sheep and cattle war that flared through central Arizona during the lurid decade of the '80s. They founded their settlements, built their rough cabins, tilled their fields, and demanded only that the warring factions let them alone. They built Heber and Grant and Alpine and Nutrioso. Their cabins are at Pinedale and Young and Showlow. Not one American in a thousand has ever heard those names, but they represent the first permanent white settlement of no small portion of a tremendous commonwealth, the Anglo-Saxon colonization of lands that previously had been the hunting-ground of the Apaches, and the gradual retreat of those surly Indians to the limits of their reservation in the White Mountains.

The Saints built Alpine, four miles from the New Mexican line. Eight thousand feet above the sea, it is said to represent the altitude record for successful, year-round agriculture in the United States. Twelve miles east is Luna, also a Mormon colony although named for a prominent family of western New Mexico. It was near that town that Frederick Hamblin, a brother of the redoubtable missionary, Jacob Hamblin, emerged victorious from a single-handed battle with what local chroniclers state was the largest grizzly bear ever killed in the Mogollon Mountains.

Hamblin's rifle was of the single-shot variety. The beast closed and grappled with him when the bullet failed to kill and the two fought until the stock of the weapon was shattered and the steel of the barrel deeply scored by the bear's teeth. Hamblin was scratched from

head to foot and his right hand was crushed between the grizzly's jaws, but the bear wearied of the battle before the man and lumbered away, badly wounded. It was tracked down and killed by a neighbor, and Hamblin's family still display the broken rifle as they tell the story of the fight.

The short-lived colonies on the lower courses of the Little Colorado were the parent settlements of all the Mormon towns of northern Arizona. From them came the pioneers who fought outlaws and Apaches on the upper Gila and whose perseverance has a monument today in the thriving town of Safford, the county-seat of Graham County.

The very names of those early outposts are now forgotten, their locations and histories unknown even to many of the Saints. They were failures in the sites chosen, but they mark the first definite settlements south of the great barrier of the Grand Cañon. It were fitting that Lot Smith, first to settle at the Sunset Crossing, should have been the last to leave the lonely hamlet. With that perseverance of which only the Saints were capable, he stuck it out until 1888, when he moved with his family to Tuba City, the colony founded by the Mormons three miles from the pueblo of Moencopie. Four years later he was killed in a quarrel with a band of Navajos whose sheep had been turned into his pasture.

Tuba was named not for a horn but for a head-man of the Hopi village of Oraibi. Its location was determined by the discovery of abundant water on the mesa several miles north of the mission station that had been estab-

lished at Moencopie. At Tuba was built the first woolen mill in the state of Arizona. John W. Young sponsored the project and built a stone structure measuring 90 x 70 feet. By April of 1880, according to an item in the *Deseret News*, 192 spindles were in operation and large supplies of wool had been purchased from the Navajos and Hopis.

The Indians soon lost interest in the local industry. The products of their own primitive looms represented no small portion of their income and they ceased from bringing wool to the Mormon buyers. Young experienced other difficulties in finding labor sufficiently skilled to operate the machinery and "the factory closed without revolutionizing the Navajo and Hopi woolen industry." In 1900 a visitor to Tuba wrote that "the factory has most literally been carried away by Indians, travelers and others."

In 1894 Andrew Jensen, church historian, visited the sites of the early Arizona settlements. He found the stone walls of the Sunset buildings still standing.

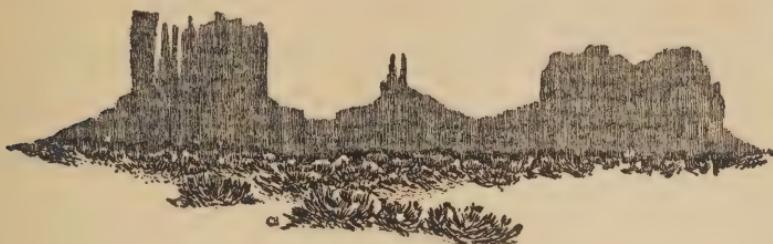
"Everything is desert," he wrote. "The whole landscape looks dreary and forbidding and the lonely graveyard on the hillside only reminds one of the population which once was and that is no more."

Even those walls can now scarcely be traced. The pioneering Saints built well, but the desert has reclaimed its own and the Little Colorado sweeps over the fields where once the wheat was golden. Only the Hopis are still there, gazing across the desert from their mesa homes

toward the distant River of the Flax, marching to the rock-hewn kivas for their esoteric ceremonies, and giving little thought to the fate of those strange bearded Bohannas who were too stubborn to build their homes in the trees to avoid the swift flood waters.

The American frontier never beheld a movement quite like that of the Mormons. The authority of the church was absolute. This discipline . . . made the Mormon experiment a success. Church and state were practically one and through its political as well as spiritual power the church controlled the economic and social life of the community. . . . Dissension was negligible. Only a community so disciplined and so forgetful of the individual . . . could have established itself in the sub-arid edge of the Central Basin.

RALPH HENRY GABRIEL.
"Pageant of America," Vol. II.



CHAPTER XII

Ho! For San Juan!

GLORIOUS in its tale of difficulties overcome; pathetic in its record of utterly negative accomplishment, is the story of the initial attempt to settle San Juan County, Utah.

That portion of the state, the extreme southeastern corner, is even today a No-Man's Land beside which Death Valley is crowded. It is a great right-angled triangle bounded on the east by Colorado, on the south by Arizona, and with the tortuous course of the least known stream in all America, the Colorado River, completing the triangle with a crooked hypotenuse that forms the county's northwestern frontier.

One may drive an automobile from north to south over the entire extent of Death Valley. There are other roads, rough but passable, by which motor cars may leave the once-dreaded sink to the west or east; through Townsend Pass in the Panamints, through Daylight Pass to the dead and forgotten mining towns in Nevada.

No road crosses San Juan County. The highway from central Utah to southwestern Colorado enters the county

on its northern border, follows a southerly route to Monticello, and then turns straight east to the Colorado line, twenty miles away. That is a state- and government-maintained highway, passable at almost any season of the year.

Another road leads south from Monticello through Blanding to Bluff on the San Juan River, a little brother of the Colorado that slices a wide strip from southern Utah and presents it, so far as accessibility is concerned, to Arizona and the Navajo Indian Reservation. The state has assumed a certain responsibility for that Monticello-Bluff road. It is passable most of the time.

The only other road in the county that can be considered a through highway follows the San Juan to Mexican Hat, twenty-odd miles west of Bluff, crosses the river on a suspension bridge, and swings hurriedly southwest across the "Paiute Strip" and the Navajo Reservation, entering Arizona amid the sculptured rock pinnacles of Monument Valley.

At the very best that road from Bluff to Monument Pass is but a way through; less rough than the wilderness of sagebrush and saltweed, dry sand, and naked, wind-blown rock on either side. There is a legend in the country to the effect that once that road was "worked," that a scraper was run over it all the way from Kayenta in Arizona to Bluff. Any factual foundation for that piece of folklore is indiscernable today. From the moment it leaves Bluff, that road dips in and out of washes that when dry are long bars of sand as fine as flour, when

damp they are beds of quicksand, and when the flood-waters are running they are torrents. For a space, after crossing Comb Wash, the highway follows the bed of a ravine known as Snake Cañon. The name was given after a snake broke its back in an effort to negotiate the turns.

Once, when San Juan County experienced a short-lived oil boom, there were busy communities at Mexican Hat and at Goodridge, on the San Juan River west of Bluff. The bridge across the river is still there, but the towns themselves are almost as dead as the villages the cliff-dwellers built in the caverns along the stream.

Approximately 2,200 people call San Juan County home — the population of one of the smaller suburbs of Boston in an area only slightly less in extent than the entire state of Massachusetts. Three-fourths of that population live in or immediately adjacent to the towns of Monticello and Blanding. Bluff, the only settlement on the San Juan River, is credited with 150 inhabitants. The control of traffic has not yet become a problem in Bluff and on the road to Mexican Hat and the Navajo Reservation.

Beyond those few hamlets and those three roads, San Juan County is unchanged from the days when the cliff-dwellers built their homes in the caves of Cottonwood Cañon and Beef Basin. To penetrate its unexplored fastnesses, to gaze into the depths of its unnamed cañons, one must rely on horse or mule for transportation, must carry food for himself and his beasts, and must pray that

the rains have filled the rare water-holes and the deep potholes in the rocks.

The Mormon pioneers had no eye for beauty. Nowhere in the mass of records of their adventuring is there mention of the color of the crimson cliffs that wall the Colorado or of the weird grandeur of Monument Valley. Yet the San Juan region is a land of almost unreal beauty. Westward from Bluff to where its waters merge with the Colorado, the San Juan has cut its way through one rough hill after another, exposing successive layers of crimson sandstone that, as their strata follow the rolling contour of the hills, band the slopes with scarlet zigzags like nothing else but the barbaric pattern of a Navajo blanket. The design is there in all its regularity of outline nor is the color lacking.

In tracing the course of the river, the Saints came upon a spot where the stream virtually doubled upon its course, cutting a great circular amphitheater in the exact center of which there rose a huge terraced cone of sandstone more than eight hundred feet in height. A dike of rock scarcely ten feet in thickness separated the point of the river's entrance from that where it left the loop to plunge onward through its deep cañons to the distant Colorado.

It was—and is—a spot overpowering in its impressive grandeur. Did those Saints who were the first white men to view that great cone name it "Angels' Landing" or "Altar of Vishnu" or "Brahma Temple." They did not. Their eyes followed the contour of the peculiar loop traced by the river about the base of the mammoth butte and they christened the place "The Twist." Later it

came to be known by the title it now bears, one of equal poetic charm — “The Gooseneck.”

Railroads spanned this continent from coast to coast and the nation had celebrated its one-hundredth birthday before the first white man settled in San Juan County. The credit for the original settlement belongs to a Mormon. It was in 1877 that Peter Shirts, a pioneer in Utah’s Dixie, moved from the Santa Clara to Montezuma Creek where it enters the San Juan less than fifteen miles from the Colorado line.

Shirts’ motive in emigrating, alone, is a mystery. His son had married one of John Doyle Lee’s daughters, and it has been said that Peter moved to avoid the notoriety incident to the federal government’s prosecution of Lee for his participation in the Mountain Meadows massacre. Such a theory is nothing more than idle speculation. All that is known is that Shirts did make the long, difficult journey to the San Juan and that when the first body of Mormons arrived to scout the country, two years later, they found him “a lone hermit, subsisting on fish and wearing vestiges of clothes which had been.”

In 1878 two men named Mitchell moved their families to the mouth of the McElmo Cañon, several miles east of Shirts and barely within the boundaries of Utah. John Brewer and George Clay joined the Mitchells a few months later. All the members of this group were Gentiles, the Mitchell families being rather bitterly opposed to Mormons and Mormonism.

It was early in 1879, however, that John Taylor, successor to Brigham Young in the first presidency of the

church, issued a call for a company to penetrate the San Juan country to "cultivate the goodwill of the Indians and to preserve law and order."

The move was made advisable, if not necessary, by economic conditions in two areas, contributing factors far more important in the eyes of the church than any Indian goodwill or the preservation of law and order. White settlements were being established in southwestern Colorado along streams tributary to the San Juan River, and the influx of more settlers was promised by the westward extension of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad from the railhead at Alamosa. The church authorities felt that it would be but a short time before that tide of immigration moved westward and they desired that the fertile lowlands, if such existed, along the San Juan be held by the Saints. Also, it was felt that Utah's Dixie was becoming over-populated. There was but little desirable agricultural land remaining and that which was already under intensive cultivation demanded all the water that could be drawn from the Virgen and Sevier Rivers and their tributaries. The iron mines in the Parowan area had proved unsuccessful and the foundry of the Deseret Iron Company had been converted to other uses.

The general course of the San Juan River was of course known, as was also the fact that the stream carried permanent water sufficient for almost unlimited irrigation. Of the country on either side of the San Juan, Taylor and his associates knew little more than they did of Tibet, but

they directed a survey by the simple method of calling a group from the Virgen and Sevier Valley settlements to penetrate the unknown region and report on the conditions encountered there.

Silas S. Smith, Jr., was appointed captain of the party and he decided to approach the San Juan from the south, leading a group of twenty-six men, three of whom were accompanied by their wives and children, from Panguitch to Moencopie, on the Little Colorado, by way of Kanab, House Rock Valley, and Lee's Ferry.

On May 13th, 1879, Smith and his men struck out east and north from Moencopie across the deserts of the Navajo country. They were guided by Seth Tanner, a Gentile and a pioneer in Arizona, for whom Tanner's Crossing of the Little Colorado was named. It is a ford about a mile up the stream from the present bridge at Cameron.

"Never before," Smith noted in his journal, "had the Indians permitted so large a party of white men to pass through the country, but as they heard the brethren were digging wells and leaving water behind, they were glad to let them pass unmolested."

Then, as now, water meant life in the Navajo lands.

Smith's diary gives virtually no landmarks by which one can trace his course across a region that, in 1879, was as little known as the Mountains of the Moon. From the fact that he got through with wagons, however, and reached the San Juan two miles below the mouth of the McElmo, it is apparent that his route was directly

through Marsh Pass and then east and north toward the Four Corners where Utah, Arizona, Colorado, and New Mexico meet in a common point.

The party found "plenty of water and good grass" at Cow Springs — called by them "Cattle Water" — where neither water nor forage exists today. Fifty miles beyond, about where the isolated settlement of Kayenta stands today, they were compelled to fill their buckets from "a sandstone tank where thousands of sheep watered. The water was almost the same as that found in a corral."

Forty-two miles farther — a four days' journey — the caravan "came up a steep rock where it seemed impossible for wagons to travel and camped that night at Lost Springs." We are told that those springs had been lost for years, that their existence was merely a legend among the Navajos, but that a member of the party received a vision that water would be found if, like Moses, he smote the rocks at a certain point with his rod.

A pickaxe proved more effective than a rod and a supply of sweet water sufficient for their needs was obtained from a seepage through the broken ledges. The discovery, we are told, changed to friendship the hostility of a band of Navajos near whose hogans the party had camped.

Again and again, in the very fragmentary record of that trip of more than 150 miles across an unknown desert, we find brief references to clashes with the Navajos. Those Indians had been returned to their reserva-

tion but a few years before from the captivity at Bosque Redondo, New Mexico, into which they had been led by Kit Carson. They had not forgotten the very sound trouncing administered to their war parties by the old scout. They hated the white man and were sullenly, if not actively, hostile to anything that resembled an invasion of the territory they regarded as their own.

On May 21st, nine days after leaving Moencopie, the scouting party forded the San Juan at what was afterwards known as Allen's Bottom, followed the stream to the mouth of the Montezuma, and there erected a semi-permanent camp. H. H. Harriman and James L. Davis, whose families had accompanied them on the trip, and Harvey Duncan elected to remain in the new location, but Silas Smith and the balance of the party returned to Utah by a more northern route.

Smith reported the San Juan Valley as presenting excellent opportunities for settlement. There was unlimited water, he said, and many acres of fertile bottom land on which all manner of crops could be raised. The route he had followed from Moencopie was rejected as too circuitous. He advised that a more direct route, less subject to Indian attack, be sought, and decision was made to scout from Escalante, a tiny settlement on the Escalante River, west of the Colorado. Charles Hall was sent out from the hamlet to survey the river for a crossing.

"How he happened to miss the more favorable places since found," wrote one of the pioneers in later years, "is not quite clear. Crossing the desert from Escalante, he

looked down on the Colorado through what became known as the Hole-in-the-Rock, a strange entrance to a hewn notch in the river's west wall."

The notch was not hewn until later. The Hole was a cleft, one hundred feet in depth, between the sheer rock walls and a tall pinnacle that erosion—or possibly a cleavage—had left standing beside the cliff. The river lay two thousand feet below, two thousand feet of which the most gentle descent was at an angle in excess of forty-five degrees. There were two distinct drops over perpendicular cliffs of smooth red sandstone. One cliff-wall was nearly sixty feet high, the other slightly less. The entire two thousand feet to the Colorado was embraced in less than three-quarters of a mile, a descent so abrupt that at scarcely any point was it possible to walk directly toward the stream. One could progress only by a series of diagonals.

Hall apparently made no effort to reach the Colorado or to test for himself the difficulty of descending to the river or climbing the cliffs on the eastern shore. From the Hole-in-the-Rock he could see that there were no rapids in the stream at that point and concluded that a crossing would not present any exceptional difficulties. The high promontories that mark the mouth of the San Juan were clearly visible from where Hall stood. Directly to the eastward, on a level with his vantage-point, was what seemed to be the line of an extensive plateau, its southern boundary the deep cañon of the San Juan and its eastern limits apparently lost in the distance.

Hall must have been in a hurry to get home for dinner.

Photo. by C. R. Savage

MAIN STREET, SALT LAKE CITY, 1862, SHOWING ORIGINAL WALKER BROS. BANK



He jumped at many conclusions. His report, made on his return to Escalante, was that a road could be built to the Colorado through the Hole-in-the-Rock. Once the cliffs on the eastern bank were climbed, he said, the route would be an easy one. The wagons of the emigrants could simply roll eastward across the plateau, paralleling the San Juan, until the settlement at Montezuma was reached. He estimated the total distance as sixty miles. Mr. Hall was to learn more about that crossing and the country on the opposite side of the Colorado.

The building of the road, however, cannot be attributed to the sanguine report brought back by the first scout. Hall was repudiated by his own fellows, more than a score of them, members of various parties which surveyed the crossing site Hall had chosen and returned to announce that a road at that location was out of the question.

Bishop Andrew P. Schow and Elder James Collett, of Escalante, built a rude scow seven feet long, mounted it on a pair of wheels, and drove to the river. They took one look at the Hole-in-the-Rock and then drove upstream for two miles to the mouth of the Escalante, where they finally launched their boat after lowering it by hand in a series of long zigzags over the ledges. They descended to the Hole and there crossed to the eastern bank, surveying the cliffs on that side before returning to Escalante and reporting a road impossible.

In the meantime, however, the "call" had gone forth. It had been issued by Apostle Erastus Snow as soon as he and his colleagues received the favorable word brought back from Montezuma by Silas S. Smith. On the strength

of Hall's report the prospective colonists were directed to journey to Escalante.

"Ho! for San Juan!" said an early advertisement in the *Deseret News*. "There are many saints needed with means and muscle to help settle that country!" The country may have needed the Saints, but there can be no doubt that the Saints needed all they possessed of both means and muscle before they reached Montezuma.

Snow's "call" was no different from those which had been made for the settlements in Dixie twenty-five years before. It amounted to a selective draft, nothing less, and Iron, Beaver, and Millard Counties, all in the Dixie area, were called upon to furnish the pioneers for the San Juan Stake of Zion.

Within a month after Silas Smith's return to Paragonah, Jens Nielsen set out from Cedar City at the head of a train of twenty-five wagons. The caravan traveled to Panguitch, turning southward from there to reach Escalante by way of Red Cañon and Potato Valley. The route took them within a few miles of the now-famous Bryce Cañon, but the records of the pioneers contain no mention of that wilderness of colorful erosions. Beauty and color, as purely aesthetic abstractions, were nothing in their lives. There is no water in Bryce Cañon, no soil for cultivation. It left the old-timers cold.

In the meantime, three more surveys were made of the proposed crossing. Silas S. Smith, anxious to see the route by which the Saints were to reach the Montezuma, built a boat considerably larger than the box Schow and

Collett had used. Thirteen men accompanied him to the river, which they too reached at the mouth of the Escalante. Two full days were required to cover sixteen miles of the journey from Escalante, "the roughest country," said one of the party, "that I ever saw a wagon go over."

They crossed the Colorado and eleven of the fourteen climbed the eastern cliffs and "found the country so rough and broken and so badly cut up by deep gorges, all in solid rock, that we gave up all idea of a road being built there."

A third survey, the most comprehensive of any so far undertaken, was accomplished by four men, Kumen Jones, William W. Hutchings, George B. Hobbs, and George Lewis. They journeyed to the Hole-in-the-Rock, descended the cliffs on ropes made by knotting their blankets together, found the boat that Schow and Collett had left on the bank, and crossed to the eastern shore.

They spent six days in an exploration of the region, learning how gravely Hall had erred in assuming that the mesa he had seen was a level plain of indefinite extent. What Hall had reported as a plateau was little more than a great ridge of precipitous cliffs along the river. To the eastward of the ridge, the country fell away in a maze of cañon, cliff, and naked rock that completely filled the triangle between the San Juan and the Colorado. In the six days they were able to penetrate only ten miles into the tangle. There were no trails, no water in quantity sufficient to supply the needs of a large party, and no

open terrain. That similar conditions existed for an indefinite distance east and north of the proposed crossing was confirmed by two prospectors encountered by Jones and his partners. The four Mormons returned to Escalante, bearing a highly pessimistic report to the emigrants who had already begun to gather.

"Those prospectors just laughed at us when we told them about a road at Hole-in-the-Rock," announced Jones. "They said there was not enough money in Utah to build even a burro trail to the river and up the cliffs on the other side."

Pessimism is contagious, and when the various adverse reports reached the colonists many proposed abandoning the project and seeking another route to the San Juan. But there were visionaries among the hosts of Zion and from one of them came the brilliant suggestion that it might be possible to descend the Colorado by boat to the mouth of the San Juan and paddle up the latter stream to the Montezuma settlement.

This ambitious project — and nothing could better demonstrate how little was actually known of the country — was undertaken by the Escalante bishop, Schow, James Collett, and the four who had made the previous survey. Naturally, they failed in their endeavor. Their craft grounded in shallow water at the head of the rapids below the Hole-in-the-Rock and after an inspection of the broken water between that point and the San Juan they decided to call it a day and rowed back to their camp on the west bank. There they were joined by five more men, curious as to the country that lay beyond the river,

and the entire party, eleven in all, crossed to the eastern shore and explored in a southeasterly direction.

Although they did not work their way so far inland as had the group which had preceded them, yet they succeeded in reaching the San Juan at a point six miles above its mouth. There, Jones recorded, they "found a number of turtles and the scenery grand beyond description, but the river itself was hemmed in by perpendicular cliffs on either side, rising in some places several thousand feet high."

The "turtles" is probably a stenographer's error in transcription of the notes of the veteran's recollections. Not until the *Chelonidae* develop wings will one be found on the summit of the sandstone cliffs that gird the San Juan for the last fifty miles of its course.

The turtles are inconsequential. The important item is that this party, like all of its forerunners, returned to the camp to report construction of a road impossible.

All this time, however, the various wagon trains were converging upon Escalante and setting a course directly south from that hamlet across the sixty miles of desert that is shown on all maps of the region as the Kaiparowits Plateau, a name unknown to those that dwell in the section. To them, as to the pioneers, the long plateau between the Escalante and Paria Rivers is "Fifty Mile Mountain."

On that journey water was obtainable, in limited amount, at two seeps known as Forty and Fifty Mile Springs. Wood for their fires and fodder for their horses and oxen, the pioneers found to be at a premium every-

where on the desert. Forty Mile was made the base camp, and it was to the company assembled there that the scouts made their reports.

Other factors than engineering influenced the final decision. Silas Smith had appeared before the Territorial Legislature and had obtained an appropriation of \$5,000 toward the expense of building a wagon-road at the now famous Hole-in-the-Rock. The church also made an appropriation for the purpose. The funds were earmarked to be spent in that particular location and there was little desire to turn the cash back to its donors. The leaders of the project were compelled also to consider the question of expediency. The company that had gathered had attained a most unwieldy size. Some seventy families were camped at Forty Mile Spring. Eighty-two wagons were parked about the water-hole and hundreds of cattle and horses ranged the desert for miles around.

“So large a party,” we read, “could not turn back. They had to go ahead!”

A mass-meeting was called and the men who had actually seen the country that lay before the company made their various reports. George B. Hobbs, who had accompanied two of the parties into the land east of the Colorado, must have been either an optimist or of an exceedingly accommodating disposition. While the colonists, disheartened by the adverse reports of the scouts, again discussed the abandonment of the project, Hobbs was induced to present a minority report expressing the opinion that the road could be built. He was warmly

endorsed by Schow, the Escalante bishop, and James Collett.

“If the rest of the brethren,” thundered the Bishop, “had the courage of Brother Hobbs, we would be on our way now!”

The faint-hearted gathered courage. The pessimists, well-disciplined Mormons all, hesitated to express their doubts. Shouts of “Let’s give it a trial!” arose from the massed ranks. One enthusiast lifted his voice in a Mormon hymn. Others took up the refrain and to the stirring words of

“The Latter Day glory begins to come forth”
the men and women unanimously voted to build the road through the Hole-in-the-Rock, to cross the Colorado, and then “Ho, for San Juan!”

And when the priests left their labor, to impart the word of God unto the people, the people also left their labors to hear the word of God. And when the priest had imparted unto them the word of God, they all returned again diligently unto their labors, and the priest also, not esteeming himself above his hearers . . . and thus they were all equal, and they did all labor, every man according to his strength.

ALMA, 1:26.



CHAPTER XIII

The Hole-in-the-Rock

THERE was little delay once the decision was reached. Wagons were moved from Forty Mile to Fifty Mile Spring and from there over the rough breaks and deep washes to the rim of the plateau directly above the gash in the cliffs through which the road was to be built. Shortage of water and the necessity of finding forage for the stock led to the establishment of two camps, half of the company locating at the Hole-in-the-Rock, the remainder at Fifty Mile. Powder for blasting the ledges was purchased from the funds available, tools and supplies were brought forward from Panguitch and Escalante. Jens Nielsen, who had led the train from Cedar City, was placed in charge of the blasting, and four men — George B. Hobbs, Lemuel H. Redd, George Sevy, and George Morrill were sent as an advance party to scout a route from the eastern bank of the Colorado to Montezuma. Hobbs had visited the proposed site for settlement, although not by the route he now purposed to

travel. On the day that the pathfinders departed, December 17th, forty-seven men were hard at work on the "road."

The first third of the descent fell eight feet in each rod. "After that," an optimist reported, "the slope became less abrupt, although there were two perpendicular ledges more than fifty feet high."

The trail they built cannot be called a road by any present standards of highway construction. Leaving the plateau, it pitched directly toward the river through the famous Hole. Below that cleft, blasted to a width sufficient to permit the passage of a wagon, was a turn into a long diagonal where the lavish use of powder had made a path across the face of the cliffs.

At other points the workers constructed "dugways"—a term coined by the Mormon road-builders and in such general use in pioneer days that it was given to a town and to a mountain range in the southern portion of the Great Salt Lake Desert. One can put a dugway across areas that a road could never traverse. It is merely a rut dug so deep that a wagon wheel, once in the slot, cannot possibly get out. Gravity takes care of the rest. The wagon goes down, although the dugway builders offer no guarantee that all of the vehicle will reach the bottom at the same point.

For a time the men working on the road were lowered to their labor on ropes. Later what is described as a "small seam" in the cliffs was enlarged and widened to a narrow trail down which the workers could crawl on hands and knees. The fact that the ropes were wearing

to an alarming degree was in large measure responsible for the construction of the auxiliary trail.

The supply of powder was exhausted long before the road reached the river. A portion of the remaining descent could be made by means of a dugway, but a smooth expanse of "slick rock"—naked sandstone shelving away at a fifty degree angle—threatened for a time to baffle the engineers. The obstacle was conquered by "Uncle Ben" Perkins. At his suggestion new and wider points were forged on the drills and a long row of holes was drilled across the sloping face. At only a few points could the workers stand and swing the sledges. For the greater portion of the distance it was necessary that they be supported by ropes tied about their waists and held by other men.

Parties were sent to the mountains and to the bottom lands along the Escalante River to cut scrub oak. Pegs of this tough wood were pounded into each drilled hole. The banks of the Colorado were scoured for driftwood which was dragged up the cliffs and laid across the face of the slope from peg to peg. Stones—and of that material there was an over-supply—were then placed in a solid wall against the driftwood barrier and, behold, the foundation for a highway!

"Those Mormon roads," said one old-timer who had used many of them, "are somethin' like th' cowboy's beefsteak—just done enough to eat raw!"

More than two hundred men, women, and children were camped at Fifty Mile Spring and at the Hole-in-the-Rock. The water was scanty and of poor quality. Much

of that obtainable on the plateau was alkaline, bitterly unpalatable or mawkishly sweet, depending on the nature of the contained minerals. The water from the Colorado was heavy with the mud and silt which that river carries to the sea. It was a rich red-brown in color. Cárdenas did not name the stream the "Red" without reason.

There was little wood. Wagons were sent for many miles to gather fuel that could be used in the forges. Children grubbed up sagebrush and other desert growths to burn in the cooking fires. The emigrants also used huge quantities of the brush — it is little more than a weed — known as black shadscale.

"A bundle like a bale of hay, tied with a lasso-rope," wrote one pioneer, "was as much as a man could carry. If used economically, it would furnish a doubtful blaze for a whole half hour."

Meat was obtained from the herds that ranged for miles across the plateau, although the colonists were extremely loath to kill their cattle. The oxen were needed to haul the wagons, and the increase of the beef stock represented the only certain food supply when the goal on the San Juan was reached. There is a sardonic, unconquerable humor in the observation:

"For flour we ground horse feed in coffee mills. Corn was parched in a frying-pan over the fire and eaten. Some ate parched corn with their gravy or with their bread or with their water. Some ate it with nothing but a relish."

Nothing could daunt those San Juan pioneers. Their evenings were as gay as though the day had been one of

vacation-time idleness instead of ten hours of back-breaking toil. One of their number was Samuel Cox—"a jolly, good-looking fellow wearing leather breeches." Cox played the fiddle. A fiddle may look like a violin and it may sound like a violin, but it is a far more friendly, homely instrument than that which bears the more sophisticated title. Can one imagine *Bingo* or *Money Musk* being played on a violin? Cox fiddled and the Saints danced every night. The smooth rocks, scoured almost to a polish by countless ages of blowing sand, made the dance-floor. The brilliant desert moon gave more than sufficient illumination, and when there was no moon the dancers burned great armfuls of the precious shad-scale.

There is no record of the fact, but it is pleasant to think that possibly one of those dances was held as a celebration of the birth, on January 3rd, of a baby girl to the wife of James Hammond. The new arrival was named Lena Desert Hammond—her middle name a lifelong reminder of the sandy waste at Fifty Mile Spring where she first saw the light.

The colonists rejoiced when a violent storm swept down the Colorado on December 28th. True, the downpour extinguished their fires and soaked their blankets, but it also filled the potholes in the rocks and made it unnecessary to trudge the weary distance over the steep trail to the river for water.

On January 2nd, after two weeks of hard work on the trail, an effort was made to move some of the horses down from the plateau to a bench above the Colorado where

feed was more abundant. The majority of the animals made the treacherous descent without mishap, but nine horses were unable to keep their footing on the glassy rocks. They slipped, slid over the smooth slope to the rim of the cliffs, and crashed down to death on the rocky bank of the Colorado — "nobody knowing where they landed," one diarist grimly observes.

The mishap proved that more work was necessary, but by January 26th nearly a third of the wagons had made the descent to the Colorado and been floated to the eastern shore. First of the train to pass through the dreaded Hole-in-the-Rock was a wagon belonging to Uncle Ben Perkins. The wheels were locked and men, hanging back on long ropes, checked its speed until it had been guided around the turn below the cleft and headed for the dugways. At one point so much rubble and loose rock had been piled to build a roadbed that doubt was expressed whether the vehicle would be able to negotiate the stretch without the use of tackle to haul it over the rough surface.

The fears were groundless. The wagon struck the built trail, bounced over the rocky barrier, gained momentum on the steep grade, and reached the bottom riding on the crest of a miniature landslide of its own making. By the time the last of the eighty-odd vehicles had made the descent, the roadway was as bare of loose rock as it had been before the work began. There is no record of any wagon ever going up through the Hole-in-the-Rock.

The four men who had been sent to seek a trail to Montezuma returned to the crossing of the Colorado on

January 10th, long before the work on the roadway was completed. Twenty-five days had been required to make the round trip from the Hole to the San Juan settlement, and the story of that journey should stand as an everlasting monument to the zeal and courage of the pioneers among the Saints.

Three Georges and a Lemuel composed the quartette which set out from the camp at Hole-in-the-Rock on December 17th. As they were assembling their outfit for the trip, George Morrill asked George B. Hobbs if it would be possible to take with them a burro to pack the bedding. Hobbs replied in the affirmative, whereupon Lemuel Redd remarked that he possessed a stout, sure-footed mule that was but little larger than a burro. If Morrill's burro could get through the rough country they would traverse, he was confident his mule could make it. It was voted to take the mule, and George Sevy immediately observed that he had a tough pony that wasn't any larger than Redd's mule. Any place that the mule could go, he asserted, his pony could follow.

"Then," says Hobbs, in the memoirs he afterwards dictated for the record of the San Juan Stake, "Joseph Lilywhite gave me a small horse, so we had two animals to ride and two for packing. We carried food for eight days. The distance was estimated at between sixty and seventy miles, so eight days' food was thought to be an ample supply."

On the second day after crossing the Colorado, the four reached the barrier that was to be commemorated in the Stake history as the Slick Rocks—a sweeping expanse

of densely-compacted sandstone so smooth that only at infrequent intervals did even a crevice appear in the slippery surface. It was impossible to detour around the appalling grade. If they were to go through to Montezuma, the only course lay down the Slick Rocks.

They slept at the head of the incline and the next morning separated to scout for a trail. While Hobbs was still at the campsite, busy with some simple tasks, fourteen mountain sheep approached. The beasts apparently had little fear, and although Hobbs says they were "too pretty to kill," he made an effort to catch one of them with a riata. The sheep avoided the noose, and Hobbs followed it as it trotted away toward the shelving expanse of the Slick Rocks. Following the winding course the animal set for him, the man reached the bottom of the slope and from there could see a deep cañon leading to the northward. He returned to the summit and found his companions at the camp. It had been impossible, they reported, to discover a trail either down or around the rocky barrier. Hobbs informed them that he had already been to the foot of the slope and the four men and their animals passed safely to the cañon floor over the sheep trail.

Archaeology held little of interest for the pioneers, and Hobbs apparently saw nothing romantic in their discovery of an ancient trail, worn by the sandalled feet of the cliff-dwellers, which they followed to a seven-room dwelling in a cavern in the cañon wall. They camped there that night, sheltered by walls that had been reared half a dozen centuries before and building their campfire

in ashes undisturbed since the ancient inhabitants had deserted their home. The ruin stood near the junction of three great cañons and the men recorded the spot as Castle Fork, the name suggested by the shape of a high butte of eroded sandstone.

Another ancient trail led them northward toward the range of mountains known as the Clay Hills, but the dim trace was lost as the four men approached the uplands.

Ordinary standards of comparison are futile in attempting to describe the western portion of San Juan County—the region through which the three Georges and Lemuel Redd were striving to blaze a trail. It is unlike any other section of the United States. Once the bed of a great inland sea, the slow upheaval of that ocean floor and the consequent erosion caused by the escaping waters cut the land into a tangled network of cañons that course north, south, east, and west in apparent defiance of all known topographical laws. The gorges are so deep that an explorer will instantly assume that they continue for miles, but within a short distance of its mouth a ravine will come to an end as abrupt as the terminus of a blind alley between two skyscrapers. With further progress barred by a seven-hundred-foot cliff of sheer rock, the trail-seeker can only retrace his steps from the *cul-de-sac* and scout for a new route along the bed of another cañon.

It is a waterless land. There are few springs and not all of them can be relied upon to be flowing at all seasons of the year. One must dig where there are indications of moisture and then wait for the sub-surface seepage to fill the excavation. Either that or seek for the deep potholes

in the rock where rainwater is trapped and held for months.

One never expects to discover a good trail. Smooth and safe passages across the divides between cañon and cañon are unknown. The traveler is satisfied with any path up which his mules can scramble.

Even today, fifty years after Hobbs and his companions laid the course for the pioneers to follow, there are no maps that are accurate. No two charts can be found that agree as to the location of mountain ranges or the direction of the nameless cañons. On many of the maps of Utah the section for fifty miles on either side of the Colorado is left a blank space.

The Mormon pioneers gave Lemuel Redd's name to one of the big cañons that head in the Clay Hills and wind westward to the Colorado. Some of the maps show the general location and course of that gorge, but cartographers could see no necessity for the final *d* and it appears only as Red Cañon — one of the thousand-odd Red Cañons that are to be found in the West. Through such errors does all memory of the pioneers vanish. Jo Paul's River becomes the Humboldt; Virgen is considered an error in spelling and in the correction disappears the last trace of the intrepid trapper, Thomas Virgen. Redd Cañon was the only place-name in San Juan County that preserved the memory of any of the dauntless men who blazed the first trail through that unknown wilderness of sandstone. Topographers, misconstruing the pronunciation, accomplished the elimination of that sole monument to a glorious achievement.

Hobbs and the others, forced to scout one cañon after another in their search for a path that wagons might follow, soon realized that their stock of provisions would be exhausted long before they reached Montezuma. Their goal lay almost directly eastward from the Hole-in-the-Rock, but already they had been forced many miles to the north by the rough terrain along the San Juan and the necessity for discovering a pass through the Clay Hills.

They found that pass, the only one in the range, by following another dim trail made by the ancient inhabitants of the land. Once over the divide, they struck out to the southeast, hopeful that a more kindly region lay before them.

They encountered only disappointment and fresh setbacks. East of the Clay Hills, ranging northward from the San Juan into which it drained, lay a many-branched gorge so vast that they christened it the Grand Gulch. Its sheer walls were impassable and the scouts were again forced northward before they succeeded in passing around the head of the main cañon and its many forks. On Christmas Day they found themselves far up the slopes of another timbered range — the Elk Mountains — of the existence of which they had known nothing; and on that day they cooked the last of their food.

The Christmas dinner was "a slapjack of flour and water baked in a frying-pan. The man who cut the cake had to take the last slice."

Hobbs admits that at that point, surrounded by the timbered foothills of the unknown mountains, they real-

ized that they were lost. From where they were camped he says he could see the volcanic needle "called El Capitan a hundred miles south in the Navajo Nation," but of nearer landmarks there were none. Hobbs placed their difficulties before a Power far greater than himself or his companions. He knelt among the stones and prayed. Guided by prayer, he climbed to the summit of a small knoll south of the camp. There was nothing in the appearance of the hillock to indicate that its crest would afford a view more extensive than that from the camp, but Hobbs discovered that the land fell away sharply on the eastern slope. From the eminence he was able to gaze across the southern spurs of Elk Ridge and recognize in the distance the familiar contours of the Blue Mountains, northwest of Montezuma.

The four men knelt together in thanksgiving and the hillock was given the name of Salvation Knoll.

That night they again found shelter in a cliff-dwelling, and on the following day, without food, journeyed south along the course of Comb Wash until almost nightfall before an Indian trail led them to a pass through the serrated ridge, its profile exactly that of a cock's comb, that gives the location its name. We can gain an idea of the roughness of that pass by the fact that Hobbs noted that the Indians "had worked very hard at many places to build it up." When an Indian admits the necessity of building a trail it is more than rough!

The pathfinders camped that night in Butler Wash, the first valley to the east of Comb Creek. It was their third night without food.

"I cut my name in the rocks, with the date that I was there," writes Hobbs, "not knowing that I would survive the hard journey."

Snow that fell during the night supplied them with water, but also soaked through their clothing and worn boots. Hobbs has stated that as the party climbed out of Butler Wash he found himself hoping that one of the animals would fall and kill itself. Such a misfortune would at least supply food for him and his starving companions.

Late in the afternoon of that day, the four men, two riding and two trudging through the sand behind those that were mounted, staggered up the bank from the ford of Cottonwood Wash and crossed the treeless flat toward the cabin that a man named Harris, a Mormon from Colorado, had built on the present townsite of Bluff.

Harris and his sons, George and Dan, told them the date, December 29th. They had consumed eleven days in making a journey for which eight had been allotted. For four days they had not tasted food and Hobbs says that "while Sister Becky Warren, one of the Harris household, was frying the meat for our supper I don't believe any torture in hell could have been worse for us. I believe I ate twenty-two biscuits."

Before they rose from the table they had consumed every morsel placed before them and their starved systems were clamoring for the food they were ashamed to eat when, after only a single night's rest, they moved on up the San Juan to the settlement at the mouth of the Montezuma.

Irrigation was fundamental to Mormon success and irrigation was made possible by the close organization of the group. The Mormon settlement is an illustration of the power of religion in molding society.

RALPH HENRY GABRIEL.
"Pageant of America," Vol. II.

And they fled into the wilderness . . . and they pitched their tents, and began to till the ground, and to build buildings; they were industrious and did labor exceedingly.

MOSIAH 23:3, 5.



CHAPTER XIV

Red Men and Wild Waters

THE four must have been men of iron. Ninety-six hours of starvation, to say nothing of the other hardships they had undergone, left little mark upon them. They rested at Montezuma but a single day before setting out on their return trip, promising the Harriman and Davis families that they would return within sixty days with provisions. Those who remained of the original caravan were reduced to very meager rations. Seed wheat, ground to flour in coffee mills, represented the bulk of the Montezumans' food, and that Hobbs and his companions were not tempted to linger is indicated by the observation that their "first meal of chopped wheat would put a dose of salts to shame."

The only food they were able to obtain for the return trip was a forty-eight-pound sack of flour, purchased for \$20 after much dickering with its owner, a wandering trapper who chanced to pass through the settlement.

On the bank of Recapture Cañon, below Montezuma,

the four encountered two men named Mitchell and Merritt, whom Hobbs had met on his previous trip to the San Juan country. The pair posed as cattlemen, announcing that they were seeking a location suitable for a ranch, and that so long as there was good feed they didn't care if they had to blast a trail to the river for water.

Mitchell and Merritt were well-supplied with provisions and the Mormons were more than eager to have them—and the food—as company on the westward trip. The two cattlemen were told that the finest site imaginable for a cow-ranch could be found at Pagarit Lake, a shallow lake, now dry, between the Slick Rocks and Elk Ridge. At last, Hobbs' memoirs relate, James Merritt confessed the true reason for his presence on the San Juan. He and his partner were on their way to a silver deposit of unbelievable richness which he had found the previous year.

While journeying from Fort Wingate, New Mexico, to Lee's Ferry—a trip which takes in considerable territory—Merritt said he had come upon three crude smelters where Navajo Indians were refining ore which assayed ninety percent pure silver. He offered Hobbs a quarter-interest in the discovery if he and his companions would join forces with them. Hobbs refused and the two groups parted at the mouth of Comb Wash, the prospectors crossing the San Juan and striking out across the rocky red hills toward Monument Valley. Somewhere in that area, Merritt and Mitchell were killed by

Navajo Indians. The silver mine, if it ever existed, is still awaiting rediscovery.

As starving men speak of the thick steaks they will enjoy when they reach civilization, so these trail-weary Mormons, reduced to the shortest of short rations, solaced themselves by recalling the abundant supply of food carried by Mitchell and Merritt and took turns wishing that the two prospectors would suddenly appear against the southern skyline.

On the return trip, the scouts faced the necessity of finding a route more practical for wagons than that they had followed on their eastward journey. They struck far north of their first course, making their camp one night in the lower portion of White Cañon where the great natural bridges of eastern Utah were later discovered. All of their provisions were gone when they reached the Colorado and their exhausted animals were scarcely able to stagger down the trail that led to the river. The packhorse, Hobbs recalls, "had worn his hoofs almost to the hide and left a circle of blood on the rocks at every step."

In the meantime, those who had waited and labored while a passage was blasted through the Hole-in-the-Rock had mustered their forces on the eastern bank of the Colorado. The last heavy wagon was floated across the stream, the last stubborn ox or frightened horse was driven into the muddy water, forced to swim, and caught by the herders who waited on the further shore.

To tell of the journey of that caravan, the daily hard-

ships and adventures, would be virtually to repeat the tale of the sufferings of the four pathfinders and to multiply five-fold the labor that had been necessary to descend through the dreaded Hole to the river.

Two weeks' additional labor built a path up the eastern cliffs and the vanguard of the colonists set out from the Colorado on February 10th, 1880. In an airline they were approximately seventy-five miles from the Montezuma, but that distance was virtually doubled by the necessity of following the course Hobbs and his companions had set through the Clay Hills Pass and around the head of Grand Gulch. The Hobbs party made the trip in eleven days; to cover the same ground with heavily-laden wagons took just five times as long — a daily average of less than three miles. It was on April 5th that the first trail-scarred vehicle crossed the Cottonwood Wash and halted on the ground where Bluff was to stand.

Conditions at the Slick Rocks prohibited the building of anything even resembling a road. The historian of the migration could not even apply the term dugway to the descent. After seven days of toil, the colonists achieved what they called a "shoot the chute." All of the wagons reached the bottom, but extensive repair work was necessary before many of them resumed the journey. There are limits to what even an emigrant wagon will stand. Years after the Hole-in-the-Rock crossing had been abandoned, a lone wagon still stood at the summit of the Slick Rocks, "a monument to the fact that others of its kind had gone over that obstacle."

By March 1st they had reached Lake Pagarit, where we

read the party was "feeling well in the principles of the gospel" and giving the weary cattle an opportunity to regain their strength on the grass there before facing the stiff pull to Clay Hills Pass. Three days' labor constructed a dugway by which the wagons crossed the pass, and the scars of the deep trenches can still be traced on the rocky slope. At the foot of the pass, as the party faced the long drag about the head of Grand Gulch, a blizzard buried the campsite in deep drifts and set the hungry oxen and horses to pawing through the snow for their forage.

Between the Clay Hills and Elk Ridge the head of the caravan encountered an old Ute Indian. He checked his pony and rubbed his eyes in amazement at the sight of the ox-drawn wagons lumbering over trails that only the mountain sheep and the Indians had trod, and presently demanded to know the identity of the strangers. A man who spoke the Shoshonean dialect of the Utes informed him they were Mormons, bound for the San Juan. The Indian promptly inquired where the Colorado had been crossed.

"At the Hole-in-the-Rock," the colonist replied, describing the location so that the Ute could identify it.

"That is a lie," said the old man bluntly. "There is no place that wagons can reach the river there."

He turned his pony and rode away, convinced that the white men, for some inexplicable reason of their own, had deliberately lied to him.

"And the old man was perfectly right," said Albert R. Lyman years after the incident. "There never was and

never will be a place for wagons to cross at the Hole-in-the-Rock!"

At the time, however, the colonists paid little attention to the avowed skepticism of the old Indian. Whips popped, weary oxen grunted and heaved forward against the heavy yokes, ungreased axles shrieked, and the caravan struggled onward. Those who were better equipped, whose oxen were stronger, soon drew ahead of their slower companions. The train extended for miles through the cañons and over the rough hills. Those in the lead had first chance at the water, their livestock got the best of the scant forage, but the penalties and responsibilities of leadership were also theirs.

They had to blaze the trail, to build causeways by which the heavily-laden wagons could cross the deep arroyos, and when faced by an obstacle such as the almost precipitous grade into Grand Gulch, the labor of constructing road and dugway fell upon those in the van while the remainder of the party caught up to them. It was an accordion-like progress, the line of march alternately contracting and expanding.

Five days were required to build a road in and out of the cañon of upper Grand Gulch at the point selected for a crossing, and progress from there on across the southern spur of Elk Ridge was possible only through the labor of a corps of axemen who preceded the train and cut a passage for the wagons through the dense growth of cedar, juniper, and piñon.

It was labor beside which the toil of the emigrant trains that crossed the entire continent to California and Oregon

was child's play. No spot on the entire course of the Overland Trail, not even the passage of the Sierra Nevadas, can be compared to the Hole-in-the-Rock, to the Slick Rocks, or to the pull up San Juan Hill. There was no golden lure, no thought of wealth to be easily attained, to spur onward the colonists of the San Juan. At the end of their journey lay no rich placer bars, no fertile valleys. They knew, every weary man and woman in their ranks, that only by toil could they reach their goal and that only unremitting toil awaited them there. Yet there is no record of a single complaint and only in isolated instances—in an occasional letter or an old diary—does one find more than passing mention of the succession of hardships that made up each heartbreakingly day.

"We camped tonight at the top of a long hill," wrote one woman, speaking of the grade afterward identified as the San Juan Hill, out of Comb Wash. "It was very steep and as rough as Clay Hills Pass. We were stopped five or six days while the road and dugway was being built and even then had to hook four span of oxen or seven span of horses to each wagon before they could get to the top of the hill. But we are told that Fort Montezuma is not far off now and though we are tired we rejoice at that news with many hosannas."

On April 5th, as has been said, the lead wagons crossed the Cottonwood Wash and outspanned on a strip of bottom-land that lay between the San Juan River and the foot of a high escarpment of sandstone, banded in alternate reds and whites, several hundred yards to the

north. The mouth of the Montezuma, the site originally selected for the settlement, was fourteen miles farther on, but "the bottom by Cottonwood," we learn, "was the first possible place they had found to stop and also the first place from which they had no strength to go on. They decided to stay permanently."

Therein lies admission that the settlement might well have been named Exhaustion, but William Hutchings, one of the 225 in the first party, suggested the name Bluff City because of the scarlet and white parapet on either bank of the wide river. The postal authorities, some years later, curtailed the name to Bluff, explaining that Council Bluffs, Iowa, was also known as the Bluff City—"although there is no record," quoth an early resident of the Utah town, "of the two places ever being confused, by mail or otherwise."

The colonists on the San Juan were mere squatters in a region exposed to the depredations of two tribes of unfriendly Indians. The San Juan lay as a natural barrier between the country of the Navajos and the northern uplands where roamed the Wemnuchie and scattered bands of the Uncompahgre Utes. The Navajos often "waded the river and came dripping into town, wearing nothing but an open-mouthed stare and a breech-cloth," and both tribes regarded the Mormon settlements as having been founded for no other purpose than supplying the Indians with food and horses.

"We are about to be crucified between two thieves!" wailed one pioneer in the early days of Bluff.

As a defense against the redmen, a block-house and a

fort twenty-four rods square were among the first buildings erected. The only lumber that could be obtained was cottonwood from the bottom-lands along the river, and the settlers had little that was flattering to say of that twisted, pithy timber. The fort and stockade were built of it, however, and "from that same ramshorn breed of trees the colony undertook to select logs and build houses, whose walls bowed in and out with wonderful irregularity and with chinks ranging from nothing to a foot wide. They roofed them with thick coats of sand which feathered out into a crop of runty sunflowers and stinkweeds, if the weed-seed had time to sprout before the wind carried the sand away. But whether it raised weeds or blew away, it never turned the rain, which dripped dismally from it long after the sky was clear. Sometimes the monotonous drip, drip, drip, of the rain through that roof was relieved by the sliding through of a gob of mud big enough to fill an old shoe. Those houses had doorways without doors, windows without glass, and floors which required frequent sprinkling to lay the native dust and tempt the soil to hardness.

"The people built a bull-fence, fitting the crooked stakes and riders of the crooked cottonwood limbs into a hocus-pocus barrier which is responsible for the generations of breachy cows which have pestered Bluff ever since."

There was little shade that first year. The tents, cabins, and wickiups clustered together in the middle of an alluvial flat. "It seemed to me that glistening sand would burn my eyes out," wrote one woman. "I was

half-blind from always seeing it, and those gray cliffs reflected the heat into our camp until I thought we would be cooked alive." In yet another letter, reminiscent of the same period, is the observation: "Also there were sandstorms which made your eyes look and feel like kidney-sores on a cayuse."

The majority of the colonists were almost destitute by the time they arrived on the San Juan. Before the year was out all but a very few of the able-bodied men had left for the north or for Colorado, there to seek temporary employment that would fill their empty purses and make possible the purchase of food and supplies to be forwarded to the wives and children that had been left behind.

They returned to a war against two foes. One was human, Indian, the other the malignant spirit that seemed to dictate the vagaries of the San Juan River. Of the two, the red menace was the more easily combated.

Utes and Navajos alike raided the cattle that grazed on the mesas above the cliffs along the river. Cows were wantonly slain, horses driven off. If Navajos were suspected, Jens Nielsen, the fighting bishop of Bluff, or Thales Haskell, whose driving energy seemed incapable of exhaustion, led their men across the San Juan and into Monument Valley or among the hogans on the banks of the Chin-lee Wash. If the Utes were guilty, the pursuers followed the rough trails up Butler Wash toward the Blue Mountains, or through the pass afforded by Cow Cañon into the tangle of gorges that have been

named Ruin, McElmo, Hovenweep, Diablo, Montezuma, Yellowjacket, Recapture, and Cross. When the thieves were overhauled the stolen horses were taken from them and the Indians told not to do it again. There is little record of more drastic punishment.

An interesting sidelight on Amerindian ordnance and marksmanship is obtained from the account of one of those pursuits. The thieves, in this case Utes, were overtaken at a waterhole in Butler Wash. The stolen stock was identified and rounded up, not without vociferous protests on the part of the noble redmen, who maintained that they had raised those particular ponies from colthood. The leader of the band, known to the Saints as Old Baldy, was the proud possessor of an ancient muzzle-loading rifle, but even its owner admitted that it would have been more satisfactory had it been equipped with a trigger. This mechanical defect Baldy remedied by carrying with him a large stone with which he vigorously pounded the hammer until the weapon was discharged.

In the course of the argument as to the ownership of the horses, Baldy pushed the muzzle of the gun into Joseph Nielsen's face, but before he could get his pounding-stone into operation, Thales Haskell drew his six-shooter. With the front sight of the more modern weapon under his nose, Baldy was persuaded that any hammering was, to say the least, inadvisable. The Saints drove the stolen horses back to Bluff and the Ute band continued on a raid in the course of which seventeen white men were killed, twelve cowboys from the Mancos and Dolores valleys being slain when a posse of thirty-two men rushed

blindly into an ambush the wily Utes had laid for them in the La Sal Mountains.

"After the fighting," George B. Hobbs recalled, "the Utes made post-haste to their reservation where, under the protecting care of the U. S. Government, they were safe, as no cowboy was allowed to follow them there. There they enjoyed the fruits of their murderous raids. But let Mr. Indian wander away from that stronghold and he soon took a leap into the Happy Hunting Grounds from which he never returned, for it took the cowboys many years to forget that terrible tragedy."

More than thirty whites were killed by Utes in the San Juan area during 1881, but it is a boast of the Mormons that not a single Latter Day Saint has been slain by Utes in the entire history of the Stake. The more worldly-minded among the pioneers of Bluff have attributed this to the policy of conciliation followed wherever possible, to Thales Haskell's valiant leadership, and the Utes' superstitious respect for Haskell's solemn warning that the Mormons were not as other white men and that only disaster would follow the slaying of a member of that faith.

On the other hand, there are not lacking zealots who regard the Mormon safety as proof positive of Divine guardianship of the Saints, a protection greatly aided by the mystical qualities woven into the consecrated garments which every orthodox Mormon wears beneath his or her outer clothing. Apparently that protection was more efficient against Utes than any other tribe, for there are many instances of Mormons having been killed by

Navajos. Not even poultices made of pounded prickly-pear cactus aided Amasa Barton when a Navajo entered his trading-post at Recapture Cañon and fired three bullets into his head. Barton, blinded and paralyzed, lived a week after the shooting.

The failure of the San Juan settlements — and they were doomed to failure from the beginning — cannot be attributed to the hostility of the Indians. The Utes and Navajos were tamed in time, but neither prayers, threats, gifts, nor bullets could be employed against the untamable San Juan. The river, flowing almost at their door-sills, became a distinct personality to the colonists. It was their "Old Man River" — and indeed it is known by that exact name in the Navajo tongue — and those who dwelt on its banks spoke of it always in terms of mingled respect and apprehension.

Again and again they tapped the stream for a portion of the water it carried from the Colorado mountains, and again and again the San Juan, as though laughing at their efforts, rose overnight and swept the poor ditches and headgates away in a tangled mass of wreckage.

To obtain wood from which to build sluices and other construction along the ditches it was necessary to send parties of axemen to the distant Blue Mountains and Elk Ridge. There pine was cut and hauled to the settlement, supplying the ditch-builders with material far more satisfactory than the twisted cottonwood that was the only timber available near at hand. The extreme scarcity of timber is evidenced in the account of the death of Roswell Stevens in the fall of 1880. There was

no wood from which a coffin could be constructed, and the old man was buried in the body of the wagon in which he had ridden from the Hole-in-the-Rock.

But neither births nor deaths could affect the constant battle with the San Juan. One ditch was abandoned completely, those who had toiled on it agreeing to wipe from the slate all credits for the work accomplished. The story of the spring freshets of each successive year is the story of the destruction of months of labor during the period of low water. In April of 1881 the ditch broke in a dozen places. When the breaks were repaired, the water-level of the San Juan lowered and the ditch was left high and dry. The flood-waters of 1882 reached Bluff on May 6th, for we read on that date "the river came up over the dam, whittled out the headgate, and carried away thirty rods of the ditch."

There is no mention of the conflict with the San Juan nor of the river's destructiveness in the letters published in the *Deseret News* of Salt Lake City and circulated as propaganda to attract additional settlers to Bluff and Montezuma. Those communications speak of work being done on the ditch, but never of that work's destruction. And although the Indian situation hovered constantly on the verge of open warfare no mention of Ute or Navajo hostility is made in the copy released for publication. Such regrettable incidents as floods and Indian raids were purely local scandals. One wonders if Platte D. Lyman, president of the San Juan Stake, did not have his tongue in his cheek when, on February 19th, 1883, he wrote to the *Deseret News*:

"Work has been completed on the ditch and we look for an abundant harvest from the seed that will be planted this Spring. The Navajos on the south of us and the Utes on the north are very friendly and as a rule conduct themselves as well at least as the average white citizen. Extensive mines of gold, silver, copper, iron, and coal have been recently discovered sixty miles to the southwest of Bluff City. . . . A coal-oil spring has also been discovered in the vicinity of the mines, its quality and quantity being such as to render it valuable in case cheap transportation should ever be established here."

The letter was written before the spring freshets of that year. By March 15th, less than a month later, the San Juan had risen seven feet above its normal level, cutting away great sections of the newly made ditch and filling with sand those portions that it did not destroy. As an ally to the San Juan's floods "a dark, raging torrent, loaded with drift and stinking loud with filthy sediment, came roaring from Cottonwood Wash, backing up ten inches deep on the floors of the houses in the southwest corner of town and fort. It buried a great quantity of shocked corn and deposited a foot and a half of worthless white sand on some of the choicest farming land."

Such repetition of the stories of floods of nearly half a century ago can be only wearisome to the reader of today, but to those who actually dwelt in the path of the rushing waters, the freshets represented nothing less than an annual cataclysm. Yet in spite of the record of three years of disaster, those people remained loyal to the mission to which they had been called. Surely the Utes

cannot be blamed for their belief that the settlers on the San Juan were not as other men; for making a sharp distinction between Mormons and "'Mericats." Only a group swayed by a transcendant zeal could have gone on, each year rebuilding the demolished irrigation canals and sowing another crop in the thrice-ravaged fields.

There was a time that the Saints thought they had conquered. Hopes were high and services of thanksgiving were conducted when April, May, and half of June of 1884 passed and their ditch still held. Then, in one black night, long after the normal flood-season, the San Juan rose to exceed by two feet all its previous records. The waters wiped out entirely the settlement at Montezuma, reached a height of four feet in Hyde's store at Recapture, and was two feet deep in the houses at Bluff. Again the canal was swept away and the fields buried deep in sand and silt.

It was the end. The discouraged colonists begged to be relieved from their mission and grudging consent was given to abandon the settlement.

"You have struggled for four years," read the amazing words of Joseph F. Smith of the First Presidency of the Mormon Church, "and you shall be blessed if you go away, but those of you who will stay shall be blessed even more abundantly."

Less than a dozen families failed to take advantage of the permission to depart and scarcely more than that number dwell there today. The San Juan was eventually defeated through the discovery and development of artesian wells which made it unnecessary to rely upon the

river for water, but few returned of those who had departed.

Nearly a hundred miles from a railway, sixty miles from a through highway, barred from the world to the west by the San Juan and the mighty barrier of the Colorado, Bluff dozes in the sunshine and dreams the lazy days away. Possibly few of those who dwell there know that fifty years ago their town entertained the Apostles Erastus Snow and Brigham Young, Jr.

The Mormon chieftains reached the hamlet by the easier route from the north through Moab. Not for them the Hole-in-the-Rock and the dugways across the Slick Rocks and Clay Hills Pass.

"I confidently expect," said the son of the founder of the Mormon empire after his inspection of the settlement, "flourishing towns and villages along the whole course of the San Juan, and flocks and herds belonging to the Saints upon the adjacent hills."

His predictions were never justified, the remoteness of the region and its utter inaccessibility were assurance of that; but nowhere in the history of America is there a more impressive example of the power of a creed, of the faith that moveth mountains, than in the conquest of the Hole-in-the-Rock and the story of the Saints of the San Juan.

Natural leaders who arose among the people were rewarded by ecclesiastical office.

RALPH H. GABRIEL.

Oh, the Mormon roses and the Mormon poplars! Wherever the Mormons went they planted; wherever they have been there roses bloom.

OLIVER LA FARGE.



CHAPTER XV

In One Man's Time

FIVE men, well mounted and driving before them packhorses laden with equipment and provisions, set out from St. George, Utah, in the early autumn of 1875. More than a year passed before they returned to their homes in the valleys of Dixie. During those months they ate scarcely a dozen meals their own hands had not prepared, and knew no bed other than their blankets spread beneath the stars. They crossed southern Utah, Arizona, New Mexico, a portion of Texas, and penetrated far into Mexico, and their exploration paved the way for one of the best organized colonization movements in the history of the Mormon Church, the founding of the settlements of the Saints in the Mexican states of Chihuahua and Sonora.

D. W. Jones commanded the exploring party. Associated with him were Heleman Pratt, Wiley C. Jones, James Z. Stewart, and a young man of twenty-three whose name was Anthony W. Ivins. Of the five, Ivins is the only one alive today. He has gone far in his church

since January 7th, 1876, when he first set foot on the soil of Mexico and visioned the opportunities that existed in the valleys of the Janos and Bavispe rivers. He is a member of the Quorum of Twelve Apostles and first counselor to Heber J. Grant, the church president. He is also the most widely known and the best-loved man in Utah.

Anthony Ivins was the directing force behind the Mormon colonization of Mexico. Convinced of the opportunities existent there for an agricultural people, he organized and incorporated the Mexican Colonization and Agricultural Company. He obtained permission to bring cattle, farming implements, and household goods into the country without payment of import taxes, and was granted ten years' exemption from tax payments on the thousands of acres acquired by the company.

Few realize the extent of the Mormon holdings in the southern republic. The Saints actually owned 297,000 acres in Chihuahua and a total of 135,000 acres in the neighboring state of Sonora. Eight colonies were founded. Colonia Oaxaca and Colonia Morelos were on the Bavispe River in Sonora. Diaz, Juarez, Pacheco, Garcia, Chuichupa, and Dublan were on the eastern slope of the Sierra Madre and along the Janos and Piedras Verdes rivers. Town sites were laid out, homes and churches built, grammar and high schools opened for the children of the Saints and of their Mexican neighbors, and hundreds of miles of road constructed.

The Mormon roses bloomed in every dooryard and the Mormon poplars — the cottonwoods planted wherever a

settlement of the Saints was established — shaded the roads and the irrigation ditches. Thoroughbred horses and registered Hereford and Durham and Holstein cattle grazed on the extensive pasture lands; potatoes, wheat, corn, alfalfa, grapes, and a score of other crops were raised for local consumption and for sale. Fruit trees were planted. By 1912, according to Mr. Ivins, there were in operation five saw-mills, three flour mills, three tanneries, and all of the settlements in Chihuahua had been connected by telephone.

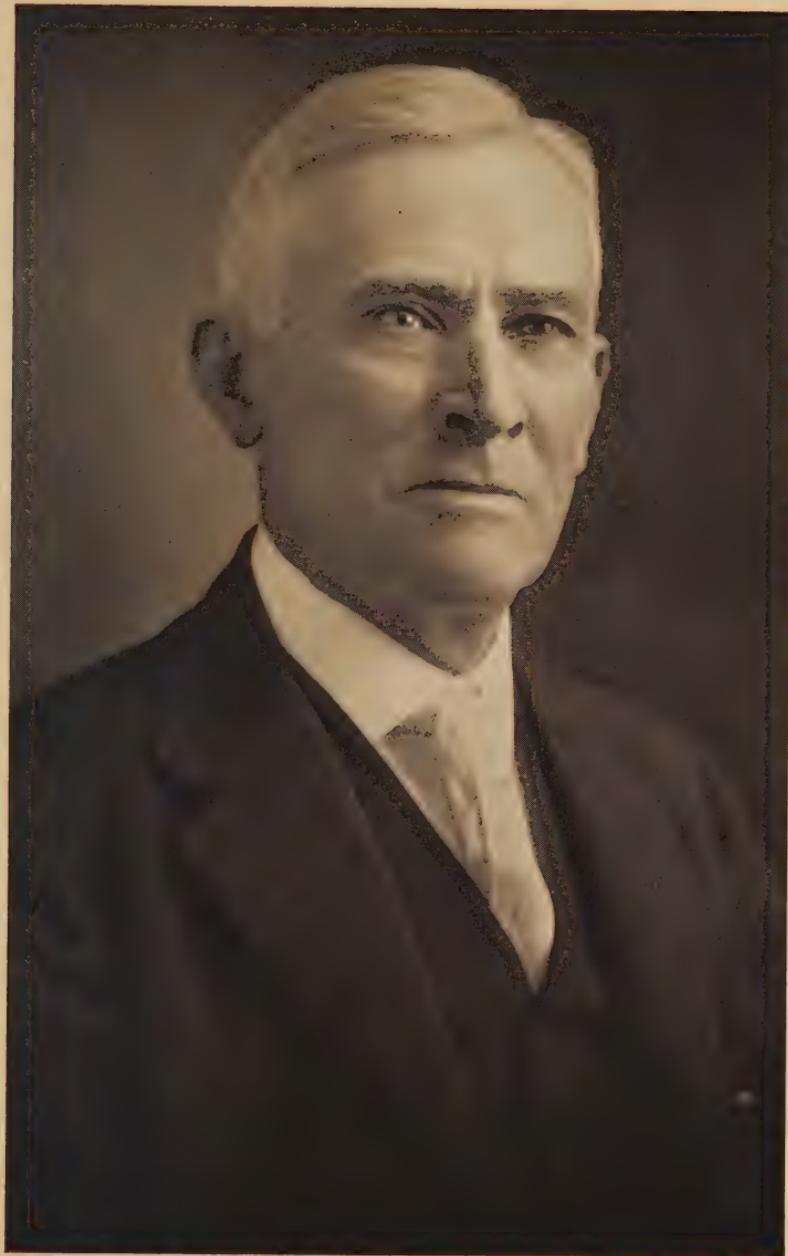
Incidents other than the statistical are fresh in Mr. Ivins' memory. From the unwritten history of the Colonia Pacheco, the 100,000 acre timber tract on the headwaters of the Piedras Verdes River, he tells a story that clears up one of the mysteries of the more modern West — the fate of the notorious renegade known as the Apache Kid.

The Apache Kid was a plenty bad Indian. Some of the old-timers of southern Arizona will tell you that he was a son of Geronimo, the Mimbreno medicine-man who was the most malign of all the influences affecting the hostile Chiricahua Apaches. Only the newspapers of the time, it may be remarked, conferred the rank of chieftain upon Geronimo. He was never a chief, but he made more trouble than a dozen tribal leaders. Tom Horn, chief of scouts and interpreter during the Apache campaigns, has asserted that the Kid was a son of Toga-de-chuz, a San Carlos Apache chief, and that the first man he killed was an old Indian known as Rip who had slain his father.

Still other versions name Victorio, a Chiricahua leader, as the Kid's sire, but there are no dissenting opinions as to his general viciousness.

The Kid killed Rip and wounded Al Sieber, chief of scouts, when Sieber attempted to arrest him. He jumped the reservation with a dozen of his cronies, killed William Dihl near Table Mountain and Mike Grace on Sonoita Creek, was captured by a detachment under Lieutenant Johnson, sentenced to prison, and pardoned by President Cleveland after a very short stay behind the bars. He was promptly re-arrested by the authorities of Gila County, Arizona, and tried for the killing of a freighter near San Carlos. He and five of his companions were sentenced to the Yuma penitentiary for life. Sheriff Glenn Reynolds of Gila County and a deputy set out from Globe with the six Apaches. The Indians succeeded in separating their guards, killed them both, and took to the hills, outlaws to the end of their days. For the next dozen years, every unexplained crime in southern Arizona was attributed to the Kid and his renegades. Then his activities suddenly ceased. The federal authorities heard rumors that the outlaw had died — of tuberculosis, so the account ran — in his hidden camp in the Sierra Madres. The rumor was generally believed — but "Tony" Ivins tells another story.

"It was in 1901," he says. "John Allen and Martin Harris, two young men from Colonia Pacheco, were riding in the Sierra Madre. There were a lot of Apaches in the mountains. Not all of them surrendered to Miles with Geronimo and Na-chee. Several hundred stayed in



ANTHONY W. IVINS
“HE HAS LIVED THE HISTORY OF UTAH.”

Mexico and at one time or another made a lot of trouble for the Mormon colonists.

"Harris and Allen saw several Apaches following the trail over which they had just ridden. They were frightened and retreated up the mountain and around a peak to a point where they could hide behind an outcropping of rock. They were apparently on one of the old Indian trails back into the hills, for after a little time they heard hoofs clattering on the rocks and looked up over the rocks to see a couple of bucks heading directly toward them.

"Both boys were armed. They leveled their guns across the rock and fired. The two Indians fell and their horses ran off. I don't think they had seen Harris and Allen at all, but the boys had no way of knowing that. They jumped on their ponies and came back to the settlement as hard as they could tear. The next day some of us went out and buried the dead Indians. One was a man, and the bullet that killed him had also killed a child that was riding in front of him and that had been hidden by a blanket that was over the man's shoulders. The second was a woman.

"We buried them there in the rocks. We took the buck's rifle and revolver and I still have a crescent-shaped piece of silver that I cut from his turban. Men who had seen the Apache Kid were willing to swear that the dead man was he, and friendly Indians told us that they were right. I made an effort to obtain for Harris and Allen the reward of \$500 which the government had offered for the Apache Kid, dead or alive; but the claim was never al-

lowed. The authorities at the San Carlos agency asserted there was no proof — but all I know is that from that time on no one heard of the Apache Kid. I believe the boys got him."

More than four thousand Saints emigrated from Utah and Arizona to the colonies in Sonora and Chihuahua. They were assured of absolute freedom to practice their religion according to their convictions, and there is no record of any conflict, religious or political, between the Mormons and their Mexican neighbors. There was a momentary rebuff when the governor of Chihuahua ordered the Mormon colonists near Corralitos to depart from the state, but the arbitrary command was immediately reversed by the central government. Porfirio Diaz, whose iron hand maintained peace in the country during all the years he was president, profoundly admired the Mormons. It is told that Diaz visited the settlements at Colonia Dublan and Colonia Diaz, inspected the public buildings and schools and well-built homes, and at the Chihuahua State Fair was shown an exhibit of the agricultural products and manufactures of the colonies.

"There is nothing I could not do with my beloved country," the Mexican president is quoted as saying, "if I had a hundred thousand citizens and settlers as industrious, as peaceable, and as thrifty as the Mormons!"

The dream of Tio Porfirio was never realized. The government he headed collapsed in May of 1911, and with the passing of the old wolf a score of jackals leaped into print and prominence at the head of their yelping

packs. The wealth that the Saints had accumulated, their holdings of cattle and horses, made them the natural and immediate victims of such bandit chieftains as Villa, Gomez, Salazar, Escobosa, and lesser brigands whose allegiances changed daily.

The colonists held out — by virtue of most adroit diplomacy — for more than a year. They had received guarantees from both the revolutionist and the federal factions that their neutrality would be observed and their rights respected, but such promises meant nothing to the various commanders when rich loot was in prospect.

"They are but words," General Salazar told Julius Romney.

During the summer of 1912 the majority of the colonists retreated reluctantly to American soil. At one time more than 1,500 Mormon refugees, penniless and homeless, were camped at El Paso, Texas. Those from the colonies in Sonora crossed the international boundary at Douglas, Arizona. A few returned to the Janos and Bavispe settlements, lured by false rumors of peace between the warring factions and a desire to save something from the wreckage of their homes.

They found, according to Mr. Ivins, that the once prosperous towns had been subjected repeatedly to pillage and destruction. "The stores were broken into and looted of hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of merchandise. Private homes were treated in the same manner. Livestock was appropriated. Almost every available thing had been carried away or destroyed.

There was little wanton destruction of property except at Colonia Diaz, where the better part of the residences and public buildings was burned."

Conditions were worse, if possible, on the Sonoran side of the mountains, for there "every house had been looted and everything of value taken, sewing machines and furniture ruthlessly smashed up and lying around as débris, while house organs, which were to be found in nearly every Mormon home, were heaps of kindling wood. The carcasses of dead animals lay about the streets, doors and windows were smashed in, stores gutted, and the contents strewn about, while here and there a cash register or some other modern appliance gave evidence of the hand of ignorance."

The government headed by the late Alvaro Obregon, whose policies have been continued by Presidents Calles, Gil, and Rubio, issued cordial invitation to the Mormons to return to their Chihuahua and Sonora colonies. Land titles have been recognized and confirmed, and assurances given that property will be protected. Some of the former settlers have accepted those guarantees. More than a thousand Saints are now living under the protection of the Mexican flag, although the rehabilitation of the settlements south of the Rio Grande has not been a part of the church's extension program. Mr. Ivins will probably endorse the further development of the Mexican outpost of Zion. He has an abiding faith in the future of Mexico, an opinion based on long years of residence in that country, a perfect knowledge of the language, and a wide acquaintance among its leading citizens.

His years as head of the Mexican mission are but a single chapter in his active life. Seventy-nine years rest lightly on his shoulders. His eye is bright, his stride quick and firm, and his spine as straight as in the days when he was in the saddle from sun-up to dark. There are more geological specimens than church documents on his desk. Samples of ore, unusual concretions or unidentified minerals, and prehistoric artifacts find their way to him from every section of the Southwest. Miners in the lonely ranges of Utah and Nevada value his opinion on the merits of a prospect beyond that of many highly-paid experts. To his office in Salt Lake City come Paiute Indians from the southern plateaux and the unknown branch cañons of the Colorado. They call him "brother," recall the years that he lived among them and was never known to speak with a forked tongue, and tell him of their tribal problems and their difficulties with the cattle-men and farmers who have fenced the desert waterholes and diverted the streams. The women bring him gifts of baskets of the old Paiute weave — trophies for which a collector would cheerfully barter his soul — and the old men perch uneasily on the chairs in the first counselor's office and listen to words of advice delivered in their native tongue.

He knows every old-timer in Utah. No gathering of the Saints in the Dixie section, no anniversary celebration of the establishment of the prosperous little towns along the Virgen or the Santa Clara, is complete without the presence of Anthony Ivins. Dixie was his home from 1861, when, as a boy of nine, he accompanied his parents

to St. George in response to the call. He knew those towns when they were tiny, struggling hamlets, their founders were, in a sense, his contemporaries, and the sufferings and privations of the pioneers constitute his biography, or rather the autobiography that Mr. Ivins talks of writing as soon as he, at seventy-nine, can find time to condense the journals that he has kept for more than fifty years.

That autobiography, if it is ever written, will be more thrilling than fiction. As history it will be invaluable. It will trace, in the span of one man's life, the rise of an American commonwealth from the most primitive of frontier conditions to the Utah of hydro-electric power, paved highways, and air mail. Few men are more thoroughly grounded in the history of the state and of the church; none knows more of the unwritten annals of those two that are one. Ivins will do more than tell a story. He will paint a picture, a mosaic of colorful incidents from his own life and those of others who have lived history.

One bit of that mosaic will be the story of a fourteen-year-old boy, riding on a pillow strapped to a mule's back because he was too poor to own a saddle, accompanying a posse of men to the Pipe Springs Ranch, fifty-five miles east of St. George, on a punitive expedition against raiding Navajos who had killed Dr. James M. Whitmore and Robert McIntire. The posse overtook the Indians on Kanab Gulch and in a pitched battle nine of the Navajos were killed. The man of seventy-nine recalls the disappointment of the boy of fourteen who was not permitted

to take a part more active than that of holding the horses of the fighting men.

There will be the story of James Andrus, who was only thirteen years old when he accompanied his mother and her younger children from Winter Quarters to Utah. His father was in Europe on a mission, and the boy was the man of the family, driving across the plains a mixed team of two yoke of oxen and a yoke of cows. He scouted in northern Montana with Van Netten, trading with the Flatheads, Blackfeet, Nez Perces, and Shoshones in the days when a trader quite frankly gambled his scalp against a "plew" of beaver. He fought the Navajos at the Crossing of the Fathers, on the Kaibab Plateau, and at Pipe Springs.

Andrus always claimed he could smell Indians. Guided by that sixth sense he led a militia company against a band of Navajos, using the Indians' own tactics and stalking unobserved to within 150 yards of the camp. His horse saved his life by rearing when the hostiles seized their war-bows and antiquated rifles and opened fire on the white men. The arrow that was intended for Andrus struck the horse's head, imbedding itself so deeply in the bone that a pair of blacksmith's pincers were employed to remove it. There were thirteen Navajos in that party. Only one escaped to carry the news to the tribe.

Anthony Ivins is the man to tell the story of the Old Spanish Trail — the "old Mormon Road" from the Great Salt Lake to California that is not least in importance of the ancient highways that the pathfinders of the West blazed through the mountains and deserts. Its

name is a misnomer, for none of the Spanish explorers ever saw the Great Salt Lake and only Oñate and Escalante ever traveled any portion of the trail except its western extremity. Jedediah Strong Smith was the first white man to cover the entire route, followed in 1830 by William Wolfskill and a party of trappers who worked northward from Santa Fé, traced the San Juan River to its source, and from the headwaters of the Colorado crossed into Utah and picked up Smith's trail in the Great Basin.

For years Anthony Ivins lived upon the Old Spanish Trail. It was an integral part of his daily life. He will trace for you its course through the chain of early settlements from Salt Lake City to Nephi, Fillmore, Beaver, and Cedar. There it forked. The emigrants could choose between reaching the Beaver Dams by way of Pinto, the Mountain Meadows, Magotsu, and Camp Springs; or following the line of the present highway to Kanarra, Black Ridge, Grapevine Sand, and St. George, whence the old road led up the Santa Clara to Camp Springs or by way of Miller's cut-off to the Beaver Dams.

The trail followed the Virgen River for sixty miles of the distance from Beaver Dams to St. Thomas on the Muddy. It crossed the river more than forty times, many of the fords being deep with quicksand. The teamsters rushed those crossings. Sometimes they were not fast enough, as on the occasion when an entire wagon-load of mining machinery sank out of sight in the quicksands near the present site of Bunkerville.

Between the Muddy River and the Mojave — 265

miles — there were but six watering places. The longest distance without water was about fifty miles — a two days' drive for the heavily laden emigrant wagons and the freighters' teams. Mr. Ivins tells of those old freighters, of George and Charley Crismon, and of old Bill Streeper, who still lives in Davis County, Utah.

"The ox-wagons usually meant an emigrant outfit," Mr. Ivins recalls. "Mules were used far more generally than either horses or oxen on the Old Spanish Trail and the professional freighters always used mules. They were not as strong as oxen, but they had far more stamina. When an ox became over-tired, or if he was pressed too hard toward the end of a long journey without water, he would quit. He would lie down under his yoke and no amount of goading could make him rise. The mules would work until they dropped dead in the traces.

"To the old-timers who lived along the Old Spanish Trail there was nothing novel in the picture, used for advertising purposes several years ago, of a twenty-mule team. I have seen twenty-mule teams many times in the freighters' outfits. Those big teams were driven with a single rein — a jerkline — attached to the bit of the near leader. The driver did not ride on the wagon. He handled his team from a saddle on the near wheeler. They rarely used whips. A man could not handle a whip and a jerkline at the same time, and no man could swing a whip that would be sufficiently long to reach the lead mules of a twenty-mule team. The old drivers relied on their own skill with the jerkline and on voice control.

"Freighting became a regular business quite early in

the history of Utah. It was sometimes easier to get supplies from California, even after they had made the long voyage around Cape Horn, than to rely on bringing what was needed across the plains."

The Old Spanish Trail was a route for mail as well as freight. Leonard S. Conger was the first postman. The service was established in 1851 and for some years Conger made regular trips from Salt Lake City to San Bernardino — a mail route of some seven hundred miles. Much of his travel was at night, both on account of the cooler temperatures when crossing the deserts and to lessen the danger of Indian attacks. On one occasion Conger encountered an emigrant caravan which had been in a fight with the Indians near Las Vegas. A woman had been killed and had been buried beside the trail. When Conger reached the scene of the skirmish, he found that the Paiutes had exhumed the woman's body and had placed it in a sitting position against a cottonwood tree. The mail-carrier paused long enough to re-inter her, but on his return from Salt Lake City the body had again been dug from the shallow grave and placed by the tree. He buried that dead woman three times before the Indians wearied of digging her up.

Travel over the desert portions of the trail was a perilous matter, particularly for the inexperienced. On June 9th, 1869, Mr. Ivins recalls, James Davidson set out with his wife and son from St. Thomas for St. George. Davidson was a recent emigrant from Scotland and knew nothing of desert travel. The heat was so intense that the wooden felloe of one of the wheels shrunk and a tire was



Photo. by Hoffman Birney, 1930
“FOREVER BARRED TO GENTILES”—THE MORMON TEMPLE
IN SALT LAKE CITY

lost before the little family reached St. Joseph, twelve miles up the valley. They returned to St. Thomas where B. F. Paddock repaired the wagon-wheel and warned Davidson not to attempt the desert crossing unless he succeeded in overtaking other travelers who had preceded him. As the trail was plainly marked by the deep ruts, the Scotchman disregarded the warning and set out from St. Joseph a full day behind the other travelers.

During the night of June 12th, an exhausted horse staggered into a camp on the Beaver Dam Wash where a party of men, under orders of the church authorities in St. George, were digging a well that would reduce the waterless distance to fifty miles. William Webb, one of the workers, back-tracked the horse and found the body of the Davidson boy. Beside him was a canteen and a one-gallon keg, both empty. Not until June 17th did Lorenzo Young find the bodies of Davidson and his wife, five miles west of the well. They lay side by side, Young reported, "on a bed they had made under a desert palm (tree-yucca) over which a blanket had been spread to shield them from the sun which had slowly burned out their lives." The wagon was nearby. Young's investigation showed that the tire had again run off the wheel. Davidson had attempted to drive on the felloe, but the entire wheel had collapsed. The boy had apparently been overcome and had fallen from the horse while making a valiant but futile effort to obtain aid for his parents.

Near where the Davidsons died tradition locates the famous Lost Lead of the Old Spanish Trail, one of the famous lost mines of the Southwest. Anthony Ivins

knows its story, as he does that of the countless other lost mines of Utah, Nevada, and California. Fortunes have been squandered, he will tell you, in efforts to relocate the "Pegleg," the "Breyfogle," and the "Lost Gunsight." The original and only discovery of the Lost Lead of the Magotsu was made when an emigrant party camped on that creek between Cane Spring and the Santa Clara. On the crest of a high hill nearby, Jim Houdon picked up a black boulder. An assay made in California showed the specimen to be extremely rich in silver. Houdon followed the gold rush to Australia, the story runs, and had his nugget re-tested there. The second assay was similar to the first, and Houdon returned to Utah. He was never able to identify the spot where he had found the rich float, although he made a dozen trips across the desert.

No small portion of that autobiography of Mr. Ivins should be devoted to the years he spent as a cattleman, ranging his herds on the Kaibab Plateau and the almost unknown mesas east of Mount Trumbull. It was while riding in the latter section that Mr. Ivins located the spot where Paiute Indians of the Shivwits group had killed the Howland brothers and Dunn, three men who are listed as having deserted from the party commanded by Major John Wesley Powell in the first exploration of the Grand Cañon. Later he definitely identified the Indian who had been guilty of the crime — a battle-scarred old ruffian known as To-ab, or Rattlesnake.

"Not until after To-ab was dead," said Mr. Ivins, "would the other Shivwits admit to me that it was he

who had followed Dunn and the Howlands after they had climbed out of the cañon and had killed them and burned the bodies. All the Indians were afraid of To-ab. He was bad clear through. I was acting as Indian agent for the Paiutes in that part of the country and I had to send To-ab to jail for killing another Indian who had threatened him with a rifle. He was tried in St. George, and his lawyer had almost succeeded in convincing the jury that it was a clear case of self-defense when To-ab, who knew a little English, broke in with a remark to the effect that he hadn't been afraid of the other man at all because he had known all the time that the rifle wasn't loaded. That spoiled his chances and he was found guilty and sent to the penitentiary. While there he was taken sick and was committed to the hospital of the institution. He found the food so good, and the idleness so much to his liking, that he was sick all the time from then on. Finally the warden sent word to me to come and get my Indian—that he wouldn't have him in the prison any longer. So To-ab came back to his own country without the formality of a pardon. I knew his reputation and several little things made me suspect him of the killing of the Howlands and Dunn, but not until he was in the happy hunting grounds would the other Shivwits confirm my suspicions."

Tales such as those, hitherto untold, will abound in the story of this man's life. His eyes have seen the passing of the frontier. He has ridden in ox-wagons, on horseback; by train, automobile, and airplane, all within sight of the gilded statue of Moroni on the Mormon

Temple in Salt Lake City. He has worked in close contact with every church head from Brigham Young to Heber J. Grant. He has been pioneer and missionary, business executive and cowman, priest and deputy marshal. He has lived history and has himself made history. Some day — “when he has time” — he will write history.

And now, because of the steadiness of the church, they began to be exceeding rich, having abundance of all things; and abundance of flocks and herds and fatlings of every kind; and also of grain and of gold and of silver; of silk and fine twined linen, and all manner of good homely cloth.

And thus, in their prosperous circumstances, they did not send away any that were naked, or hungry, or athirst. They were liberal to all whether out of the church or in the church.

ALMA, 1:29, 30.

Old things are done away, and all things have become new.

III NEPHI, 12:47.



CHAPTER XVI

Zealots of Zion

IT is a simple matter to write an anti-Mormon book. Religious doctrines that are not in strict harmony with orthodox creeds lend themselves to ridicule, to disbelief, and to open and bitter antagonism. The Latter Day Saints have been arraigned many times as America's foremost example of religious bigotry, intolerance, and ecclesiastical duplicity. Protest against certain tenets of faith has developed to enmity towards the practitioners of that faith, and observance of such doctrines as that of patriarchal marriage has been permitted to obscure the actual accomplishments of the followers of Joseph Smith in establishing dwelling-places in the most forbidding section of America.

No man can say that the valleys of the Great Basin would have remained forever barren if Brigham Young had not led the Host of Israel to the shores of the Great Salt Lake, but the fact is incontrovertible that the Mormons were first to locate in that desert region, that they

broke the ground and sowed the seed in lands that men said would be forever fallow, and that their cities and towns stand today in permanent refutation of the critics who prophesied immediate failure for the overland movement.

Bigots the Mormons are called today. It is a word ever on the lips of the non-Mormons of Utah, the only state in the Union where the question as to religious belief is put quite bluntly to the most casual acquaintance.

Bigots. The Mormons resent the term in which they might find just cause for pride. Little in history has ever been accomplished by the tolerant individual. The Protestant Reformation became a great world force not by the learning and piety of Erasmus, Colet, and More, with their breadth of vision, their almost modern temper; but by the ambitions of ruthless Thomas Cromwell, the stern John Calvin, the grim John Knox. — bigots all.

The bigots are the doers. Puritan New England was settled by bigots while the tolerant-minded individuals of their time remained amid the pleasant vices of Restoration England.

One must judge the individual by his time and environment. Only fanaticism could have survived the rigors of frontier existence. Only the bond of a common religion, the conviction that God had commanded and that His will was accomplished through their suffering, could have developed in the colonists of Dixie the moral and spiritual fiber that held them constant to their missions on the Virgen and the Santa Clara. Only the sternest and most uncompromising zealotry could have torn the passage

through the Hole-in-the-Rock and across the Clay Hills and endured flood and starvation in the tragedy of the San Juan.

Brigham Young and the leaders of the church are fit subjects for the critical biographer. Their motives may be analyzed, their sincerity questioned. No such yard-stick may be applied to the humble ones in the ranks of the Saints. The most casual contemplation of their lives and accomplishments brings the conviction that they must be appraised by vastly different standards. Theirs was a discipline beyond all belief and a courage that was sublime. They were bigoted, ignorant, fanatical, intolerant, and uncompromising, but they faltered not. They suffered, labored, endured, and died for an ideal as truly as did Savonarola, Jeanne d'Arc, or Ridley. Bigots all, but glorious in their bigotry, the zealots of Zion!



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St. George	Southern Indian Mission
Utah	
Little Colorado	Ward Records of Harmony,
Juarez	Cedar City, Manti, Lehi,
and others	Springville, St. Johns,
	Mesa, and other pioneer
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